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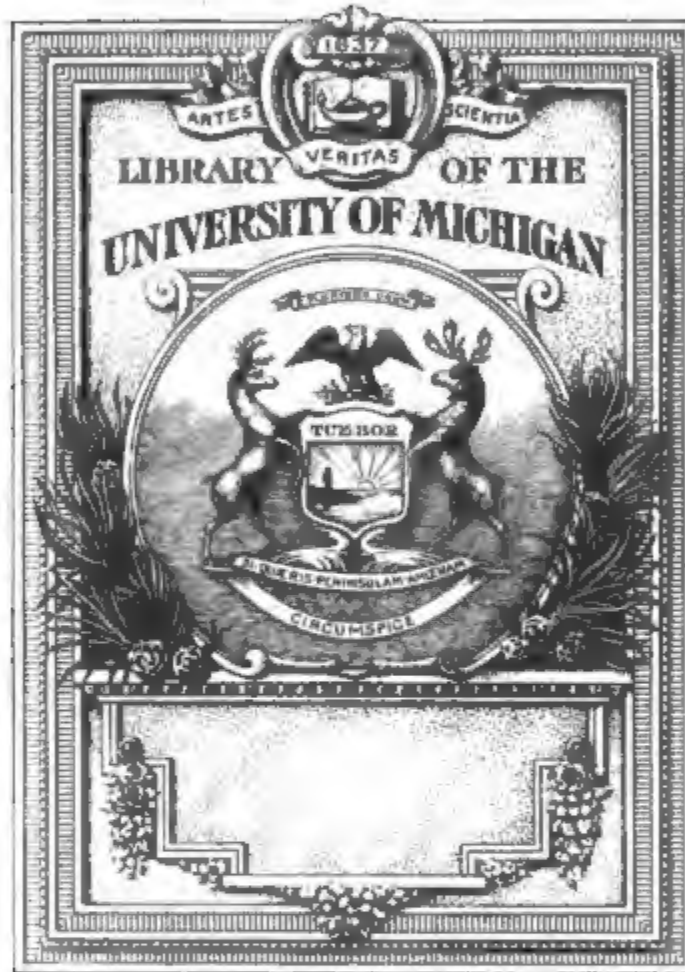
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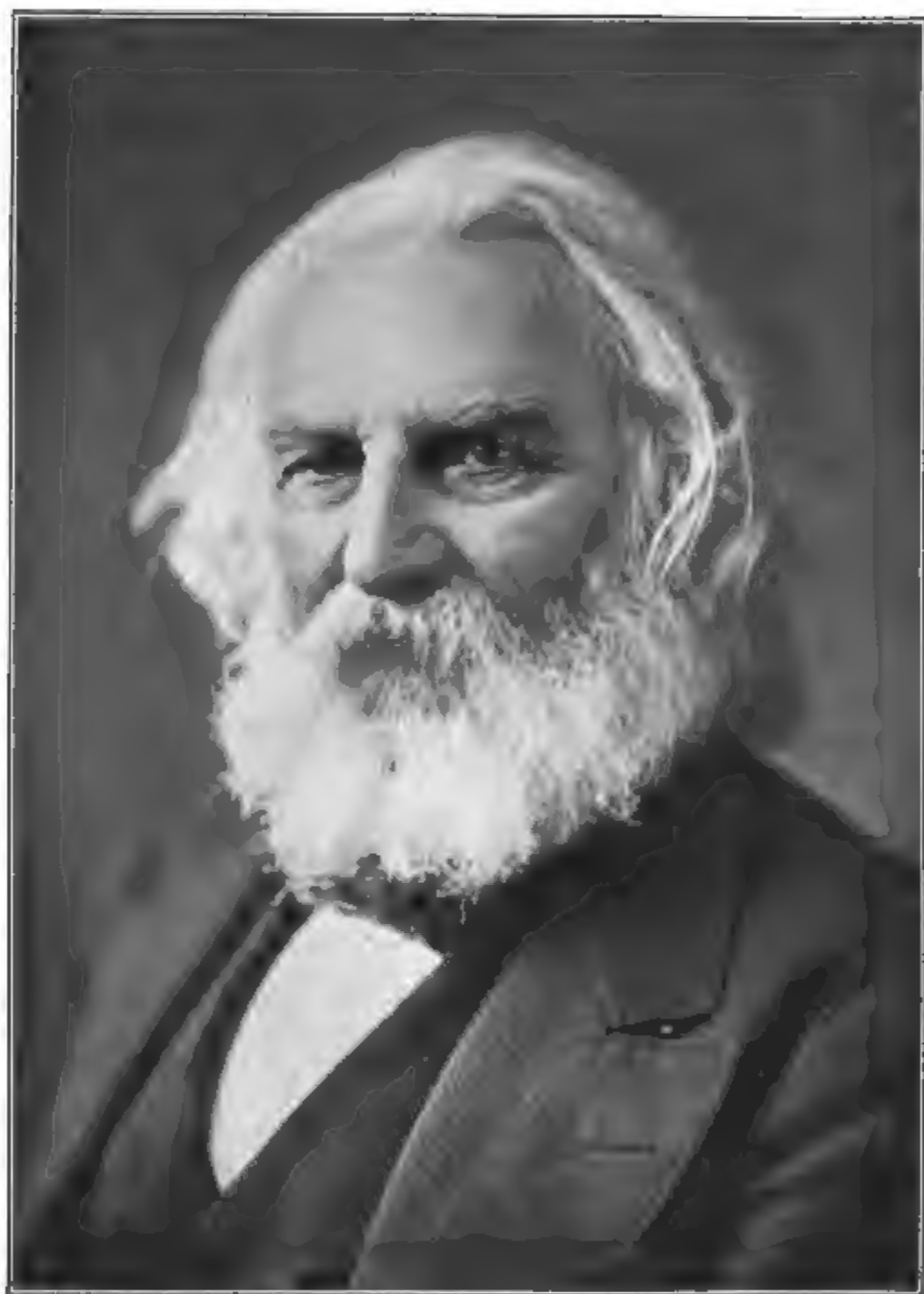


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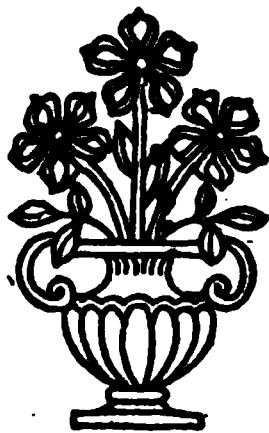
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Henry W. Longfellow

THE CAMBRIDGE
BOOK OF POETRY
AND SONG



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL
COMPANY

Norbert Hyatt

THE
CAMBRIDGE BOOK
OF
POETRY AND SONG

SELECTED FROM
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS



BY

CHARLOTTE FISKE (BATES) *Page*

AUTHOR OF "RISK, AND OTHER POEMS"
COMPILER OF "THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK," "SEVEN
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HENRY ABBEY.

THE CALIPH'S MAGNANIMITY.

A TRAVELLER across the desert
waste

Found on his way a cool, palm-
shaded spring,
And the fresh water seemed to his
pleased taste,

In the known world, the most de-
licious thing.
“Great is the caliph!” said he; “I
for him
Will fill my leathern bottle to the
brim.”

He sank the bottle, forcing it to drink
Until the gurgle ceased in its lank
throat;
And as he started onward, smiled to
think

That he for thirst bore God's sole
antidote.
Days after, with obeisance low and
meet,
He laid his present at the caliph's feet.

Forthwith the issue of the spring was
poured
Into a cup, on whose embossed
outside,
Jewels, like solid water, shaped a
gourd.

The caliph drank, and seemed well
satisfied,
Nay, wisely pleased, and straightway
gave command
To line with gold the man's work-
hardened hand.

The courtiers, looking at the round
reward,
Fancied that some unheard-of vir-
tue graced

The bottled burden borne for their
loved lord,
And of the liquid gift asked but to
taste.

The caliph answered from his potent
throne:
“Touch not the water; it is mine
alone!”

But soon — after the humble giver
went.

O'erflowing with delight, which
bathed his face —
The caliph told his courtiers the
intent

Of his denial, saying: “It is base
Not to accept a kindness when ex-
pressed
By no low motive of self-interest.

“The water was a gift of love to me,
Which I with golden gratitude re-
paid.

I would not let the honest giver see
That, on its way, the crystal of the
shade

Had changed, and was impure; for
so, no less,
His love, thus scorned, had turned to
bitterness.

“I granted not the warm, distasteful
draught
To asking lips, because of firm mis-
trust,

Or kindly fear, that, if another
quaffed,
He would reveal his feeling of dis-
gust,

And he, who meant a favor, would
depart,
Bearing a wounded and dejected
heart.”

MAY IN KINGSTON.

OUR old colonial town is new with
May:

The loving trees that clasp across
the streets,
Grow greener sleeved with bursting
buds each day.

Still this year's May the last year's
May repeats;
Even the old stone houses half renew
Their youth and beauty, as the old
trees do.

High over all, like some divine de-
sire

Above our lower thoughts of daily
care,
The gray, religious, heaven-touching
spire

Adds to the quiet of the spring-
time air;
And over roofs the birds create a sea,
That has no shore, of their May
melody.

Down through the lowlands now of
lightest green,
The undecided creek winds on its
way.

There the lithe willow bends with
graceful mien,
And sees its likeness in the depths
all day;

While in the orchards, flushed with
May's warm light,
The bride-like fruit-trees dwell, at-
tired in white.

But yonder loom the mountains old
and grand,

That off, along dim distance, reach
afar,
And high and vast, against the sun-
set stand,

A dreamy range, long and irreg-
ular —

A caravan that never passes by,
Whose camel-backs are laden with
the sky.

So, like a caravan, our outlived years
Loom on the introspective land-
scape seen

Within the heart: and now, when
May appears,

And earth renews its vernal bloom
and green,

We but renew our longing, and we
say:

“Oh, would that life might ever be
all May!

“Would that the bloom of youth
which is so brief,

The bloom, the May, the fullness
ripe and fair

Of cheek and limb, might fade not
as the leaf;

Would that the heart might not
grow old with care,

Nor love turn bitter, nor fond hope
decay;

But soul and body lead a life of
May!”

FACIEBAT.

As thoughts possess the fashion of
the mood

That gave them birth, so every
deed we do

Partakes of our inborn disquietude
Which spurns the old and reaches
toward the new.

The noblest works of human art and
pride

Show that their makers were not
satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our
deeds,

The rounds seem slender; all past
work appears

Unto the doer faulty; the heart
bleeds,

And pale Regret comes weltering
in tears,

To think how poor our best has been,
how vain,

Beside the excellence we would at-
tain.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee:
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams, I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly
 bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with
 delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence
 reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton
 train;
 Eased of her load, subjection grows
 more light,
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy
 sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of na-
 ture gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleas-
 ure to the day.
 Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's
 isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her
 stores,

How oft in fields of death thy pres-
 ence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too
 dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the sun
 refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it
 to wine;
 With citron groves adorn a distant
 soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of
 oil:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that
 lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent
 skies;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven
 repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen
 Pleiads shine:
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's
 isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and har-
 bleak mountains smile.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well! —

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above us —

And that there is, all nature cries aloud

Through all her works — he must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never • die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?

Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,

Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,

That my awakened soul may take her flight,

Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,

An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear

Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;

Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

MARK AKENSIDE.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,

Is it an offence to own

That our bosoms e'er incline

Toward immortal Glory's throne?

For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure, Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,

So can fancy's dream rejoice,

So conciliate reason's choice,

As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the passport to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways —
 No such law to me was given;
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Mil-
 ton's golden lyre.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF POETIC
 AND ARTISTIC CREATIONS.

By these mysterious ties, the busy
 power
 Of memory her ideal train preserves
 Entire; or when they would elude
 her watch,
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps
 from the waste
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
 The various forms of being, to present
 Before the curious eye of mimic art
 Their largest choice: like Spring's
 unfolded blooms
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful
 bee
 May taste at will from their selected
 spoils
 To work her dulcet food. For not
 the expanse
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide
 calm,
 Reflects the bordering shade and sun-
 bright heavens
 With fairer semblance; not the
 sculptured gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's
 lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister-
 powers of art
 Propitious viewed, and from his
 genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy
 kind,
 Than his attempered bosom must
 preserve
 The seal of nature. There alone,
 unchanged

Her form remains. The balmy walks
 of May
 There breathe perennial sweets: the
 trembling chord
 Resounds forever in the abstracted
 ear,
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant
 eye,
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus
 at length
 Endowed with all that nature can
 bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence
 bends
 O'er these mixed treasures of his
 pregnant breast
 With conscious pride. From them
 he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excel-
 ling things,
 And win he knows not what sublime
 reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees
 the mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate: the
 plastic powers
 Labor for action: blind emotions
 heave
 His bosom; and with loveliest frenzy
 caught,
 From earth to heaven he rolls his
 daring eye,
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten
 thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wiz-
 ard's call,
 Flit swift before him. From the
 womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come: the
 eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendors, and the
 dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown
 With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now
 compares
 Their different forms; now blends
 them, now divides;
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant
 aim,

With endless choice perplexed. At
length his plan
begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring
seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repaired
Each to its place, till rosy earth un-
veiled
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful
sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift
degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colors mingle, features
join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts
retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbor
smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's
joy
Contemplates. Then with Prome-
thean art
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception which, embodied
thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or
ears
An object ascertained: while thus
informed,
The various objects of his mimic
skill,
The consonance of sounds, the feat-
ured rock,
The shadowy picture, and impas-
sioned verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract
the soul
By that expressive semblance, while
in sight
Of nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art; while line by
line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that divine exemplar whence it
stole
Those animating charms. Thus
beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: ap-
plauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal
man aspires
To tempt creative praise.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination.*]

RICHES OF A MAN OF TASTE.

WHAT though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the
heights
Of envied life; though only few pos-
sess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children
just,
With richer treasures and an ampler
state,
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the
city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er
adorns
The princely dome, the column and
the arch,
The breathing marbles and the
sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow
claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him,
the Spring
Distils her dew, and from the silken
gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the
hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile
branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like
the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from
her wings;
And still new beauties meet his
lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a
breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud
imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a
strain
From all the tenants of the warbling
shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can
partake
Fresh pleasure unproved. Nor
thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive
mind,
By this harmonious action on her
powers,

Becomes herself harmonious: wont
 so oft
 In outward things to meditate the
 charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at
 home
 To find a kindred order to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspired delight: her tem-
 per'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion
 wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive
 mien.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

MENTAL BEAUTY.

THUS doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, e'en in out-
 ward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of
 a mind:
 By steps conducting our enraptured
 search
 To that eternal origin, whose power,
 Through all th' unbounded symme-
 try of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent
 sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms
 diffused.
 Mind, mind alone,—bear witness,
 earth and heaven!—
 The living fountains in itself con-
 tains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand
 in hand,
 Sit paramount the graces; here en-
 throned,
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFI- NITE.

SAY, why was man so eminently
 raised
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his
 piercing eye,

With thoughts beyond the limit of
 his frame;
 But that th' Omnipotent might send
 him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal
 powers,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To chase each partial purpose from
 his breast,
 And through the mists of passion and
 of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of
 chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfaltering, while
 the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep
 ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high re-
 ward,
 Th' applauding smile of heaven?
 Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched
 hope,
 That breathes from day to day sub-
 limier things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore
 darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardor, to embrace
 Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
 Spurning the gross control of wilful
 might;
 Proud of the strong contention of
 her toils;
 Proud to be daring?

For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker
 said,
 That not in humble nor in brief de-
 light,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's
 flowery lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment: but
 from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through all th' ascent of things en-
 large her view,
 Till every bound at length should
 disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the
 scene.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"He found nothing thereon but leaves."
Matt. xxi. 19.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit
grieves

Over the wasted life:
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd
sheaves

Of life's fair, ripen'd grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and
weeds;

We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent
day—

We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our wither'd leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—
We stand before him, humbled,
mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
"Nothing but leaves!"

JAMES ALDRICH.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night
away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-
gate,
And walked in Paradise!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of
even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels
go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, —
those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May,
The swallows built beneath the
eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the
leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;

The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling
vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of
wine.

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay:
Those deep and tender twilight
eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and
bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born.
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen, —
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise,) —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and
pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — Our hearts
bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were
white
And red with blossoms when she
came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow
prime:
The clustered apples burnt like
flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed
and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the
grange:
And time wrought just as rich a
change
In little Babie Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could
trace,
In softened curves, her mother's
face!

Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she
came,
But she was holy, saintly now;
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal,
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our
reach.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage
pain,
And all our hopes were changed to
fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell.
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands.
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands;
She only looked more meek and
fair!
We parted back her silken hair:
We wove the roses round her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted
snow, —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flow-
ers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

DESTINY.

THREE roses, wan as moonlight and
weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a
crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a
town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at
rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on
Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's
hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief
made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead
child.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week —
I wonder what month of the year —
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

— What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress — pompa-
dour?
And do I like *you*? On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day
more,
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib
Up stairs are not ours, to be sure! —
You are just a sweet bride in her
bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark
street
The little wife laughs and makes
cheer;

But . . . I wonder what day of the
week,
I wonder what month of the year.

NAMELESS PAIN.

IN my nostrils the summer wind
Blows the exquisite scent of the rose!
O for the golden, golden wind,
Breaking the buds as it goes,
Breaking the buds, and bending the
grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose!

O wind of the summer morn,
Tearing the petals in twain,
Wafting the fragrant soul
Of the rose through valley and plain,
I would you could tear my heart to-
day,
And scatter its nameless pain.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear.
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I have said the mystic rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

RENCONTRE.

TOILING across the Mer de Glace
 I thought of, longed for thee;
 What miles between us stretched,
 alas!
 What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
 Stood suddenly, like Fate.
 For those who love, the world is wide,
 But not for those who hate.

THE FADED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!
 What tender thought, what speech-
 less pain!
 I hold thy faded lips to mine,
 Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
 Though scent and azure tint are fled—
 O dry, mute lips! ye are the type
 Of something in me cold and dead;

Of something wilted like thy leaves;
 Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim;
 Yet, for the love of those white hands,
 That found thee by a river's brim—

That found thee when thy dewy
 mouth
 Was purpled as with stains of wine—
 For love of her who love forgot,
 I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am
 dead,
 When hate is dead, for me, and
 wrong,
 For this, I use my subtlest art,
 For this, I fold thee in my song.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
 The sunshine pours an airy flood;
 And on the church's dizzy vane
 The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
 Antiquely-carven, gray and high,
 A dormer, facing westward, looks
 Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
 A globe of gold, a disc, a speck:
 And in the belfry sits a dove
 With purple ripples on her neck.

PURSUIT AND POSSESSION.

WHEN I behold what pleasure is Pur-
 suit,
 What life, what glorious eagerness
 it is;
 Then mark how full Possession falls
 from this,
 How fairer seems the blossom than
 the fruit—
 I am perplexed, and often stricken
 mute
 Wondering which attained the higher
 bliss,
 The wingéd insect, or the chrysalis
 It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
 Spirit of verse that still elud'st my
 art,
 Thou airy phantom that dost ever
 haunt me,
 O never, never rest upon my heart,
 If when I have thee I shall little want
 thee!
 Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and
 dew,
 Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still
 pursue!

SLEEP.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves
 away,
 And in a dream as in a fairy bark
 Drift on and on through the en-
 chanted dark
 To purple daybreak—little thought
 we pay
 To that sweet bitter world we know
 by day.
 We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
 So high in heaven no human eye may
 mark

The thin swift pinion cleaving
 through the gray.
 Till we awake ill fate can do no ill
 The resting heart shall not take up
 again
 The heavy load that yet must make
 it bleed;
 For this brief space the loud world's
 voice is still,
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
 How will it be when we shall sleep
 indeed?

MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim dis-
 guise
 And shows you laughing lips and
 roguish eyes;
 But when, unmasked, gay Comedy
 appears,
 How wan her cheeks are, and what
 heavy tears!

THE ROSE.

Fixed to her necklace, like another
 gem,
 A rose she wore — the flower June
 made for her;

Fairer it looked than when upon the
 stem,
 And must, indeed, have been much
 happier.

MAPLE LEAVES.

October turned my maple's leaves to
 gold;
 The most are gone now; here and
 there one lingers;
 Soon these will slip from out the
 twigs' weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's
 fingers.

TO ANY POET.

Out of the thousand verses you have
 writ,
 If Time spare none, you will not care
 at all;
 If Time spare one, you will not know
 of it:
 Nor shame nor fame can scale a
 churchyard wall.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the
 land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but
 no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto
 this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the
 sod
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth —
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's
 cheek
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,

Silently down from the mountain's
crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
Or beast and bird have seen and
heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled
drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless
steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet
choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so
sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely
land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a
name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous
thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won
our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of
ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden
sleep
Of him He loved so well.

HENRY ALFORD.

THE AGED OAK AT OAKLEY.

I WAS a young fair tree;
Each spring with quivering green
My boughs were clad; and far
Down the deep vale a light
Shone from me on the eyes
Of those who pass'd,—a light

That told of sunny days,
And blossoms, and blue sky;
For I was ever first
Of all the grove to hear
The soft voice under ground
Of the warm-working spring;
And ere my brethren stirr'd
Their sheathed bud, the kine,

And the kine's keeper, came
 Slow up the valley path,
 And laid them underneath
 My cool and rustling leaves;
 And I could feel them there
 As in the quiet shade
 They stood with tender thoughts,
 That pass'd along their life
 Like wings on a still lake,
 Blessing me; and to God,
 The blessed God, who cares
 For all my little leaves,
 Went up the silent praise;
 And I was glad with joy
 Which life of laboring things
 Ill knows,—the joy that sinks—
 Into a life of rest.
 Ages have fled since then:
 But deem not my pierced trunk

And scanty leafage serve
 No high behest; my name
 Is sounded far and wide;
 And in the Providence
 That guides the steps of men,
 Hundreds have come to view
 My grandeur in decay;
 And there hath pass'd from me
 A quiet influence
 Into the minds of men:
 The silver head of age,
 The majesty of laws,
 The very name of God,
 And holiest things that are
 Have won upon the heart
 Of humankind the more,
 For that I stand to meet
 With vast and bleaching trunk,
 The rudeness of the sky.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and
 yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer,
 and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end
 more nigh;

Death chooses his own time; till that
 is sworn,

All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the sur-
 geon's knife,

Each nerve recoiling from the cruel
 steel

Whose edge seems searching for the
 quivering life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs
 reveal,

That still, although the trembling
 flesh be torn,

This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approach-
 ing ill;

We seek some small escape; we weep
 and pray;

But when the blow falls, then our
 hearts are still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness
 shorn,

But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our
 own:

Anon it faints and fails in deathly
 strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken,
 and alone;

But ah! we do not die with those we
 mourn,—

This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, —
 famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and
 misery,

All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its
 worst

On soul and body, — but we cannot
 die.

Though we be sick, and tired, and
 faint and worn, —

Lo, all things can be borne!

WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

THIS is where the roses grew,
 In the summer that is gone;
 Fairer bloom or richer hue
 Never summer shone upon:
 O, the glories vanished hence!
 O, the sad imperfect tense!

This is where the roses grew
 When the July days were long, —
 When the garden all day through
 Echoed with delight and song; —
 Hark! the dead and broken stalks
 Eddying down the windy walks!

Never was a desert waste,
 Where no blossom-life is born,
 Half so dreary and unblest,
 Half so lonesome and forlorn,
 Since in this we dimly see
 All the bliss that *used to be*.

Where the roses used to grow!
 And the west-wind's wailing words
 Tell in whispers faint and low
 Of the famished humming-birds, —
 Of the bees which search in vain
 For the honey-cells again!

This is where the roses grew,
 Till the ground was all perfume,
 And, whenever zephyrs blew,
 Carpeted with crimson bloom!
 Now the chill and scentless air,
 Sweeps the flower-plats brown and
 bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,
 Where the roses bloom no more, —
 Gardens where no summer bliss
 Can the summer bloom restore, —
 Where the snow melts not away
 At the warming kiss of May; —

Gardens where the vernal morns
 Never shed their sunshine down, —
 Where are only stems and thorns,
 Veiled in dead leaves, curled and
 brown, —
 Gardens where we only see
 Where the roses *used to be*!

LAST.

FRIEND, whose smile has come to be
 Very precious unto me,
 Though I know I drank not first,
 Of your love's bright fountain-
 burst,
 Yet I grieve not for the past,
 So you only love me last!

Other souls may find their joy
 In the blind love of a boy:
 Give me that which years have
 tried,
 Disciplined and purified, —
 Such as, braving sun and blast
 You will bring to me at last!

There are brows more fair than mine,
 Eyes of more bewitching shine,
 Other hearts more fit, in truth,
 For the passion of your youth;
 But, their transient empire past,
 You will surely love me last!

Wing away your summer time,
 Find a love in every clime,
 Roam in liberty and light, —
 I shall never stay your flight;
 For I know, when all is past,
 You will come to me at last!

Change and flutter as you will,
 I shall smile securely still;
 Patiently I trust and wait
 Though you tarry long and late:
 Prize your spring till it be past,
 Only, only love me last!

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time,
 in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-
 night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless
 shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of
 yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows
of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of
my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch
keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of
the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in
vain, —
Take them, and give me my child-
hood again!
I have grown weary of dust and de-
cay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth
away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock
me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the
untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for
you!
Many a summer the grass has grown
green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces be-
tween:
Yet, with strong yearning and pas-
sionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence
again.
Come from the silence so long and so
deep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are
flown,
No love like mother-love ever has
shone;
No other worship abides and en-
dures, —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like
yours:
None like a mother can charm away
pain
From the sick soul and the world-
weary brain.

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy
lids creep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just
lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of
old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-
night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the
light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows
once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions
of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows
sweep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have
been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall
seem
Womanhood's years have been only
a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving em-
brace,
With your light lashes just sweeping
my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear
friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole
life long,
And love no other till thy days shall
end;
Nay, it were rash and wrong.
If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet
grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose
to go: —
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk
 serene
 In clearer light than gilds those
 earthly morns,
 Above the jealousies and envies
 keen
 Which scorch this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy
 caress.

If, after death, my soul should linger here;
 Men's hearts crave tangible, close
 tenderness,
 Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more
 peacefully

That thou wert wasting all thy life
 in woe

For my poor sake; what love thou
 hast for me,
 Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am
 dead

The praises which remorseful
 mourners give

To women's graves, — a tardy recom-
 pense, —

But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my
 head

To shut away the sunshine and the
 dew;

Let small blooms grow there, and let
 grasses wave,

And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more
 gay

Than I; but, trust me, thou canst
 never find

One who will love and serve thee
 night and day

With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
 Above my breast will blossom just
 as blue,

Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's
 self forgets; —

But while I live, be true!

EVERY DAY.

O, TRIFLING tasks so often done,
 Yet ever to be done anew!

O, cares which come with every sun,
 Morn after morn, the long years
 through!

We shrink beneath their paltry
 sway, —

The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
 The tiresome round of little things,
 Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
 Its tedious iteration brings;
 Who shall evade or who delay
 The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
 By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
 Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's
 force,
 And yields its substance grain by
 grain;

So crumble strongest lives away
 Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
 Who tracks the tiger for his life,
 May wound them ere they are aware,
 Or conquer them in desperate
 strife;

Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
 The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops
 Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
 The constant fall of water-drops
 Will groove the adamant rock;
 We feel our noblest powers decay,
 In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow —
 Our souls a sudden bravery fills —
 But we endure not always so
 The drop-by-drop of little ills!
 We still deplore and still obey
 The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
 Upon the battle-field, and dares
 Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
 The needle-points of frets and cares;
 The stoutest spirits they dismay —
 The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
 Whose souls by faith have over-
 come,
 Who wore amid the cruel flame
 The molten crown of martyrdom,
 Bore not without complaint alway
 The petty pains of every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,
 And more than hero's heart of
 fire,
 We need the humble strength of soul
 Which daily toils and ills require;—
 Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
 An added grace for every day.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none
 could tell,
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
 Were many changed to chips and
 clods,
 And even statues of the gods
 Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried;
 "The loss outweighs the profit far;

Our goods suffice us as they are;
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
 To check this unrelenting guest,
 They seized him, saying, "Let him
 test
 How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the
 sword,
 And in a fire his touchstone burned,
 Its doings could not be o'erturned,
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
 They strewed its ashes on the
 breeze;
 They little guessed each grain of
 these
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
 And night by night the monitory blast
 Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed
 O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
 Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
 Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
 Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
 The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
 It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
 To walk with Memory, when distant lies
 Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those
 crowded days!
 The minutes parting one by one like
 rays,
 That fade upon a summer's eve.
 But oh! what charm, or magic
 numbers
 Can give me back the gentle slum-
 bers

Those weary, happy days did
 leave?
 When by my bed I saw my mother
 kneel,
 And with her blessing took her
 nightly kiss;
 Whatever Time destroys, he cannot
 this —
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

TO ROUSE, THE ARTIST.

As when in watches of the night we
 see,
 Hanging in tremulous beauty o'er
 the bed,
 The face we loved on Earth, now
 from us fled;
 So wan, so sweet, so spiritually
 free
 From taint of Earth, thy tender
 drawings be.
 There we may find a friend remem-
 berèd;
 With a new aureole hovering round
 the head,
 Given by Art's peaceful immortal-
 ity.
 How many homes half empty fill the
 place
 Death vacates, with thy gracious sub-
 stitutes!
 Not sensuous with color, which may
 disgrace
 The memory of the body shared with
 brutes;
 But the essential spirit in the
 face;
 As angels see us, best, Affection
 suits.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
AFTER THE WAR.

Oh! happiest thou, who from the
 shining height,
 Of tablelands serene can look below
 Where glared the tempest, and the
 lightning's glow,
 And see thy seed made harvest wave
 in light,
 And all the darkened land with
 God's smile bright!
 Leaving with him the issue. Enough
 to know
 Aibeit the sword hath sundered broth-
 ers so,
 Yet God's vicegerent ever is the
 Right.
 Nor will he leave us bleeding, but
 his Time
 Which healeth all things will our
 wounds make whole.
 While washed and cleansed of our
 fraternal crime,
 Freedom shall count again her starry
 roll;
 All there, and moving with a step
 sublime
 To music God sounds in the human
 soul.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SHE AND HE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him.

"Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her! — thy love
is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark
brown hair;

On her forehead of marble they laid
it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too
much,

They drew the lids with a gentle
touch;

With a tender touch they closed up
well

The sweet thin lips that had secrets
to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale
face

They tied her veil and her marriage-
lace;

And drew on her white feet her
white silk shoes; —

Which were the whiter no eye could
choose!

And over her bosom they crossed
her hands;

"Come away," they said, — "God
understands!"

And then there was Silence; — and
nothing there

But the Silence — and scents of
eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rose-
mary;

For they said, "As a lady should lie,
lies she!"

And they held their breath as they
left the room,

With a shudder to glance at its still-
ness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to
dread

The sweet, the stately, the beautiful
dead, —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it! — Alone again — he
and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place,
the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that
was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast
without breath!

Is there no voice? — no language of
death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the
sense,

But to heart and to soul distinct, —
intense?

"See, now, — I listen with soul, not
ear —

What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower
fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony
steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find
how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward
that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record,
Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past
things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of
the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most
dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen—as deep as to horrible
hell,
As high as to heaven!—and you do
not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying,
Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to
feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were
dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my*
brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of
death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with
streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the
chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest
thing
Of all the surprises that dying must
bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind
Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe
it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her
say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear
old way:—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss
you, Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with
soul alone;
If your soul could see, it would all
be shown.

"What a strange delicious amaze-
ment is Death,
To be without body and breathe
without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did
not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts!—I.ove never
will die.

"I am only your Angel who was your
Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I
have never died."

—

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,— the
plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid
stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long wonder ends;
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity,—
 In enlarging paradise,
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
 Sunshine still must follow rain;
 Only not at death,—for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
 Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

—
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If on this verse of mine
 Those eyes shall ever shine,
 Whereto sore-wounded men have
 looked for life,
 Think not that for a rhyme,
 Nor yet to fit the time,
 I name thy name,—true victor in
 this strife!
 But let it serve to say
 That, when we kneel to pray,
 Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall
 never know;
 And that thy gallant deed,
 For God, and for our need,
 Is in all hearts, as deep as love can
 go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
 From two of Earth's fair things—
 A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
 'Tis well that in all homes,
 When thy sweet story comes,
 And brave eyes fill—that pleasant
 sounds be heard.
 Oh voice! in night of fear,
 As night's bird, soft to hear,
 Oh great heart! raised like city on a
 hill;
 Oh watcher! worn and pale,
 Good Florence Nightingale,
 Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large
 work and will!
 England is glad of thee—
 Christ, for thy charity,
 Take thee to joy when hand and
 heart are still!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

IN THE DARK.

[The author's last poem, written a few days before his death.]

ALL moveless stand the ancient
cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where
they grow;
And from the darkness comes a wan-
dering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the
sand,
When bright the sunbeams of the
morning shone,
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and
land
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering
vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent,
creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the dark-
ness steal,
And through the dark, the ocean-
thunders roll;
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till
I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty
air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy
night;
Blackness of darkness!— Father,
hear my prayer!
Grant me to see the light!

CUI BONO?

A HARMLESS fellow, wasting useless
days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my
leisure;

Let those who wish them toil for
gold and praise;
To me the summer-day brings more
of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass, I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the Past
are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the
trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly
falling.

There was a time when I had higher
aims
Than thus to lie among the flow-
ers and listen
To listening birds, or watch the sun-
set's flames
On the broad river's surface glow
and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I
had thought
To make a name, a home, a bright
existence:
But time has shown me that my
dreams are naught
Save a mirage that vanished with
the distance.

Well, it is gone: I care no longer
now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty
praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my
brow,
I'd lie forever here among the
daisies.

So you, who wish for fame, good
friend, pass by;
With you I surely cannot think to
quarrel:
Give me peace, rest, this bank
whereon I lie,
And spare me both the labor and
the laurel!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten
 years hence,
 From this poor present self which I
 am now;
 When youth has done its tedious
 vain expense
 Of passions that forever ebb and flow;
 Shall I not joy youth's heats are left
 behind,
 And breathe more happy in an even
 clime? —
 Ah no, for then I shall begin to find
 A thousand virtues in this hated
 time!

Then I shall wish its agitations back,
 And all its thwarting currents of de-
 sire;
 Then I shall praise the heat which
 then I lack,
 And call this hurrying fever, gener-
 ous fire;
 And sigh that one thing only has
 been lent
 To youth and age in common — dis-
 content.

IMMORTALITY.

FOILED by our fellow-men, depress'd,
 outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its
 way,
 And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and
we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal
 armies scorn
 The world's poor, routed leavings?
 or will they,
 Who fail'd under the heat of this
 life's day,
 Support the fervors of the heavenly
 morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not
 begun;
 And he who flagg'd not in the
 earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing
 only he,
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles
 won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal
 life.

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun
 overhead
 Smote on the squalid streets of Beth-
 nal Green,
 And the pale weaver, through his
 windows seen
 In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dis-
 pirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and
 said:
 "Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in
 this scene?" —
 "Bravely!" said he; "for I of late
 have been
 Much cheer'd with thoughts of
 Christ, *the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst
 so
 Set up a mark of everlasting light,
 Above the howling senses' ebb and
 flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if
 thou roam —
 Not with lost toil thou laborest
 through the night!
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st
 indeed thy home.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred
 song,
In his light youth amid a festal
 throng
Sate with his bride to see a public
 show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front
 did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth
 belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse!
 young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

[From Memorial Verses.]

GOETHE.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

EARLY DEATH AND FAME.

FOR him who must see many years,
I praise the life which slips away
Out of the light and mutely; which
 avoids
Fame, and her less fair followers,
 envy, strife,
Stupid detraction, jealousy, cabal,
Insincere praises; which descends
The quiet mossy track to age.

But, when immature death
Beckons too early the guest
From the half-tried banquet of life,
Young, in the bloom of his days;
Leaves no leisure to press,
Slow and surely, the sweets
Of a tranquil life in the shade—
Fuller for him be the hours!
Give him emotion, though pain!
Let him live, let him feel: *I have lived.*
Heap up his moments with life!
Triple his pulses with fame!

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which
 bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have
 calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars,
 ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm
 renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown
 vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:

"Wouldst thou be as these are? *Live*
 as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things
 without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“And with joy the stars perform
their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver’d
roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine
with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

“Bounded by themselves, and unre-
gardful
In what state God’s other works may
be,

In their own tasks all their powers
pouring,
These attain the mighty life you
see.”

O air-born voice! long since, severely
clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart
I hear:
“Resolve to be thyself; and know,
that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!”

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end.
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE WORTH OF FAME.

OH! who shall lightly say, that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to
warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will
start,
And vow, with lifted hands out-
spread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for those, our mighty
dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion’s murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea?

They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim’s wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless
play
Beguiles the rustic’s closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;

And maid, whose cheek outblossoms
the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive
graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching
low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling
round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the
ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless
skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till from thy centre, starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in
air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's
gaze

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts
explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air,
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch

The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward wil,
Perplexing oft her sober skill. . . .

MY LOVE IS ON HER WAY.

Oh, welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way!
And welcome moth and drowsy fly
That to mine ear comes humming by!
And welcome shadows dim and deep,
And stars that through the pale sky
peep;
Oh welcome all! to me ye say
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is on the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
Oh, dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night?

*SNATCHES OF MIRTH IN A DARK
LIFE.*

DIDST thou ne'er see the swallow's
veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky
cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy
day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning
flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's
path
Tracks the still waters of some sul-
len lake?
Or lonely tower, from its brown mass
of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the
night
Closing in darkness round it? (Gentle
friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad
yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.)

JAMES BALLANTINE.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
 And bear ye a' life's changes, wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
 Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e faith and ye'll win through,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
 And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,
 And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or hoo,
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy
 weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are
 dear—
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 —Then steal away, give little warn-
 ing,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good Night, —but in some
 brighter clime
 Bid me Good Morning.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes.
 How gently heaves th' expiring
 breast.

So fades a summer cloud away
 So sinks the gale when storms are
 o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple
 wing;—
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now!
 And where, insidious Death, thy
 sting!

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate
 dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn
 appears; —
 Farewell, inconstant world, fare-
 well!

Its duty done, — as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit
 flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to
 say
 "Sweet is the scene when Virtue
 dies!"

DAVID BARKER.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

TELL the fainting soul in the weary
 form,
 There's a world of the purest
 bliss,
 That is linked as the soul and form
 are linked,
 By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other
 shore,
 We must pass through a transient
 gloom,
 And must walk unseen, unhelped,
 and alone
 Through that covered bridge — the
 tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
 For the universal toll
 Is the outer garb, which the hand of
 God
 Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim and the bridge
 is dark,
 And the river it spans is wide,
 Yet Faith points through to a shin-
 ing mount
 That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet on the next day's
 march
 To climb up that golden ridge,
 We must all lie down for a one
 night's rest
 Inside of the covered bridge.

JOEL BARLOW.

TO FREEDOM.

SUN of the moral world! effulgent
 source
 Of man's best wisdom and his stead-
 iest force,
 Soul-searching Freedom! here assume
 thy stand,
 And radiate hence to every distant
 land;
 Point out and prove how all the
 scenes of strife,
 The shock of states, the impassion'd
 broils of life,

Spring from unequal sway; and how
 they fly
 Before the splendor of thy peaceful
 eye;
 Unfold at last the genuine social plan,
 The mind's full scope, the dignity of
 man.
 Bold nature bursting through her
 long disguise,
 And nations daring to be just and wise.
 Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and
 earth and sea
 Yield or withhold their various gifts
 for thee;

Protected industry beneath thy reign
 Leads all the virtues in her filial
 train;
 Courageous Probity, with brow serene;
 And Temperance calm presents her
 placid mien;
 Contentment, Moderation, Labor,
 Art,
 Mould the new man and humanize
 his heart;

To public plenty, private ease di-
 lates,
 Domestic peace, to harmony of states.
 Protected Industry, careering far,
 Detects the cause, and cures the rage
 of war,
 And sweeps, with forceful arm, to
 their last graves,
 Kings from the earth and pirates
 from the waves.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
 When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
 The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 Unkennd by my gudeman who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But, saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
 My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
 My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
 And Auld Robin Gray, O! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, "Jenny, O! for their sakes, will you marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
 Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
 Ae kiss we took, na mair — I bade him gang awa.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
 For O, I am but young to cry out, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray, O! he is sae kind to me.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

MAKE THINE ANGEL GLAD.

FROM the morning even until now,
 Evil over thee full power hath had;
 Oh, remember late the shattered
 vow!

Turn to God, and make thine
 angel glad.

Sin will seek to snare thy heart
 again;

Though her beauty make thee al-
 most mad,

Though resistance make thee pale
 with pain,

Turn to God, and make thine
 angel glad.

CONSECRATION.

A LOVER'S MOOD.

ALL the kisses that I have given,
 I grudge from my soul to-day,
 And of all I have ever taken,
 I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been her
 mits,
 Held apart from kith and kin,
 That fresh from God's holy service,
 To Love's they might enter in.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years have linings just as gob-
 lets do:

The old year is the lining of the
 new,—

Filled with the wine of precious
 memories,

The golden *was* doth line the silver
is.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming
 vines appear,

While long and low the wind about
 them grieves;

The heart of Autumn must have
 broken here

And poured its treasure out upon
 the leaves.

TO VICTORIA.

A MONARCH soul hath ruled thyself, O Queen,
 Else what it is, thy kingdom had not been.

FLETCHER BATES.

THE TWO BIRDS.

As leaves turned red
 And some fell dead,
 For sunnier skies two songsters fled;
 But ere they went,
 In merriment
 They sung how summer had been
 spent.

One song confest,
 "I had my nest
 Near yonder mountain's lofty crest;
 Where none intrude
 In lonely mood
 I carolled oft in solitude."

The other sung
 "I built among
 The cottagers, where old and young
 Who trod the vale
 Would often hail
 Me, as their little nightingale."

Then off they flew,
 Like specks they grew,
 Then faded in the heavenly blue.
 Our human lot
 Was theirs, I wot,
 For one was missed, and one was not.

THE DEAD BEE.

WHERE honeysuckles scent the way,
 I heard thee humming yesterday;
 Thy little life was not in vain,
 It gathered sweets for other's gain,
 And somewhere in a dainty cell
 Is stored delicious hydromel.

O poet! in thy calm retreat,
 From joy and grief extracting sweet,
 Some day thy fancy's wings must fold,
 And thou lie motionless and cold.
 Perhaps thy garnered honey then
 May be the food of living men.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

THE ORGANIST.

SLOWLY I circle the dim, dizzy stair,
 Wrapt in my cloak's gray fold,
 Holding my heart lest it throb to the air
 Its radiant secret, for though I be
 old,
 Though I totter and rock like a ship
 in the wind,
 And the sunbeams come unto me
 broken and blind,
 Yet my spirit drinks youth from
 the treasure we hold,
 Richer than gold.

Princes below me, lips wet from the
 wine,
 Hush at my organ's swell;
 Ladies applaud me with clappings as
 fine
 As showers that splash in a mu-
 sical well.

But their ears only hear mighty mel-
 odies ringing,
 And their souls never know 'tis my
 angel there singing,
 That the grand organ-angel awakes
 in his cell
 Under my spell.

There in the midst of the wandering
 pipes,
 Far from the gleaming keys,
 And the organ-front with its gilded
 stripes,
 My glorious angel lies sleeping at
 ease.
 And the hand of a stranger may beat
 at his gate,
 And the ear of a stranger may listen
 and wait,
 But he only cries in his pain for
 these,
 Witless to please.

Angel, my angel, the old man's hand
 Knoweth thy silver way.
 I loose thy lips from their silence-
 band
 And over thy heart-strings my fin-
 gers play,
 While the song peals forth from thy
 mellow throat,
 And my spirit climbs on the climb-
 ing note,
 Till I mingle thy tone with the
 tones away
 Over the day.

So I look up as I follow the tone,
 Up with my dim old eyes,
 And I wonder if organs have angels
 alone,
 Or if, as my fancy might almost
 surmise,
 Each man in his heart folds an angel
 with wings,
 An angel that slumbers, but awakens
 and sings
 When thrilled by the touch that is
 sympathy-wise,
 Bidding it rise.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror,
 With her hand upon her brow,
 Sits gazing on her lovely face,—
 Ay, lovely even now!
 Why doth she lean upon her hand
 With such a look of care?
 Why steals that tear across her
 cheek?
 She sees her first gray hair!

Time from her form hath ta'en away
 But little of its grace;
 His touch of thought hath dignified
 The beauty of her face.
 Yet she might mingle in the dance
 Where maidens gayly trip,
 So bright is still her hazel eye,
 So beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd
 By sorrow more than years,—
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be
 The course of secret tears;
 The mournful lip may murmur of
 A love it ne'er confess'd,
 And the dimness of the eye betray
 A heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife:
 The lover of her youth
 May proudly claim the smile that
 pays
 The trial of his truth;

A sense of slight — of loneliness
 Hath never banish'd sleep:
 Her life hath been a cloudless one;
 Then wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks,—
 What thoughts did they recall?
 Oh! not of nights when they were
 deck'd
 For banquet or for ball;
 They brought back thoughts of early
 youth,
 Ere she had learn'd to check,
 With artificial wreaths, the curls
 That sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand
 Pass lightly through her hair,
 And draw it from her brow, to leave
 A kiss of kindness there.
 She seem'd to view her father's smile,
 And feel the playful touch
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away
 The curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!
 Oh, deem it not a crime
 For her to weep, when she beholds
 The first footmark of Time!
 She knows that, one by one, those
 mute
 Mementos will increase,
 And steal youth, beauty, strength
 away,
 Till life itself shall cease.

.
 Ah, lady! heed the monitor!
 Thy mirror tells thee truth;
 Assume the matron's folded veil,
 Resign the wreath of youth:

Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow,
 In her thou'lt still look fair—
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom,
 who
 Behold the first gray hair!

JAMES BEATTIE.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THE ASCENT TO FAME.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to
 climb
 The steep where Fame's proud tem-
 ple shines afar?
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul
 sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant
 star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal
 war?
 Checked by the scoff of Pride, by
 Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined
 alone,
 Then dropped into the grave, un-
 pitied and unknown!

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the
 boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her
 votary yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resound-
 ing shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture
 of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning
 gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of
 even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering
 bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of
 heaven,
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and
 hope to be forgiven?

[From *The Minstrel*.]

BEAUTIES OF MORNING.

But who the melodies of morn can
 tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the
 mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's
 simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim
 descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and
 wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs
 above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-
 tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of
 love,
 And the full choir that wakes the
 universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim
 bark;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping
 milkmaid sings;
 The whistling ploughman stalks
 afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous
 wagon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare as-
 tonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the
 drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whir-
 ring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in seques-
 tered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her
 aerial tower.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

WHERE now the rill, melodious,
pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth,
and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and
sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale em-
browned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each
melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked
spray.
And hark! the river bursting every
mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with
wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shat-
tered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn
brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nurs-
ling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mil-
dews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his
balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent
wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all
the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore
their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark
sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the
tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how
they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no
more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal
bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre
burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influ-
ence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn
the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the
dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower
revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish,
hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must
strive
With disappointment, penury, and
pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall
yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom
again,
Bright through the eternal year of
Love's triumphant reign.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac,"
they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray
picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to
and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing — a private or two, now
and then,
Will not count in the news of the
battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the
men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-
rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully
dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear
autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are
gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-
wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is
creeping;
While the stars up above, with their
glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is
sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone
sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the
fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low
trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the moun-
tain.

His musket falls slack — his face,
dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories
tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the chil-
dren asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven
defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as
brightly as then,
That night when the love yet un-
spoken,
Leaped up to his lips — when low-
murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over
his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are well-
ing,
And gathers his gun closer up to its
place,
As if to keep down the heart-
swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted
pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes through the
broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so
dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rus-
tled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously
flashing?

It looked like a rifle — “Ah! Mary,
good-by!”

And the life-blood is ebbing and
plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-
night,

No sound save the rush of the
river;

While soft falls the dew on the face
of the dead —

The picket's off duty forever!

WEIGHING THE BABY.

“How many pounds does the baby
weigh —

Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crown-
ing curl

To the rosy point of the restless
toe?”

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging
weight,

And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, “only eight.”

Softly the echo goes around:

The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the
words,

While grandmother smooths the
golden curl.

And stooping above the precious
thing,

Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly “Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you
fair.”

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the
helpless one;

Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there
be

That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise.
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but do n't for-
get

From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden
yet.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones:
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their
hands,

Where from their pulpits seal'd with
dust

They preach, "In greatness is no
trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
"Though gods they were, as men
they died!"

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid
the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's droop-
ing sprays,

Singing her little songs, while softly
round

Along the grass the chequered sun-
shine plays.

All beauty that is throned in woman-
hood.

Pacing a summer garden's foun-
tained walks,

That stoops to smooth a glossy span-
iel down
To hide her flushing cheek from
one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced
girls,

In whose sweet spring again her
youth she sees,

With shout and dance and laugh and
bound and song,

Stripping in autumn orchards,
laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room —
 Frost on the pane, without the
 whirling snow —
 Reading old letters of her far-off
 youth,
 Of sorrows past and joys of long
 ago.

SUMMER RAIN.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine,
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat, the landscape quivering lies;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;
 Through parching air and purple
 skies

The earth looks up in vain for
 thee:

For thee, for thee it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow
 streams,

And soften all the hills with mist;
 O falling dew from burning dreams,
 By thee shall herb and flower be
 kissed:

And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

IN ARABIA.

“CHOOSE thou between!” and to his
 enemy
 The Arab chief a brawny hand dis-
 played.

Wherein, like moonlight on a sullen
 sea,
 Gleamed the gray scimeter’s en-
 graven blade.

“Choose thou between death at my
 hand and thine!
 Close in my power my vengeance
 I may wreak;

Yet hesitate to strike. A hate like
 mine
 Is noble still. Thou hast thy
 choosing—speak!”

And Ackbar stood. About him all
 the band
 That hailed his captor chieftain,
 with grave eyes,
 His answer waited, while that heavy
 hand
 Stretched like a bar between him
 and the skies.

Straight in the face before him Ack-
 bar sent
 A sneer of scorn, and raised his
 noble head;

“Strike!” and the desert monarch,
 as content,
 Rehung the weapon at his girdle
 red.

Then Ackbar nearer crept and lifted
 high
 His arms toward the heaven so far
 and blue,

Wherein the sunset rays began to
 die,—
 While o’er the band a deeper
 silence grew.

“Strike! I am ready! Didst thou
 think to see
 A son of Ghera spill upon the
 dust

His noble blood? Dids’ hope to
 have my knee
 Bend at thy feet, and with one
 mighty thrust

“The life thou hatest flee before thee
 here?

Shame on thee! on thy race! art
 thou the one

Who hast so long thy vengeance
 counted dear?

My hate is greater; I did strike thy
 son,

"Thy one son, Noumid, dead before
my face:

And by the swiftest courser of my
stud

Sent to thy door his corpse. Aye,
one might trace

Their flight across the desert by
his blood.

"Strike! for my hate is greater than
thy own!"

But with a frown the Arab moved
away,

Walked to a distant palm and stood
alone,

With eyes that looked where purple
mountains lay.

This for an instant: then he turned
again

Toward the place where Ackbar
waited still,

Walking as one benumbed with bitter
pain,

Or with a hateful mission to fulfil.

"Strike, for I hate thee!" Ackbar
cried once more.

"Nay, but my hate I cannot find!"
said now

His enemy. "Thy freedom I restore.
Live; life were more than death to
such as thou."

So with his gift of life the Bedouin
slept

That night untroubled; but when
dawn broke through

The purple East, and o'er his eye-
lids crept

The long, thin fingers of the light,
he drew

A heavy breath and woke: above him
shone

A lifted dagger—"Yea, he gave
thee life,

But I give death!" came in fierce
undertone.

And Ackbar died. It was dead
Noumid's wife.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine
heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread
feet?

What the hammer? what the
chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears,

And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make
thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
 What ails this watery ee?
 What gars me a' turn pale as death
 When I take leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
 Or walk at morning air,
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say.
 I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
 I'll ca' 't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
 That thou wi' roses tied,
 And where wi' mony a blushing
 bud

I strove myself to hide.
 I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
 And ca' to mind some kindly
 word,
 By ilka burn and tree.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[*From The Farmer's Boy.*]

A SPRING DAY.

ADVANCING Spring profusely spreads
 abroad
 Flowers of all hues, with sweetest
 fragrance stored;
 Where'er she treads Love gladdens
 every plain,
 Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid
 train;
 Sweet Hope with conscious brow be-
 fore her flies,
 Anticipating wealth from Summer
 skies;
 All Nature feels her renovating sway;
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the
 meadow gay;
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer
 budding seen,
 Display the new-grown branch of
 lighter green;
 On airy downs the idling shepherd
 lies,
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled
 skies.

[*From The Farmer's Boy.*]

A TEMPEST.

ANON tired laborers bless their
 sheltering home,
 When midnight, and the frightful
 tempest come.
 The farmer wakes, and sees, with
 silent dread,
 The angry shafts of Heaven gleam
 round his bed;
 The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
 Shakes his straw roof, and jars his
 bolted doors:
 The slow-winged storm along the
 troubled skies
 Spreads its dark course: the wind
 begins to rise;
 And full-leaved elms, his dwelling's
 shade by day,
 With mimic thunder give its fury
 way:
 Sounds in the chimney-top a doleful
 peal
 Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rat-
 tling hail;

With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
And quick and strong the sulphurous flame descends:
The frightened mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries. . . .

Where now's the trifier! where the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is tried!
Nor lives the man, with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howled itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long-continued shower,
And sleep protracted, comes with double power;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is filled, and Harvest done!

[From *The Farmer's Boy*.]

HARVESTING.

HARK! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;

Each moistened brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbersome grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles arrayed;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—
Invidious barrier! Why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight,
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?

In many a local tale of harmless
mirth,
And many a jest of momentary
birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to
speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her
glowing cheek.

TO HIS MOTHER'S SPINDLE.

THE hand that wore thee smooth is
cold, and spins
No more! Debility pressed hard,
around
The seat of life, and terrors filled her
brain, —
Nor causeless terrors. Giants grim
and bold,
Three mighty ones she feared to
meet: — they came —
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY,
— all came;

And when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart
at once,
Cried, "*Spin no more.*" — Thou then
wert left half filled
With this soft downy fleece, such as
she wound
Through all her days, she who could
spin so well.
Half filled wert thou — half finished
when she died!
— Half finished? 'Tis the motto of
the world!
We spin vain threads, and strive,
and die
With sillier things than spindles on
our hands!

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse;
Oh, should old age still find my brain
at work,
And Death, o'er some poor fragment
striding, cry
"Hold! spin no more!" grant,
Heaven, that purity

Of thought and texture, may assimilate
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
In worth, and snowy innocence.
Then shall
The village school-mistress, shine
brighter through
The exit of her boy; and both shall
live,
And virtue triumph too; and virtue's
tears,
Like Heaven's pure blessings, fall
upon their grave.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

[Written at Clare Hall, Herts, June, 1804.]

WELCOME, silence! welcome, peace!
Oh, most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While rapture's rushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should
tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold:
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquickened midst the world's rude
strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will
cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty
night;
But both shall please: and each in
turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
 Did I not see, did I not feel,
 That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
 Heaven, permit that I may lie

Where o'er my corse green branches
 wave;
 And those who from life's tumult fly
 With kindred feelings, press my
 grave.

GLEANNER'S SONG.

DEAR Ellen, your tales are all plenteously stored
 With the joys of some bride, and the wealth of her lord;
 Of her chariots and dresses,
 And worldly caresses,
 And servants that fly when she's waited upon:
 But what can she boast if she weds unbeloved?
 Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I proved,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John?

These fields, my dear Ellen, I knew them of yore,
 Yet to me they ne'er look'd so enchanting before;
 The distant bells ringing,
 The birds round us singing,
 For pleasure is pure when affection is won:
 They told me the troubles and cares of a wife;
 But I loved him; and that was the pride of my life,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

He shouted and ran, as he leapt from the stile;
 And what in my bosom was passing the while?
 For love knows the blessing
 Of ardent caressing,
 When virtue inspires us, and doubts are all gone.
 The sunshine of Fortune you say is divine;
 True love and the sunshine of Nature were mine,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

ODE TO A MOUNTAIN OAK.

PROUD mountain giant, whose majes-
 tic face,
 From thy high watch-tower on the
 steadfast rock,
 Looks calmly o'er the trees that
 throng thy base,
 How long hast thou withstood the
 tempest's shock?
 How long hast thou looked down on
 yonder vale
 Sleeping in sun before thee;

Or bent thy ruffled brow, to let the
 gale
 Steer its white, drifting sails just
 o'er thee?

Strong link 'twixt vanished ages!
 Thou hast a sage and reverend
 look;
 As if life's struggle, through its
 varied stages,
 Were stamped on thee, as in a
 book.

Thou hast no voice to tell what thou
 hast seen,
 Save a low moaning in thy troubled
 leaves;
 And canst but point thy scars, and
 shake thy head,
 With solemn warning, in the sun-
 beam's sheen;
 And show how Time the mightiest
 thing bereaves,
 By the sere leaves that rot upon thy
 bed.

Type of long-suffering power!
 Even in my gayest hour,
 Thou 'dst still my tongue, and send
 my spirit far,
 To wander in a labyrinth of thought;
 For thou hast waged with Time
 unceasing war,
 And out of pain hast strength and
 beauty brought.
 Thou amidst storms and tempests
 hadst thy birth,
 Upon these bleak and scanty-shel-
 tering rocks,
 Nor much save storm and wrath
 hast known on earth;
 Yet nobly hast thou bode the fiercest
 shocks.
 That Circumstance can pour on
 patient Worth.

I see thee springing, in the vernal
 time,
 A sapling weak, from out the bar-
 ren stone,
 To dance with May upon the moun-
 tain peak;
 Pale leaves put forth to greet the
 genial clime,
 And roots shot down life's suste-
 nance to seek,
 While mere existence was a joy
 alone —

O thou wert happy then!
 On summer's heat thy tinkling leaf-
 lets fed,
 Each fibre toughened, and a little
 crown
 Of green upon thy modest brow was
 spread,
 To catch the rain, and shake it gently
 down.

But then came autumn, when
 Thy dry and tattered leaves fell
 dead;
 And sadly on the gale
 Thou drop'dst them one by
 one —
 Drop'dst them, with a low, sad
 wail,
 On the cold, unfeeling s'one.
 Next Winter seized thee in his iron
 grasp,
 And shook thy bruised and strain-
 ing form;
 Or locked thee in his icicle's cold
 clasp,
 And piled upon thy head the shorn
 cloud's snowy fleece.
 Wert thou not joyful, in this bitter
 storm,
 That the green honors, which erst
 decked thy head,
 Sage Autumn's slow decay, had
 mildly shed?
 Else, with their weight, they'd given
 thy ills increase,
 And dragged thee helpless from thy
 upturn bed.

Year after year, in kind or adverse
 fate,
 Thy branches stretched, and thy
 young twigs put forth,
 Nor changed thy nature with the
 season's date:
 Whether thou wrestled'st with the
 gusty north,
 Or beat the driving rain to glittering
 froth,
 Or shook the snow-storm from thy
 arms of might,
 Or drank the balmy dews on sum-
 mer's night; —
 Laughing in sunshine, writhing in
 the storm,
 Yet wert thou still the same!
 Summer spread forth thy tower-
 ing form,
 And Winter strengthened thy great
 frame.
 Achieving thy destiny
 On went'st thou sturdily,
 Shaking thy green flags in triumph
 and jubilee!

From thy secure and sheltering
branch
The wild bird pours her glad and
fearless lay,
That, with the sunbeams, falls upon
the vale,
Adding fresh brightness to the smile
of day,
'Neath those broad boughs the youth
has told love's tale;
And thou hast seen his hardy feat-
ures blanch,
Heard his snared heart beat like a
prisoned bird,
Fluttering with fear, before the
fowler laid;
While his bold figure shook at every
word—
The strong man trembling at a
timid maid!
And thou hast smiled upon their
children's play;
Seen them grow old, and gray, and
pass away.

Heard the low prattle of the thought-
less child,
Age's cold wisdom, and the lessons
mild
Which patient mothers to their off-
spring say;—
Yet art thou still the same!
Man may decay;
Race after race may pass away;
The great may perish, and their very
fame
Rot day by day—
Rot noteless with their once inspired
clay:
Still, as at their birth,
Thou stretchest thy long arms above
the earth—
Type of unbending Will!
Type of majestic, self-sustaining
Power!
Elate in sunshine, firm when tem-
pests lower,
May thy calm strength my wavering
spirit fill!
O let me learn from thee,
Thou proud and steadfast tree,
To bear unmurmuring what stern
Time may send;

Nor 'neath life's ruthless tempests
bend:
But calmly stand like thee,
Though wrath and storm shake
me,
Though vernal hopes in yellow
Autumn end,
And strong in truth work out my
destiny.
Type of long-suffering Power!
Type of unbending Will!
Strong in the tempest's hour,
Bright when the storm is still;
Rising from every contest with an
unbroken heart,
Strengthened by every struggle,
emblem of might thou art!
Sign of what man can compass, spite
of an adverse state,
Still, from thy rocky summit, teach
us to war with fate!

AWAKING OF THE POETICAL FACULTY.

ALL day I heard a humming in my
ears,
A buzz of many voices, and a throng
Of swarming numbers, passing
with a song
Measured and stately as the rolling
spheres'.
I saw the sudden light of lifted
spears,
Slanted at once against some mon-
ster wrong;
And then a fluttering scarf which
might belong
To some sweet maiden in her
morn of years.
I felt the chilling damp of sunless
glades,
Horrid with gloom; anon, the
breath of May
Was blown around me, and the
lulling play
Of dripping fountains. Yet the
lights and shades,
The waving scarfs, the battle's
grand parades,
Seemed but vague shadows of
that wondrous lay.

TO ENGLAND.

STAND, thou great bulwark of man's
liberty!

Thou rock of shelter rising from
the wave,

Sole refuge to the overwearied
brave

Who planned, arose, and battled to
be free,

Fell undeterred, then sadly turned
to thee;—

Saved the free spirit from their
country's grave,

To rise again, and animate the
slave,

When God shall ripen all things.
Britons, ye

Who guard the sacred outpost, not
in vain

Hold your proud peril! Freemen
undefiled,

Keep watch and ward! Let battle-
ments be piled

Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled,
till the main

Sink under them; and if your
courage wane,

Through force or fraud, look west-
ward to your child!

 LOVE SONNETS.

How canst thou call my modest love
impure,

Being thyself the holy source of
all?

Can ugly darkness from the fair
sun fall?

Or nature's compact be so insecure,
That saucy weeds may sprout up
and endure

Where gentle flowers were sown?
The brooks that crawl,

With lazy whispers, through the
lilies tall,

Or rattle o'er the pebbles, will
allure

With no feigned sweetness, if their
fount be sweet.

So thou, the sun whence all my
light doth flow—

Thou, sovereign law by which my
fancies grow—

Thou, fount of every feeling, slow or
fleet—

Against thyself would'st aim a
treacherous blow,

Slaying thy honor with thy own
conceit.

WHY shall I chide the hand of wil-
ful Time

When he assaults thy wondrous
store of charms?

Why charge the gray-beard with a
wanton crime?

Or strive to daunt him with my
shrill alarms?

Or seek to lull him with a silly
rhyme:

So he, forgetful, pause upon his
arms,

And leave thy beauties in their
noble prime,

The sole survivors of his grievous
harms?

Alas! my love, though I'll indeed
bemoan

The fatal ruin of thy majesty;
Yet I'll remember that to Time
alone

I owed thy birth, thy charms' matu-
rity,

Thy crowning love, with which he
vested me,

Nor can reclaim, though all the
rest be flown.

IN this deep hush and quiet of my
soul,

When life runs low, and all my
senses stay

Their daily riot; when my wearied
clay

Resigns its functions, and, without
control

Of selfish passion, my essential whole
Rises in purity, to make survey

Of those poor deeds that wear my
days away;

When in my ear I hear the dis-
tant toll

Of bells that murmur of my coming
knell,

And all things seem a show and
mockery —
Life, and life's actions, noise and
vanity;
I ask my mournful heart if it can tell
If all be truth which I protest to
thee:
And my heart answers, solemnly,
" 'Tis well."

I HAVE been mounted on life's top-
most wave,
Until my forehead kissed the daz-
zling cloud;
I have been dashed beneath the
murky shroud
That yawns between the watery
crests. I rave,
Sometimes, like cursed Orestes;
sometimes lave
My limbs in dew of asphodel; or,
bowed
With torrid heat, I moan to heaven
aloud,
Or shrink with Winter in his icy
cave.
Now peace broods over me; now sav-
age rage
Spurns me across the world. Nor
am I free
From nightly visions, when the
pictured page
Of sleep unfolds its varied leaves to
me,
Changing as often as the mimic
stage; —
And all this, lady, through my love
for thee!

SOMETIMES, in bitter fancy, I bewail
This spell of love, and wish the
cause removed;
Wish I had never seen, or, seeing,
not loved
So utterly that passion should pre-
vail
O'er self-regard, and thoughts of
thee assail
Those inmost barriers which so
long have proved
Unconquerable, when such defence
behoved.

But, ah! my treacherous heart
doth ever fail
To ratify the sentence of my mind;
For when conviction strikes me to
the core,
I swear I love thee fondlier than
before;
And were I now all free and uncon-
fined,
Loose as the action of the shore-
less wind,
My slavish heart would sigh for
bonds once more.

AH! let me live on memories of
old, —
The precious relics I have set aside
From life's poor venture; things
that yet abide
My ill-paid labor, shining, like pure
gold,
Amid the dross of cheated hopes
whose hold
Dropped at the touch of action.
Let me glide
Down the smooth past, review
that day of pride
When each to each our mutual
passion told —
When love grew frenzy in thy blaz-
ing eye,
Fear shone heroic, caution quailed
before
My hot, resistless kisses — when
we bore
Time, conscience, destiny, down,
down for aye,
Beneath victorious love, and thou
didst cry,
"Strike, God! life's cup is run-
ning o'er and o'er"

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever, and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the vol-
 ley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death-bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made
 him.

Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

HORATIUS BONAR.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon,
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon.
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
 Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on thy breast;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm
 And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me
calm,
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
rude.
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm mid the threatening, taunting
throng.
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news
with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

URVASI.

'Tis a story told by Kalidasa,—
Hindoo poet—in melodious rhyme,
How with train of maidens, young
Urvasi
Came to keep great Indra's festal
time.

'T was her part in worshipful confes-
sion
Of the god-name on that sacred day,
Walking flower-crowned in the long
procession,
"I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,
Heaven-descended, soon to heaven
withdrawn,
Fairer than the moon-flower of the
Ganges,
Was Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the gentle
maiden
Loved one Puru-avas, — fateful
name! —
And her heart, with its sweet secret
laden,
Faltered when her time of utter-
ance came.

"I love" — then she stopped, and
people wondered;
"I love"—she must guard her
secret well;
Then from sweetest lips that ever
blundered,
"I love Puru-avas," trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Ur-
vasi!
Misty grew the violets of her eyes,
And her form bent like a broken daisy
While around her rose the mocking
cries.

But great Indra said, "The maid
shall marry
Him whose image in her faithful
heart
She so near to that of God doth carry,
Scarce her lips can keep their
names apart."

Call it then not weakness or dissemi-
bling
If, in striving the high name to
reach,
Through our voices runs the tender
trembling
Of an earthly name too dear for
speech!

Ever dwells the lesser in the great-
er;
In God's love the human: we by
these

Know he holds Love's simplest stam-
mering sweeter
Than cold phrase of wordy Phar-
isees.

ANNA LYNCH BOTTA.

THE LESSON OF THE BEE.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day
long
The field, the woodland, and the gar-
den o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter
store;
Humming in calm content his quiet
song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing
breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds
he sips,
The single drop of sweetness closely
pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if
we,
Seek only to draw forth the hidden
sweet
In all the varied human flowers we
meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil
we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nec-
tar there.

LOVE.

Go forth in life, O friend! not seeking
love,
A mendicant that with imploring
eye
And outstretched hand asks of the
passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may
move:
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop
and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be
denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace-
gate:
But thy heart's affluence lavish un-
controlled, —
The largess of thy love give full
and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter
gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaust-
less sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and
dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or
flow.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day has but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

LOVE'S REWARD.

FOR Love I labored all the day,
Through morning chill and midday
heat,
For surely with the evening gray,
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be
sweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
I brought my labors to the spot

Where Love had bid me come to him;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folks had gone
To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SWEETER than voices in the scented
hay,
Or laughing children gleaning ears
that stray,

Or Christmas songs that shake the
snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes
with love.

Sadder than birds in sunless summer
eves,
Or drip of rain-drops on the fallen
leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen
shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us
love no more.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

TO TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand
to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and
slowly thence—
Lulling to sad repose the weary
sense—
The faint pang stealest, unperceived
away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried
the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul
held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with
a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's depart-
ing hour, [shower,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient
Forgetful, though its wings are wet
the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor
heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee
alone, a cure!

THE GREENWOOD.

OH! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy
sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green,—
Oh! then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we
love,
And to wind through the greenwood
together.

But when 't is winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh! then 't is sweet,
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the
days of Spring,
We roamed through the greenwood
together.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

IN GARFIELD'S DANGER.

Is it not possible that all the love
 From all these million hearts, which breathless turns
 To one hushed room where silent footsteps move,
 May have some power on life that feebly burns?
 Must it not have some power in some strange way,
 Some strange, wise way, beyond our tangled ken,
 When far and wide, from sea to sea to-day,
 Even in quiet fields, hard-handed men
 Pause in their toil to ask the passer-by
 "What news?" and then, "We cannot spare him yet!"
 Surely no tide can powerless rise so high.
 Bear on, brave heart! The land does not forget.
 Thou yet shalt be upborne to life and strength again
 On this flood-tide of love of millions of brave men.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

BEYOND RECALL.

<p>THERE was a time when death and I Met face to face together: I was but young indeed to die, And it was summer weather; One happy year a wedded wife, Yet I was slipping out of life.</p> <p>You knelt beside me, and I heard, As from some far-off distance, A bitter cry that dimly stirred My soul to make resistance.</p>	<p>You thought me dead: you called my name, And back from Death itself I came.</p> <p>But oh! that you had made no sign, That I had heard no crying! For now the yearning voice is mine, And there is no replying: Death never could so cruel be As Life — and you — have proved to me!</p>
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JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

EPITHALAMIUM.

<p>I SAW two clouds at morning, Tinged by the rising sun, And in the dawn they floated on, And mingled into one; [blest, I thought that morning cloud was It moved so sweetly to the west.</p> <p>I saw two summer currents Flow smoothly to their meeting, And join their course with silent force, In peace each other greeting;</p>	<p>Calm was their course through banks of green, While dimpling eddies played be- tween.</p> <p>Such be your gentle motion, Till life's last pulse shall beat; Like summer's beam, and summer's stream, Float on, in joy, to meet A calmer sea, where storms shall cease — A purer sky, where all is peace.</p>
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MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and
 slender,
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down
 so low;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass
 grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and
 found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night,
 and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that
 way;
 Earth was young and keeping holi-
 day.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant
 branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy ava-
 lanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across
 the plain;
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and
 trees,
 Only grew and waved its wild
 sweet way,
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic
 mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the
 mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the
 ocean;
 Moved the plain and shook the
 haughty wood,
 Crushed the little form in soft
 moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away,
 O, the long, long centuries since
 that day!
 O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was
 lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a
 thoughtful man
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and
 deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which
 there ran
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and
 fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every
 line!
 So, I think, God hides some souls
 away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

ANNE BRONTË.

IF THIS BE ALL.

O GOD! if this indeed be all
 That life can show to me;
 If on my aching brow may fall
 No freshening dew from Thee;—
 If with no brighter light than this
 The lamp of Hope may glow,
 And I may only dream of bliss,
 And wake to weary woe!—
 If friendship's solace must decay
 When other joys are gone,

And love must keep so far away,
 While I go wandering on,—
 Wandering and toiling without gain,
 The slave of others' will,
 With constant care and frequent pain,
 Despised, forgotten still,
 Grieving to look on vice and sin,
 Yet powerless to quell
 The silent current from within,
 The outward torrent's swell;
 While all the good I would impart
 The feelings I would share,

Are driven backward to my heart
 And turned to wormwood there;—
 If clouds must ever keep from sight
 The glories of the sun,
 And I must suffer winter's blight

Ere summer is begun;—
 If life must be so full of care,
 Then call me soon to Thee!
 Or give me strength enough to bear
 My load of misery.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

LIFE WILL BE GONE ERE I HAVE LIVED.

LIFE will be gone ere I have lived;
 Where now is life's first prime?
 I've worked and studied, longed and
 grieved
 Through all that busy time.

To toil, to think, to long, to grieve—
 Is such my future fate?
 The morn was dreary, must the eve
 Be also desolate?
 Well, such a life at least makes Death
 A welcome, wished-for friend;
 Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,
 To suffer to the end.

EMILY BRONTË.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-
 troubled sphere:

I see heaven's glories shine,
 And Faith shines equal, arming me
 from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power
 in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts; unutterably
 vain

Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless
 main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity;
 So sureiy anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates,
 and rears.

Though earth and man were
 gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could ren-
 der void:

Thou—Thou art Being and
 Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be
 destroyed.

REMEMBRANCE.

COLD in the earth—and the deep
 snow piled above thee,
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary
 grave! [thee,
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing
 wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts
no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that north-
ern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and
fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth — and fifteen wild
Decembers,
From these brown hills, have melted
into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that
remembers |fering!
After such years of change and suf-

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I
forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me
along;
Other desires and other hopes beset
me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do
thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my
heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for
me;

All my life's bliss from thy dear life
was given, |thee
All my life's bliss is in the grave with

But, when the days of golden dreams
had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to
destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could
be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the
aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless
passion —
Weaned my young soul from yearn-
ing after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to
hasten |mine.
Down to that tomb already more than

And, even yet, I dare not let it lan-
guish,
Dare not indulge in memory's raptu-
rous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest
anguish,
How could I seek the empty world
again ?

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

[From *Zophiel*.]

SONG OF EGLA.

DAY, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;

Let the shining ore lie darkling, —
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy, but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if compest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

THE MARRIAGE OF DESPAIR.

THE bard has sung, God never formed
 a soul | meet
 Without its own peculiar mate, to
 Its wandering half, when ripe to
 crown the whole
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly,
 most complete!
 But thousand evil things there are
 that hate | impede,
 To look on happiness; these hurt,
 And, leagued with time, space, cir-
 cumstance, and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to
 pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra
 flying,
 From where her native founts of
 Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting,
 sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter
 stream, —
 So many a soul, o'er life's drear des-
 ert faring,
 Love's pure, congenial spring un-
 found, unquaffed,
 Suffers, recoils,—then, thirsty and
 despairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips
 the nearest draught.

FRANCES BROWN.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had
 known;
 • While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tide went out with
 weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep
 gone down;
 But one had wilder woe—
 For a fair face, long ago | town.
 Lost in the darker depths of a great

There were who mourned their
 youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories
 ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not
 rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had
 been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
 Some spake of friends that were
 their trust no more;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the
 shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow
 free:

“Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet;
 For a believing heart hath gone
 from me.”

“Alas!” these pilgrims said,
 “For the living and the dead —
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure
 cross,
 For the wrecks of land and
 sea!

But, howe'er it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and
 heaviest loss.”

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THE RETURN OF KANE.

TOLL, tower and minster, toll
 O'er the city's ebb and flow!
 Roll, muffled drum, still roll
 With solemn beat and slow!—
 A brave and a splendid soul
 Hath gone — where all shall go.

Dimmer, in gloom and dark,
 Waned the taper, day by day,
 And a nation watched the spark,
 Till its fluttering died away.

Was its flame so strong and calm
 Through the dismal years of ice
 To die 'mid the orange and the palm
 And the airs of Paradise?

Over that simple bier
 While the haughty Spaniard bows,
 Grief may join in the generous tear,
 And Vengeance forget her vows.

Ay, honor the wasted form
 That a noble spirit wore —
 Lightly it presses on the warm
 Spring sod of its parent shore;
 Hunger and darkness, cold and storm
 Never shall harm it more.

No more of travel and toil,
 Of tropic or arctic wild:
 Gently, O Mother Soil,
 Take thy worn and wearied child.

Lay him — the tender and true —
 To rest with such who are gone,
 Each chief of the valiant crew
 That died as our own hath done —
 Let him rest with stout Sir Hugh,
 Sir Humphrey, and good Sir John.

And let grief be far remote,
 As we march from the place of
 death,
 To the blithest note of the fife's clear
 throat,
 And the bugle's cheeriest breath.

Roll, stirring drum, still roll!
 Not a sigh — not a sound of woe,
 That a grand and glorious soul
 Hath gone where the brave must
 go.

ALL TOGETHER.

OLD friends and dear! it were ungen-
 tle rhyme,
 If I should question of your true
 hearts, whether [time,
 Ye have forgotten that far, pleasant
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Our limbs were lusty and our souls
 sublime;
 We never heeded cold and winter
 weather, [time,
 Nor sun nor travel, in that cheery
 The brave old time when we were
 all together.

Pleasant it was to tread the mountain
 thyme,
 Sweet was the pure and piny moun-
 tain ether,
 And pleasant all; but this was in the
 time,
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Since then I've strayed through many
 a fitful clime,
 (Tossed on the wind of fortune
 like a feather,)
 And chanced with rare good fellows
 in my time —
 But ne'er the time that we have
 known together.

But none like those brave hearts (for
 now I climb
 Gray hills alone, or thread the
 lonely heather,)
 That walked beside me in the ancient
 time,
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Long since, we parted in our careless
prime,
Like summer birds no June shall
hasten hither;
No more to meet as in that merry
time,
The sweet spring-time that shone
on all together.

Some, to the fevered city's toil and
grime,
And some o'er distant seas, and
some — ah! whither?
Nay, we shall never meet as in the
time,
The dear old time when we were
all together.

And some — above their heads, in
wind and rime,
Year after year, the grasses wave
and wither;
Aye, we shall meet! — 'tis but a little
time,
And all shall lie with folded hands
together.

And if, beyond the sphere of doubt
and crime,
Lie purer lands — ah! let our steps
be thither;
That, done with earthly change and
earthly time,
In God's good time we may be all
together.

MIDNIGHT—A LAMENT.

Do the dead carry their cares
Like us, to the place of rest?
The long, long night — is it theirs,
Weary to brain and breast?
Ah, that I knew how it fares
With One that I loved the best.

I lie alone in the house.
How the wretched North-wind
raves!
I listen, and think of those
O'er whose heads the wet grass
waves —
Do they hear the wind that blows,
And the rain on their lonely graves?

Heads that I helped to lay
On the pillow that lasts for aye.
It is but a little way
To the dreary hill where they lie —
No bed but the cold, cold clay —
No roof but the stormy sky.

Cruel the thought and vain!
They've now nothing more to bear —
Done with sickness and pain,
Done with trouble and care —
But I hear the wind and the rain,
And still I think of them there.

Ah, couldst thou come to me,
Bird that I loved the best!
That I knew it was well with thee —
Wild and weary North-West!
Wail in chimney and tree —
Leave the dead to their rest.

THE ADIEU.

SWEET Falsehoods, fare ye well!
That may not longer dwell
In this fond heart, dear paramours of
Youth!
A cold, unloving bride
Is ever at my side —
Yet who so pure, so beautiful as
Truth?

Long hath she sought my side,
And would not be denied,
Till, all perforce, she won my spirit
o'er —
And though her glances be
But hard and stern to me,
At every step I love her more and
more.

ALONE.

A SAD old house by the sea.
Were we happy, I and thou,
In the days that used to be?
There is nothing left me now

But to lie, and think of thee
With folded hands on my breast,
And list to the weary sea
Sobbing itself to rest.

LONG AGO.

WHEN at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone —
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger, —

And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of Life to Dust returning —
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet, —
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair —
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year, —
Lips of dewy fragrance — eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies —
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriendly day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

AT SEA.

MIDNIGHT in drear New England,
'Tis a driving storm of snow —
How the casement clicks and rattles,
And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,
In fitful flurries and starts,
The wild North-Easter is knocking
At lonely windows and hearts.

Of a night like this, how many
Must sit by the hearth, like me,
Hearing the stormy weather;
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with
watching,
The eyes that wearily blink,
Through the blinding gale and snow-
drift,
For the Lights of Navesink!

How fares it, my friend, with you? —
If I've kept your reckoning aright,
The brave old ship must be due
On our dreary coast, to-night.

The fireside fades before me,
The chamber quiet and warm —
And I see the gleam of her lanterns
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream, 'tis all around me —
The gale, with its steady boom,
And the crest of every roller
Torn into mist and spume —
The sights and the sounds of Ocean
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spoon-
drift
Driving like mad a-lee —
And the huge black hulk that wallows
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead,
The wail of rigging and mast —
The roar of the shrouds as she rises
From a deep lee-roll to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,
Whose iron heart never tires —
The swarthy faces that redden
By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,
And nursing the faithful steel —
And the grizzled old quarter-master,
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it — the little cabin —
Plainly as if I were there —
The chart on the old green table,
The book and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,
A patient and manly form,
To and fro, by the foremast,
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water,
 By the Stormy Cape's clear Light,
 'Tis little of sleep or slumber,
 Hath closed o'er that watchful sight,
 And a hundred lives are hanging
 On eye and on heart to-night.

Would that to-night, beside him,
 I walked the watch on her deck,
 Recalling the Legends of Ocean,
 Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling
 A hundred leagues a-lee —

Fifty of snow-wreathed hill-side,
 And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him
 By the hearty and true right
 hand —

I can but murmur, — God bless
 him!

And bring him safe to the land.

And send him the best of weather,
 That ere many suns shall shine,
 We may sit by the hearth together,
 And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

[By C. D'W. B.]

WE are ever waiting, waiting,
 Waiting for the tide to turn —
 "For the train at Coventry,"
 For the sluggish fire to burn —
 For a far-off friend's return.

We are ever hoping, hoping,
 Hoping that the wind will shift —
 That success may crown our venture —
 That the morning fog may lift —
 That the dying may have shrift.

We are ever fearing, fearing,
 Fearing lest the ship have sailed —
 That the sick may ne'er recover —

That the letter was not mailed —
 That the trusted firm has failed.

We are ever wishing, wishing,
 Wishing we were far at sea —
 That the winter were but over —
 That we could but find the key —
 That the prisoner were free.

Wishing, fearing, hoping, waiting,
 Through life's voyage — moored at
 last,
 Tedious doubts shall merge forever
 (Be their sources strait or vast,) —
 In the inevitable Past.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.
Psalm cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep.
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this —
 "He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
 The patriot's voice, to teach and
 rouse,

The monarch's crown, to light the
 brows? —

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake
 "He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes
say

But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep:

But never doleful dreams again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard* —
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers
leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends — when it
shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
'He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'"

LITTLE MATTIE.

DEAD? Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk.
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk:

Too young to be glad of youth;
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is —
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Slightly touched! an hour matures:
You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
"Yes," or "No," or such a thing.
Though you call, and beg, and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer like the SON,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, GOD's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your
heart,
Called . . . you called her, did you
say,

"Little Mattie," for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel-creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it! room to play,
(Though one's hair might get uncurled
At the far end of the day.)

What she suffered she shook off
 In the sunshine; what she sinned
 She could pray on high enough
 To keep safe above the wind.
 If reproved by God or you,
 'Twas to better her she knew;
 And if crossed, she gathered still,
 'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
 To survey her with sweet scorn,
 Poor gay child, who had not caught
 Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
 Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
 Now your places are changed so,
 In that same superior way
 She regards you dull and low
 As you did herself exempt
 From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
 Of the spirits risen awhile,
 Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
 Hurts the most, a thousand-fold!
 To feel sudden, at a wink,
 Some dear child we used to scold,
 Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease.
 Teach and tumble as our own,
 All its curls about our knees,
 Rise up suddenly full-grown.
 Who could wonder such a sight
 Made a woman mad outright?
 Show me Michael with the sword,
 Rather than such angels, Lord!

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LIKE a lady's ringlets brown,
 Flow thy silken ears adown
 Either side demurely
 Of thy silver-suited breast
 Shining out from all the rest
 Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,
 Till the sunshine striking this
 Alchemize its dullness;
 When the sleek curls manifold
 Flash all over into gold,
 With a burnished fulness.

Underneath my stroking hand,
 Startled eyes of hazel bland
 Kindling, growing larger,
 Up thou leapest with a spring,
 Full of prank and curveting,
 Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves alight;
 Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
 Canopied in fringes.
 Leap — those tasselled ears of thine,
 Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
 Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
 Little is 't to such an end
 That I praise thy rareness!
 Other dogs may be thy peers
 Haply in those drooping ears,
 And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
 This dog watched beside a bed
 Day and night unwearied, —
 Watched within a curtained room,
 Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase,
 In that chamber died apace,
 Beam and breeze resigning —
 This dog only waited on,
 Knowing that, when light is gone
 Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
 Tracked the hares and followed
 through
 Sunny moor or meadow —
 This dog only crept and crept
 Next to languid cheek that slept,
 Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
 Bounded at the whistle clear,
 Up the woodside hieing —
 This dog only, watched in reach,
 Of a faintly uttered speech,
 Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
 Dropped upon his glossy ears,
 Or a sigh came double, —
 Up he sprang in eager haste,

Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor :
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore and forever.

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man, or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my Human.

CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken! there are left be-
hind
Living Belovèds, tender looks to
bring,
And make the daylight still a happy
thing,
And tender voices to make soft the
wind.
But if it were not so — if I could find
No love in all the world for comfort-
ing,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where “dust to dust” the love from
life disjoined —
And if before these sepulchres un-
moving
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary
dearth)
Crying “Where are ye, O my loved
and loving?”
I know a voice would sound,
“Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not
for earth?”

A PORTRAIT.

“One name is Elizabeth.” — BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her;
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear —
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty,
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —
Though too calm, you think, and
tender,
For the childhood you would lend
her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, — waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things —
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth meas-
ure —
Taking love for her chief pleasure:

Choosing pleasures (for the rest)
Which come softly — just as *she*,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks —
Watering flowers, or reading
books.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

And a stranger, — when he sees
her
In the street even — smileth silly,
Just as *you* would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,
 Soften, sleeken every word,
 As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
 The hard earth whereon she passes,
 With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love
 her!"
 Ay, and always, in good sooth,
 We may all be sure He doth.

[Sonnets from the Portuguese.]

ASSURANCE.

SAY over again and yet once over
 again
 That thou dost love me. Though the
 word repeated
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as
 thou dost treat it,
 Remember never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-
 strain,
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her
 green completed!
 Belovèd, I amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that
 doubt's pain
 Cry . . speak once more . . thou lov-
 est! Who can fear
 Too many stars, though each in
 heaven shall roll —
 Too many flowers, though each shall
 crown the year?
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love
 me — toll
 The silver iterance! — only minding,
 dear,
 To love me also in silence, with thy
 soul.

PERFECT LOVE.

How do I love thee? Let me count
 the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth
 and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out
 of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every-
 day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle
 light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for
 Right:
 I love thee purely, as they turn from
 Praise:
 I love thee with the passion put to
 use
 In my old griefs, and with my child-
 hood's faith;
 I love thee with a love I seemed to
 lose
 With my lost saints, — I love thee
 with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if
 God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

THREE KISSES.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only
 kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I
 write,
 And ever since it grew more clean
 and white,
 Slow to world-greetings . . quick with
 its "Oh, list!"
 When the angels speak. A ring of
 amethyst
 I could not wear here plainer to my
 sight,
 Than that first kiss. The second
 passed in height
 The first, and sought the forehead,
 and half missed,
 Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond
 need!
 That was the chrism of love, which
 love's own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did pre-
 cede.
 The third upon my lips was folded
 down
 In perfect, purple state! since when,
 indeed,
 I have been proud and said, "My
 love, my own."

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish
saith,

But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not
school,

By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices low and breathless —
"Till death us part!" — O words to
be
Our best for love, the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely! —
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, behold-
ing;
The sun strikes through the farthest
mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strong-
est,
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull —
Men whisper, "He is dying!"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!" —
We have no strength for crying;
No strength, no need! Then, soul of
mine,

Look up and triumph rather —
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son abjures the Father —
BE PITIFUL, O GOD!

ONLY A CURL.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a
land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand,
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me!

While you ask me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
With the bright yellow locks put
away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
Where the violets press nearer than
you: —

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for re-
lief?
Oh, children! I never lost one.
But my arm's round my own little
son,
And Love knows the secret of
Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is
When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to
His,
With a murmur of music you miss,
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the
door
Where the face of your angel
flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you
sigh . . .
— Nay, there let me break with
your pain,
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he can ever take back again.

He gives what He gives. I appeal
 To all who bear babes! In the hour
 When the veil of the body we feel
 Rent round us, while torments reveal
 The motherhood's advent in power;

And the babe cries, — have all of us
 known

By apocalypse (God being there,
 Full in nature!) the child is *our own* —
 Life of life, love of love, moan of
 moan,

Through all changes, all times,
 everywhere.

He's ours and forever. Believe,
 O father! — O mother, look back
 To the first love's assurance! To give
 Means, with God, not to tempt or
 deceive

With a cup thrust in Benjamin's
 sack.

He gives what He gives: be content.
 He resumes nothing given—be sure.
 God lend? — where the usurers lent
 In His temple, indignant he went
 And scourged away all those im-
 pure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
 As He loves to the end. If it seem
 That he draws back a gift, compre-
 hend

'Tis to add to it rather . . . amend,
 And finish it up to your dream, —

Or keep . . . as a mother may, toys
 Too costly though given by herself,
 Till the room shall be stiller from
 noise,
 And the children more fit for such
 joys,
 Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! You who indeed
 Have possessed in your house a
 sweet piece
 Of the heaven which men strive for,
 must need

Be more earnest than others are,
 speed

Where they loiter, persist where
 they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
 Then courage! 'Tis easy for you
 To be drawn by a single gold hair
 Of that curl, from earth's storm and
 despair

To the safe place above us. Adieu!

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

KINDNESS FIRST KNOWN IN A HOSPITAL.

. . . . THE place seemed new and
 strange as death.

The white strait bed, with others
 strait and white,

Like graves dug side by side, at meas-
 ured lengths,

And quiet people walking in and out
 With wonderful low voices and soft

steps,

And apparitional equal care for each,
 Astonished her with order, silence,

law: [cup,

And when a gentle hand held out a
 She took it, as you do at sacrament,

Half awed, half melted, — not being
 used, indeed,

To so much love as makes the form
 of love

And courtesy of manners. Delicate
 drinks

And rare white bread, to which some
 dying eyes [God,

Were turned in observation. O my
 How sick we must be, ere we make

men just!

I think it frets the saints in heaven
 to see

How many desolate creatures on the
 earth

Have learnt the simple dues of fellow-
 ship

And social comfort, in a hospital.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

SELFISHNESS OF INTROSPEC- TION.

WE are wrong always, when we think
 too much

Of what we think or are; albeit our
 thoughts

Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We are no less selfish! If we sleep
on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of
noon,
We're lazy.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

A CHARACTER.

As light November snows to empty
nests,
As grass to graves, as moss to mil-
dewed stones,
As July suns to ruins, through the
rents,
As ministering spirits to mourners,
through a loss,
As Heaven itself to men, through
pangs of death
He came uncalled wherever grief had
come.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

PICTURE OF MARIAN ERLE.

SHE was not white nor brown
But could look either, like a mist that
changed
According to being shone on more or
less.
The hair, too, ran its opulence of
curls
In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor
left you clear
To name the color. Too much hair
perhaps
(I'll name a fault here) for so small a
head,
Which seemed to droop on that side
and on this,
As a full-blown rose, uneasy with its
weight,
Though not a breath should trouble
it. Again,
The dimple in the cheek had better
gone
With redder, fuller rounds: and some-
what large
The mouth was, though the milky
little teeth
Dissolved it to so infantine a smile!

For soon it smiled at me; the eyes
smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had
wept,
And knowing they should, some day,
weep again.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

THE ONE UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

. . . . O WORLD,
O jurists, rhymers, dreamers, what
you please,
We play a weary game of hide and
seek!
We shape a figure of our fantasy,
Call nothing something, and run af-
ter it
And lose it, lose ourselves, too, in the
search,
Till clash against us, comes a some-
body
Who also has lost something and is-
lost.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

IN STRUGGLE.

ALAS, long suffering and most patient
God,
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear
with us
Than even to have made us! thou as-
pire, aspire
From henceforth for me! thou who
hast, thyself,
Endured this fleshhood, knowing
how, as a soaked
And sucking vesture, it would drag
us down
And choke us in the melancholy
deep,
Sustain me, that, with thee, I walk
these waves,
Resisting! — breathe me upward, thou
for me
Aspiring, who art the Way, the
Truth, the Life, —
That no truth henceforth seem indif-
ferent,
No way to truth laborious, and no life,
Not even this life I live, intolerable!

ROBERT BROWNING.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my
 throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts
 denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of
 the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a
 visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 Now the journey is done and the sum-
 mit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the
 guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so, — one fight
 more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that Death bandaged
 my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare
 like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
 life's arrears,
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best
 to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-
 voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a
 peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
 again,
 And with God be the rest!

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more
 While I live,
 Need I hope to see his face
 As before.

Once his love grown chill,
 Mine may strive, —
 Bitterly we re-embrace,
 Single still.

Was it something said,
 Something done,
 Vexed him? was it touch of ha-
 Turn of head?
 Strange! that very way
 Love begun.
 I as little understand
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
 I recall
 How he looked as if I sang
 — Sweetly too.
 If I spoke a word,
 First of all
 Up his cheek the color sprang,
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
 At my feet,
 So he breathed the air I breathe
 Satisfied!
 I too, at love's brim
 Touched the sweet:
 I would die if death bequeathed
 Sweet to him.

"Speak, — I love thee best!"
 He exclaimed.
 "Let thy love my own foretell,
 I confessed:
 "Cast my heart on thine
 Now unblamed,
 Since upon thy soul as well
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
 Being truth?
 Why should all the giving prov-
 His alone?
 I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth, —
 Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,
 — To be just,
 And the passion I had raised
 To content.
 Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
 If I gave him what he praised,
 Was it strange?

Would he love me yet,
 On and on,
 While I found some way undreamed,
 — Paid my debt!
 Give more life and more,
 Till, all gone,
 He should smile, "She never seemed
 Mine before.

"What — she felt the while,
 Must I think?
 Love's so different with us men,"
 He should smile.
 "Dying for my sake —
 White and pink!
 Can't we touch those bubbles then
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
 Do thy part,
 Have thy pleasure. 'How perplex
 Grows belief!
 Well, this cold clay clod
 Was man's heart.
 Crumble it, — and what comes next?
 Is it God?

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of gera-
 nium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I
 think,
 The shutters are shut, — no light may
 pass
 Save two long rays through the
 hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name, —
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares;
 And now was quiet, now astir, —
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of
 her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What! your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged
 so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be
 told?
 We were fellow-mortals, — naught
 beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the
 love;
 I claim you still, for my own love's
 sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives
 yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse,
 not a few;
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking
 you.

But the time will come — at last it
 will —
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant,
 I shall say,
 In the lower earth, — in the years
 long still, —
 That body and soul so pure and
 gay?
 Why your hair was amber I shall
 divine,
 And your mouth of your own gera-
 nium's red, —
 And what you would do with me, in
 fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's
 stead.

I have lived, shall I say, so much since
then,

Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various
men,

Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
climes;

Yet one thing — one — in my soul's
full scope,

Either I missed, or itself missed
me, —

And I want and find you, Evelyn
Hope!

What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could
hold, —

There was space and to spare for the
frank young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the
hair's young gold.

So, hush! I will give you this leaf to
keep:

See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold
hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and
understand.

[From *In a Gondola.*]

THE TWO KISSES.

THE Moth's kiss, first!

Kiss me as if you made believe

You were not sure, this eve,

How my face, your flower, had
pursed

Its petals up; so, here and there

You brush it, till I grow aware

Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!

Kiss me as if you entered gay

My heart at some noonday,

A bud that dared not disallow

The claim, so all is rendered up,

And passively its shattered cup

Over your head to sleep I bow.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris
and he:

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we gal-
loped all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as
the gate-bolts undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gal-
loping through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights
sank to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept
the great pace —

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its
girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup and set
the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained
slacker the bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
we drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
dawned clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came
out to see;

At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as
could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half-chime —

So Joris broke silence with "Yet
there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden
the sun,

And against him the cattle stood
black every one,

To stare through the mist at us gal-
loping past;

And I saw my stout galloper Roland
at last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting
away

The haze, as some bluff river head-
land its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked
out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, —
ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own
master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes,
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in gal-
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the
fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix" — for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck,
and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a piti-
less laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle,
bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Delhem a dome-spire
sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in
a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead
as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear
the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of
blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, pat-
ted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer —
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland gal-
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flock-
ing round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my
knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by com-
mon consent)
Was no more than his due who
brought good news from Ghent.

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

DREAMS.

It is the good of dreams — so soon
they go!
Wake in a horror of heart-beats you
may —
Cry, "The dead thing will never
from my thoughts!"
Still, a few daylight doses of plain
life,
Cock-crow and sparrow-chirp, or
bleat and bell
Of goats that trot by, tinkling to be
milked;
And when you rub your eyes awake
and wide,
Where is the harm o' the horror?
Gone!

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

THE LACK OF CHILDREN.

WHAT could they be but happy? —
balanced so,
Nor low i' the social scale nor yet too
high,
Nor poor nor richer than comports
with ease,

Nor bright and envied, nor obscure
and scorned,
Nor so young that their pleasures fell
too thick,
Nor old past catching pleasure when
it fell,
Nothing above, below the just degree,
All at the mean where joy's compo-
nents mix.
So again, in the couple's very souls
You saw the adequate half with half
to match,
Each having and each lacking some-
what, both
Making a whole that had all and
lacked naught;
The round and sound, in whose com-
posure just
The acquiescent and recipient side
Was Pietro's, and the stirring striv-
ing one
Violante's: both in union gave the
due
Quietude, enterprise, craving and
content,
Which go to bodily health and peace
of mind.
But, as 'tis said a body, rightly
mixed,
Each element in equipoise, would
last

Too long and live forever, — accord-
ingly
Holds a germ — sand-grain weight too
much i' the scale —
Ordained to get predominance one
day
And so bring all to ruin and release, —
Not otherwise a fatal germ lurked
here:
"With mortals much must go, but
something stays;
Nothing will stay of our so happy
selves."
Out of the very ripeness of life's
core
A worm was bred — "Our life shall
leave no fruit."
Enough of bliss, they thought, could
bliss bear seed,
Yield its like, propagate a bliss in
turn
And keep the kind up; not supplant
themselves
But put in evidence, record they
were,
Show them, when done with, i' the
shape of a child.
"'Tis in a child, man and wife grow
complete,
One flesh: God says so: let him do
his work!"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has
shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low
bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops of rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.
Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding
heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
For God hath marked each sorrowing
day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall
pay
For all his children suffer here.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
 And the green mountains round;
 And thought that when I came to lie
 At rest within the ground,
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery
 June,
 When brooks send up a cheerful
 tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to
 make,
 The rich, green mountain turf should
 break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
 A coffin borne through sleet,
 And icy clods above it rolled,
 While fierce the tempests beat —
 Away! — I will not think of these —
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
 Earth green beneath the feet,
 And be the damp mould gently
 pressed
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long sum-
 mer hours
 The golden light should lie,
 And thick young herbs and groups of
 flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be
 heard
 The housewife bee and humming-
 bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come, from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
 With fairy laughter blent?
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
 The season's glorious show,

Nor would its brightness shine for
 me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to
 weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and
 bloom,
 Should keep them lingering by my
 tomb.

These to their softened hearts should
 bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is — that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice
 To hear again his living voice.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!
 Strong are the barriers round thy
 dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing
 reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
 Old empires sit in sullenness and
 gloom,
 And glorious ages gone
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy
 womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws
 us to the ground,
 And last, Man's Life on earth,
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are
 bound.

Thou hast my better years,
 Thou hast my earlier friends — the
 good — the kind,
 Yielded to thee with tears —
 The venerable form — the exalted
 mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with de-
sire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy cap-
tives thence.

In vain — thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence
depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the
broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown —
to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the
sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken
faith,—
Love that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered
not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, un-
revered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disap-
peared.

Thine for a space are they —
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up
at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest
time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its
prime.

They have not perished — no!
Kind words, remembered voices once
so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's appar-
ent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy
reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I
sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave — the beautiful
and young.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature
holds
Communion with her visible forms,
she speaks
A various language; for his gayer
hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a
smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she
glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals
away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.
When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a
blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and
pall,
And breathless darkness, and the
narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick
at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and
list
To Nature's teachings, while from
all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths
of air —
Comes a still voice : Yet a few days
and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no
more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with
many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
 exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished
 thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
 again,
 And, lost each human trace, surren-
 dering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible
 rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the
 rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads up-
 on. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and
 pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-
 place
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst
 thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou
 shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world
 — with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the
 wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages
 past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The
 hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;
 the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness be-
 tween;
 The venerable woods; rivers that
 move
 In majesty, and the complaining
 brooks
 That make the meadows green; and,
 poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy
 waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The
 golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of
 heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of
 death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All
 that tread

The globe are but a handful to the
 tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take
 the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert
 sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous
 woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears
 no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet the
 dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since
 first
 The flight of years began, have laid
 them down
 In their last sleep; the dead reign
 there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou
 withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no
 friend
 Take note of thy departure? All
 that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay
 will laugh
 When thou art gone; the solemn
 brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will
 chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these
 shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments,
 and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As
 the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and
 he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron,
 and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-
 headed man,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy
 side,
 By those who in their turn shall fol-
 low them.

So live, that when thy summons
 comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which
 moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
 at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That coolest the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade;
 go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep:
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—at the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

LIFE.

OH, Life, I breathe thee in the breeze,
 I feel thee bounding in my veins,
 I see thee in these stretching trees,
 These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odor flowing by,
 From clover field and clumps of
 pine,
 This music, thrilling all the sky,
 From all the morning birds, are
 thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little
 one,
 That leaps and shouts beside me
 here,
 Where Isar's clay white rivulets run
 Through the dark woods like
 frightened deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that
 wakes
 Insect and bird, and flower and
 tree,
 From the low-trodden dust, and makes
 Their daily gladness, pass from
 me —

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the
 ground
 These limbs, now strong, shall creep
 with pain,
 And this fair world of sight and
 sound
 Seem fading into night again?

The things, oh, Life! thou quickenest,
 all
 Strive upward towards the broad
 bright sky,
 Upward and outward, and they fall
 Back to earth's bosom when they
 die.

All that have borne the touch of
 death,
 All that shall live, lie mingled
 there,
 Beneath that veil of bloom and
 breath,
 That living zone 'twixt earth and
 air.

There lies my chamber dark and
 still,
 The atoms trampled by my feet,
 There wait, to take the place I fill
 In the sweet air and sunshine
 sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have
 been
 Raised from the darkness of the
 clod,
 And for a glorious moment seen
 The brightness of the skirts of
 God;

And knew the light within my
 breast,
 Though wavering oftentimes and
 dim,
 The power, the will, that never
 rest,
 And cannot die, were all from Him.

Dear child! I know that thou wilt
 grieve
 To see me taken from thy love,
 Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
 And weep, and scatter flowers
 above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
 And being shall be bliss, till thou
 To younger forms of life must yield
 The place thou fill'st with beauty
 now.

When we descend to dust again,
 Where will the final dwelling be
 Of Thought and all its memories
 then,
 My love for thee, and thine for
 me?

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn
 dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own
 blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs
 unseen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
 nest,

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are
 flown,
 And frosts and shortening days por-
 tend
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the
 street,
 Filled with an ever-shifting train,
 Amid the sound of steps that beat
 The murmuring walks like autumn
 rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
 The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
 Some bright with thoughtless smiles,
 and some
 Where secret tears have left their
 trace.

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;
 To halls in which the feast is
 spread;
 To chambers where the funeral guest
 In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
 Where children, pressing cheek to
 cheek,
 With mute caresses shall declare
 The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
 Shall shudder as they reach the
 door
 Where one who made their dwelling
 dear,
 Its flower, its light, is seen no
 more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender
 frame,
 And dreams of greatness in thine
 eye!
 Goest thou to build an early name,
 Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
 Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
 Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
 Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall
 tread
 The dance till daylight gleam
 again?
 Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
 Who writhe in throes of mortal
 pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think
 how long
 The cold dark hours, how slow the
 light!
 And some who flaunt amid the
 throng,
 Shall hide in dens of shame to-
 night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures
 call,
 They pass and heed each other not.
 There is who heeds, who holds them
 all,
 In His large love and boundless
 thought.

These struggling tides of life that
 seem
 In wayward, aimless course to
 tend,
 Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere
 which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could
 wither, sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we
 tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless
pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence
not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read
again
In thy serenest eyes the tender
thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand
me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs
to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy
prayer,
And must thou never utter it in
heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-
breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glo-
rious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfet-
tered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that
joined us here?

The love that lived through all the
stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher na-
ture bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to
the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no
more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger
light,
Await thee there; for thou hast
bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of
right,
And lovest all, and renderest good
for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I
dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as
heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that
fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my
soul.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of
the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same be-
loved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and
gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate,
yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that
calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in
this—
The wisdom which is love—till I
become
Thy fit companion in that land of
bliss?

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror
lies,
And yet the monument proclaims
it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath
chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never
dies,
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, impe-
rial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, ris-
ing round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of
the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble
stone.

Here in the quiet earth, they laid
apart
No man of iron mould and bloody
hands,
Who sought to wreck upon the cow-
ering lands
The passions that consumed his
restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate
frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,

Timidly shrinking from the breath
of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kind-
ness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny
brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain,
a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the
smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that
moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were
chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign,
as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy
East, —
Gray captains leading bands of
veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's
feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars
that gave
The victory to her who fills this
grave;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant
hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other
aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a
look
That altered not beneath the frown
they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were
tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and
frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults
of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from
her path.
By that victorious hand despair
was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and
overcame
Evil with good, in her great Master's
name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy
state
Glory that with the fleeting season
dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire
gate
What joy was radiant in celestial
eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with
sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining
hands were flung;
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect
sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from
his seat;
He who returning, glorious, from the
grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains,
a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows
low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the
night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I
go
Consoled though sad, in hope and
yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou
hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters
strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few
to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious
armory,
That ministered to thee is open
still.

[From an unfinished poem.]

AN EVENING REVERY.

THE summer day is closed — the
sun is set;
Well they have done their office
those bright hours,

The latest of whose train goes softly
out
In the red West. The green blade
of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped
it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the
sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste
have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon
the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their
graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from
the pools
Have filled the air awhile with hum-
ming wings,
That now are still forever; painted
moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and
died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for
her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them
from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In
bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky
walls, [town,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous
Mothers have clasped with joy the
new-born babe,
Graves by the lonely forest, by the
shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hol-
lowed out
And filled, and closed. This day
hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it
hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the
maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him
who long
Had wooed; and it hath heard, from
lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh
word,
That told the wedded one, her peace
was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine!
One glad day

Is added now to childhood's merry
days,
And one calm day to those of quiet
age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I
lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps
are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and
those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother
from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the pain-
ful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn
breath.

O thou great Movement of the
Universe,
Or change, or flight of Time — for
ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible
scene
Into night's shadow and the stream-
ing rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bear-
ing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me
on.
Yet know not whither. Man fore-
tells afar
The courses of the stars; the very
hour
He knows when they shall darken or
grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and
of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of
those I love,
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet,
shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or
bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general
scorn of men —
Which who can bear? — or the fierce
rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall
the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive
pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my
age?
Or do the portals of another life

<p>Even now, while I am glorying in my strength, Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne, In the vast cycle of being which be- gins At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms Shall the great law of change and progress clothe</p>	<p>Its workings? Gently — so have good men taught — Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide Into the new; the eternal flow of things, Like a bright river of the fields of heaven, Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.</p>
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ROBERT BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning
ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend
his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports
past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our
last;

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thicken-
ing green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn
hoar,

Twined amorous round the raptured
scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be
prest,

The birds sang love on every
spray, —

Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged
day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory
wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper
makes,
As streams their channels deeper
wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of
rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend
his breast?

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we
dine,

Wear hoddie-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae
poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha stuns, and scares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a fool for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he manna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o'
 worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the
 earth'
 May bear the gree, and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

STANZAS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly
 scene!

Have I so found it full of pleasing
 charms?

Some drops of joy with draughts of
 ill between:

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid re-
 newing storms;

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark
 abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
 arms:

I tremble to approach an angry
 God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-
 avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my soul
 offence!"

Fain promise never more to disobey;

But, should my Author health again
 dispense

Again I might desert fair virtue's
 way:

Again in folly's path might stray:

Again exalt the brute, and sink
 the man;

Then how should I for heavenly mer-
 cy pray,

Who act so counter heavenly mer-
 cy's plan?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to
 temptation run?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease
 to blow,

And still the tumult of the raging
 sea;

With that controlling pow'r assist
 ev'n me,

Those headlong furlous passions to
 confine,

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allowed
 line;

Oh, aid me with thy help, Omnip-
 otence Divine!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in
 April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour:

For I maun crush among the stones
 Thy slender stem;

To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbor weel,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weel!

Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to
 greet

The purpling east,

Could blow the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
 yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun
 shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod, or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow
 hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but
 heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mournest the daisy's
 fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives,
 elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's
 weight
 Shall be thy doom!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

FAREWHEEL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee!
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
 thee!
 Who shall say that fortune grieves
 him,
 While the star of hope she leaves
 him!
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee, [thee.
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage

[From *To the Unco Guid.*]

GOD, THE ONLY JUST JUDGE.

THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, [tone,
He knows each chord — its various
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams
around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took my last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling
glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Ma'y.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest
thou?
Began the reverend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
strain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched
 pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn.
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave--
 By nature's law designed, —
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest
 friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

DELAY.

TASTE the sweetness of delaying,
 Till the hour shall come for saying
 That I love you with my soul;
 Have you never thought your heart
 Finds a something in the part,
 It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,
 Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven
 That in Fancy's garden blows;
 Wake it not by touch or sound,
 Lest, perchance, 'twere lost, not
 found,
 In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection
 Of a fair and far perfection,
 Shining through a veil undrawn
 Ask no question, then, of fate;
 Yet a little longer wait,
 In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and
 tender,
 Shines a day of golden splendor,
 Never yet fulfilled by day;
 Ah! if love be made complete,
 Will it, can it, be so sweet
 As this ever sweet delay?

SAMUEL BUTLER.

LOVE.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high

For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still, the older,
And proves the pleasanter, the colder

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

WORK AND WORSHIP.

"Laborare est orare." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
As through Metten Wood he strayed,
Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the faggots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling thus, with axe and cord;
And he cried in scorn, "O Father,
Is it thus you serve the Lord?"

But the hermit resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said:
"He who does no daily labor
May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day;
For all honest work is worship,
And to labor is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman's hand removes;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes
Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
Straight the level sunbeam came,
Shining like a gilded rafter,
Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
While he breathes a silent prayer,
See, the hermit throws his hatchet,
Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
As it flashes through the shade,
And descending, lo! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit, —
"See the token heaven has sent;
Thus to humble, patient effort
Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
 As we labor, Love Divine
 Through the shadows pours its sun-
 light,
 Crowns the work, vouchsafes the
 sign!"

Homeward, slowly, went the mon-
 arch,
 Till he reached his palace hall,
 Where he strode among his warriors,
 He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
 Rose beside the hermit's cell;
 He, by royal hands invested,
 Ruled, as abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
 Still its ruined walls remain,
 Telling of the hermit's patience,
 And the zeal of Charlemagne.

THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

THIS is Goethe, with a forehead
 Like the fabled front of Jove;
 In its massive lines the tokens
 More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
 With their passionate calm regard,
 We behold the true ideal
 Of the high, heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
 And the outward world of sense
 To the endless labor summon,
 And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
 From whose living lips have rung
 Words to be remembered ever
 In the noble German tongue;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
 Into loftiest speech or song,
 Still through all the listening ages
 Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
 Side by side the poets stand,
 So they stood in life's great strug-
 gle,
 Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
 Dowered with many a deathless
 name,
 Where they dwelt and toiled together,
 Sharing each the other's fame.

One till evening's lengthening shad-
 ows
 Gently stilled his faltering lips,
 But the other's sun at noonday
 Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household
 treasures,
 And the simplest child you meet
 Guides you where the house of Goethe
 Fronts upon the quiet street;

And, hard by, the modest mansion
 Where full many a heart has felt
 Memories uncounted clustering
 Round the words, "Here Schiller
 dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
 Straight beyond the narrow gate,
 In the mausoleum sleeping,
 With Duke Charles, in sculptured
 state.

For the monarch loved the poets,
 Called them to him from afar,
 Wooed them near his court to lin-
 ger,
 And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
 With their larger fame to blend,
 Living counted it an honor
 That they named him as their
 friend;

Dreading to be all forgotten,
 Still their greatness to divide,
 Dying prayed to have his poets
 Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced
Ushers of the royal tomb,
Where the princely house of Weimar
Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
Each with fitting rank and stamp,
And with shows of court precedence
Mocked the grave's sepulchral
damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;
First he shows the grave of Goethe,
Schiller's then, and last—the
Duke's.

Vainly 'midst these truthful shadows
Pride would flaunt her painted wing;
Here the monarch waits in silence,
And the poet is the king!

MARY F. BUTTS.

OTHER MOTHERS.

MOTHER, in the sunset glow,
Crooning child-songs sweet and low,
Eyes soft shining, heart at rest,
Rose-leaf cheek against thy breast.

Thinkest thou of those who weep
O'er their babies fast asleep
Where the evening dew lies wet
On their brodered coverlet,

Whose cold cradle is the grave,
Where wild roses nod and wave,
Taking for their blossoms fair
What a spirit once did wear?

Mother, crooning soft and low,
Let not all thy fancies go,
Like swift birds, to the blue skies
Of thy darling's happy eyes.

Count thy baby's curls for beads,
As a sweet saint intercedes,
But on some fair ringlet's gold
Let a tender prayer be told,

For the mother, all alone,
Who for singing maketh moan,
Who doth ever vainly seek
Dimpled arms and velvet cheek.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed
shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.

By day his light canvas he shifted,
And round strange harbors and
bars:
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of
the stars. [sunset,
'Neath the glimmering gates of the
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the
sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who
blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!

The shadowy world is behind us,
 The shining Cipango before;
 Each morning the sun rises brighter
 On ocean, and island, and shore.
 And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
 As prospects more glowing unfold;
 Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
 To the west, and the regions of
 gold!"

There came to De Leon the sailor,
 Some Indian sages, who told
 Of a region so bright that the waters
 Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
 And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
 A fair land of grottos and bowers
 Is there; and a wonderful fountain
 Upsprings from its gardens of
 flowers.

That fountain gives life to the dying,
 And youth to the aged restores:
 They flourish in beauty eternal,
 Who set but their feet on its
 shores!"

Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
 "I am withered, and wrinkled, and
 old;
 I would rather discover that fountain
 Than a country of diamonds and
 gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;
 Away with a wonderful glee,
 Till the birds were more rare in the
 azure,
 The dolphins more rare in the sea.
 Away from the shady Bahamas,
 Over waters no sailor had seen,
 Till again on his wandering vision,
 Rose clustering islands of green.
 Still onward he sped till the breezes
 Were laden with odors, and lo!
 A country embedded with flowers,
 A country with rivers aglow!
 More bright than the sunny Antilles,
 More fair than the shady Azores.
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,
 the sailor,
 As feasted his eye on the shores,
 "We have come to a region, my
 brothers,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;
 And here is the life-giving fountain, —
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
 Unfurled his old banner, and sung,
 But he felt very wrinkled and with-
 ered,

All around was so fresh and so
 young.

The palms, ever verdant, were bloom-
 ing,

Their blossoms e'en margined the
 seas;

O'er the streams of the forests bright
 flowers

Hung deep from the branches of
 trees.

"Praise the Lord!" sang De Leon,
 the sailor;

His heart was with rapture aflame;
 And he said: "Be the name of this
 region

By Florida given to fame.

'T is a fair, a delectable country,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;
 I soon shall partake of the foun-
 tain, —

The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
 In search of the fountain in vain;
 No waters were there to restore him
 To freshness and beauty again.
 And his anchor he lifted, and mur-
 mured,

As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
 "I must leave this fair land of the
 flowers,

Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
 Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
 And back by the shady Azores,
 He was borne on the storm-smitten
 waters

To the calm of his own native
 shores.

And that he grew older and older,
 His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
 Still he thirsted in dreams for the
 fountain, —

The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

.

One day the old sailor lay dying
 On the shores of a tropical isle,
 And his heart was enkindled with
 rapture; [smile.
 And his face lighted up with a

He thought of the sunny Antilles,
 He thought of the shady Azores,
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.
 And, when in his mind he passed over
 His wonderful travels of old,
 He thought of the heavenly country,
 Of the city of jasper and gold.
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,
 the sailor, [the truth,
 "Thank the Lord for the light of
 I now am approaching the fountain,
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight
 They heard the birds singing a
 psalm,
 And the wind of the ocean low sigh-
 ing
 Through groves of the orange and
 palm.
 The sailor still lay on his pallet,
 'Neath the low-hanging vines of
 the roof;
 His soul had gone forth to dis-
 cover
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON NOEL).

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the
 chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain.
 The agony they do not show
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the
 will,
 Which torture where they cannot
 kill;
 And the inexorable heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of fate,
 The ruling principle of hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die;
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it
 well.

All that the Thunderer wrung from
 thee
 Was but the menace which flung
 back
 On him the torments of thy rack:
 The fate thou didst so well fore-
 see,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy silence was his sentence,
 And in his soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trem-
 bled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precept less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen man with his own
 mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable spirit,
 Which earth and heaven could not
 convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure
 source;
 And man in portions can foresee

His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his spirit may oppose
 Itself — and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentrated recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making death a victory!

*WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS
 SUFFERING CLAY.*

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering
 clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal
 mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,
 But leaves its darkened dust be-
 hind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly
 way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos
 back;
 And where the furthest heaven had
 birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track,
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched or system
 breaks,
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts
 shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
 Whose tearful beam glows tremu-
 lously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst
 not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remembered
 well!
 So gleams the past, the light of other
 days,
 Which shines, but warms not with
 its powerless rays;
 A night-beam sorrow watches to be-
 hold,
 Distinct, but distant — clear — but
 oh, how cold!

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*;
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before
 thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er
 thee,
 Which thou ne'er canst know
 again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced
 over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Through the world for this commend
 thee —
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced
 me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth —
 Still must mine, though bleeding,
 beat;
 And the undying thought which
 paineth
 Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents
 flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless
 thee,
 Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more mayst see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou know-
 est,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could
 bow,
 Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless
 mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!
 thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the
 heart —
 The heart which love of thee alone
 can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are
 consigned —
 To fetters, and the damp vault's
 dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their
 martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on
 every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar — for
 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement
 were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! — May none those
 marks efface;
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless
 grace,

Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE AUTHOR'S
DOG BOATSWAIN.

WHEN some proud son of man returns
to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by
birth,
The sculptor's art exalts the pomp
of woe,
And storied urns record who rests
below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is
seen,
Not what he was, but what he should
have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest
friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to de-
fend,
Whose honest heart is still his mas-
ter's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for
him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his
worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on
earth;
While man, vain insect! hopes to be
forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive
heaven.
O man! thou feeble tenant of an
hour,

Debased by slavery, or corrupt by
power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee
with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a
cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words de-
ceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee
blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple
urn,
Pass on — it honors none you wish
to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these
stones arise;
I never knew but one — and here he
lies.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Σὼν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.**

By those tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Σὼν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Σὼν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Σὼν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

* *Zōe mou, sās agapō, My life, I love you.*

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be
 thine;
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I
 claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer
 mine:
 Go where I will, to me thou art the
 same—
 A loved regret which I would not re-
 sign.
 There yet are two things in my des-
 tiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home
 with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still
 the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou
 hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make
 them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's,
 and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate
 of yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath
 been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 (Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
 I have sustained my share of worldly
 shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to
 screen,
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine over-
 throw,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be
 their reward.
 My whole life was a contest, since
 the day
 That gave me being, gave me that
 which marred
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walked
 astray;

And I at times have found the strug-
 gle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds
 of clay:
 But now I fain would for a time sur-
 vive,
 If but to see what next can well ar-
 rive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little
 day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty
 spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which
 have rolled
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts
 away;
 Something—I know not what—does
 still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in
 vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we pur-
 chase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me—or perhaps a cold de-
 spair,
 Brought on when ills habitually re-
 cur,—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul
 refer,
 And with light armor we may learn
 to bear,)
 Have taught me a strange quiet;
 which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood; trees, and flow-
 ers, and brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I
 dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to
 books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can
 melt
 My heart with recognition of their
 looks;
 And even at moments I think I could
 see
 Some living thing to love—but none
 like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which
 create
 A fund for contemplation;—to ad-
 mire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date:
 But something worthier do such
 scenes inspire:
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most
 desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own
 of old.

O that thou wert but with me!—but
 I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one re-
 gret;
 There may be others which I less
 may show;—
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and
 yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear
 lake,
 By the old Hall which may be mine
 no more.
 Leman's is fair; but think not I for-
 sake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer
 shore:
 Sad havoc Time must with my mem-
 ory make
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes
 before;
 Though like all things which I have
 loved, they are
 Resigned for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; but I ask
 Of Nature that with which she will
 comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a
 mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now
 shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not;—for at length
 I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life
 begun
 The earliest—even the only paths
 for me.
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to
 shun,
 I had been better than I now can be;
 The passions which have torn me
 would have slept;
 I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst
 not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
 Little with Love, and least of all
 with Fame;
 And yet they came unsought, and
 with me grew,
 And made me all which they can
 make—a name.
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over—I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone
 before.

And for the future, this world's fu-
 ture may
 From me demand but little of my
 care;
 I have outlived myself by many a day;
 Having survived so many things that
 were;
 My years have been no slumber, but
 the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
 Of life which might have filled a cen-
 tury,
 Before its fourth in time had passed
 me by.

And for the remnant which may be
 to come
 I am content; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless,—for within the
 crowded sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times
 would steal,
 And for the present, I would not be-
 numb
 My feelings farther. Nor shall I
 conceal

That with all this I still can look
around,
And worship Nature with a thought
profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy
heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as
thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can re-
sign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its
slow decline
We are entwined—let death come
slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures
the last.

[From *The Giaour*.]

THE FIRST DAY OF DEATH.

HE who hath bent him o'er the
dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that
streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not
now,
And but for that chill changeless
brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous
hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's
power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first last look by death revealed!

[From *The Giaour*.]

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from
heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid
thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

[From *The Dream*.]

SLEEP.

OUR life is twofold! Sleep hath its
own world,
A boundary between the things mis-
named
Death and existence: Sleep hath its
own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development
have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the
touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our wak-
ing thoughts,
They take a weight from off our
waking toils,
They do divide our being; they be-
come
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—
they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have
power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—
what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's
gone by,
The dream of vanished shadows—
Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What
are they?

Creations of the mind? — The mind
 can make
 Substance, and people planets of its
 own
 With beings brighter than have been,
 and give
 A breath to form which can outlive
 all flesh.
 I would recall a vision which I
 dreamed
 Perchance in sleep — for in itself a
 thought,
 A slumbering thought, is capable of
 years,
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

[From *Don Juan*.]

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of
 Greece! [sung,
 Where burning Sappho loved and
 Where grew the arts of war and
 peace, —
 Where Delos rose and Phoebus
 sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores
 refuse:

Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the
 Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still
 be free;
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set, where were
 they?

And where are they? and where art
 thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —

The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered
 race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a
 tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more
 blest?

Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers
 bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy
 breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head.
 But one arise, — we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other
 chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian
 wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx
 gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like
 these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Poly-
crates —

A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would
lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian
wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is
sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and
sells;

In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian
wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the
shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle
slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing save the waves
and I

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and
die;

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine--
Dash down yon cup of Samian
wine!

[*From the Prophecy of Dante.*]

GENIUS.

MANY are poets who have never
penned

Their inspiration, and perchance,
the best;

They felt, and loved and died, but
would not lend

Their thoughts to meaner beings;
they compressed

The God within them, and rejoined
the stars

Unlaurelled upon earth, but far
more blessed

Than those who are degraded by the
jars

Of passion, and their frailties
linked to fame,

Conquerors of high renown, but
full of scars.

Many are poets, but without the
name;

For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and
aim

At an external life beyond our fate
And be the new Prometheus of
new men,

Bestowing fire from heaven, and
then, too late,

Finding the pleasure given repaid
with pain,

And vultures to the heart of the
bestower,

Who, having lavished his high
gift in vain

Lies chained to his lone rock by the
sea-shore!

So be it; we can bear.— But thus
all they

Whose intellect is an o'ermastering
power,

Which still recoils from its encum-
bering clay,

Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The forms which their creation
may essay,

Are bards; the kindled marble's bust
may wear

More poesy upon its speaking
brow

Than aught less than the Homeric
page may bear;

One noble stroke with a whole life
 may glow,
 Or deify the canvas till it shine
 With beauty so surpassing all be-
 low,
 That they who kneel to idols so di-
 vine
 Break no commandment, for high
 heaven is there
 Transfused, transfigured : and
 the line
 Of poesy which peoples but the air
 With thought and beings of our
 thought reflected,
 Can do no more: then let the artist
 share
 The palm; he shares the peril, and
 dejected
 Faints o'er the labor unapproved
 —Alas!
 Despair and genius are too oft con-
 nected.

[*From Childe Harold.*]

THE MISERY OF EXCESS.

TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow,
 Alas! I cannot smile again:
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in
 vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, even thou must fail to
 soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,
 Nor low ambition's honors lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prize the most!

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see;
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings:
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for
 me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 And cannot hope for rest before.

What exile from himself can flee?
 To zones, though more and more
 remote.

Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon
 Thought.

Yet, others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake;
 Oh! may they still of transport
 dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake

Through many a clime 'tis mine to
 go,
 With many a retrospection curst;
 And all my solace is to know,
 What e'er betides, I've known the
 worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not
 ask —

In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on — nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell
 that's there.

[*From Childe Harold.*]

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless
 woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely
 shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its
 roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature
 more,
 From these our interviews, in which
 I steal
 From all I may be, or have been be-
 fore,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
 all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his
control
Stops with the shore; — upon the
watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bub-
bling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-
fined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike
the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,
And monarchs tremble in their cap-
itals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves,
which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in
all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,
what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while
they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores
obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their
decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: —
not so thou; —
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine
azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
mighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or
gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless,
and sublime —
The image of eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy
slime
The monsters of the deep are made:
each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread,
fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and
my joy [to be
Of youthful sports was on thy breast
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward:
from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they
to me [sea
Were a delight; and if the freshening
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleas-
ing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And, trusted to thy billows far and
near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane —
as I do here.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

*CALM AND TEMPEST AT NIGHT
ON LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA).*

CLEAR, placid Lemman! thy con-
trasted lake,
With the wide world I dwelt in is a
thing
Which warns me, with its stillness,
to forsake [spring.
Earth's troubled waters for a purer
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once
I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft
murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice
reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains,
 dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap
 heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near
 There breathes a living fragrance
 from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;
 on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-
 night carol more.

He is an evening reveller who
 makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his
 fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out
 the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is
 still,
 There seems a floating whisper on
 the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight
 dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they
 infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit
 of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of
 heaven,
 If in your bright leaves we would
 read the fate
 Of men and empires, — 'tis to be
 forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal
 state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for
 ye are
 A beauty, and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from
 afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have
 named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still —
 though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when
 feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts
 too deep: —
 All heaven and earth are still: —
 From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and
 mountain-coast,
 All is concentrated in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf
 is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a
 sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and
 defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so
 felt
 In solitude, where we are *least*
 alone;
 A truth, which through our being,
 then doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which
 makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a
 charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's stone,
 Binding all things with beauty; —
 't would disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial
 power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian
 make
 His altar the high places and the
 peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and
 thus take
 A fit and unwalled temple, there to
 seek
 The Spirit in whose honor shrines
 are weak,
 Upreared of human hands. Come,
 and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth
 or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship,
 earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

The sky is changed? — and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt, and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest. goal?
But where of ye, O tempests, is the
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest!

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me. — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
But as it is I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought sheathing it as a sword.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

BYRON'S REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

AND if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak [verse,
The deep prophetic fulness of this
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness. — Have I not —
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven! —
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things
could do?

From the loud roar of foaming cal-
umny

To the small whisper of the as paltry
few,

And subtler venom of the reptile
crew,

The Janus glance of whose signifi-
cant eye,

Learning to lie with silence, would
seem true,

And without utterance, save the
shrug or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speech-
less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived
in vain:

My mind may lose its force, my blood
its fire,

And my frame perish even in con-
quering pain;

But there is that within me that shall
tire

Torture and Time, and breathe when
I expire.

Something unearthly, which they
deem not of

Like the remembered tone of a mute
lyre,

Shall on their softened spirits sink,
and move

In hearts all rocky now the late re-
morse of love.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

ONE PRESENCE WANTING.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding
Rhine,

Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the
vine,

And hills all rich with blossomed
trees,

And fields which promise corn and
wine,

And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them
shine,

Have strewed a scene, which I should
see

With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep-blue
eyes,

And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;

Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls

of gray

And many a rock which steeply low-
ers,

And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers,

But one thing want these banks of
Rhine, —

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they
touch,

I know that they must withered
be,

But yet reject them not as such:
For I have cherished them as dear

Because they yet may meet thine
eye,

And guide thy soul to mine even
here,

When thou behold'st them drooping
nigh,

And knowest them gathered by the
Rhine,

And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,

And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:

The haughtiest breast its wish might
bound

Through life to dwell delighted
here;

Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,

Could thy dear eyes in following
mine

Still sweeten more these banks of
Rhine!

[From *Childe Harold*.]

GREECE.

AND yet how lovely in thine age of
 woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men!
 art thou!
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of
 snow;
 Proclaim thee nature's varied fa-
 vorite now;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy sur-
 face bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic
 earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic
 plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal
 birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-re-
 corded worth;

Save where some solitary column
 mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the
 cave;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine
 adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along
 the wave;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-for-
 gotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmo-
 lested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 Where strangers only, not regard-
 less pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze,
 and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags
 as wild:
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant
 are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva
 smiled,
 And still his honeyed wealth Hy-
 mettus yields;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant
 fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of the
 mountain air:

Apollo still thy long, long summer
 gilds.
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles
 glare
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature
 still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted,
 holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar
 mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder
 spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly
 told, [behold
 Till the sense aches with gazing to
 The scenes our earliest dreams have
 dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening
 glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy
 temples gone:
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares
 gray Marathon.

[From *Childe Harold*.]APOSTROPHE TO ADA, THE
POET'S DAUGHTER.

My daughter! with thy name this
 song begun —
 My daughter! with thy name thus
 much shall end —
 I see thee not, — I hear thee not, —
 but none
 Can be so wrapped in thee; thou
 art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years
 extend;
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst
 behold,
 My voice shall with thy future vis-
 ions blend,
 And reach into thy heart, — when
 mine is cold,
 A token and a tone, even from thy
 father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development, —
 to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys, — to sit
 and see.

Almost thy very growth, — to view
 thee catch
 Knowledge of objects, — wonders
 yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle
 knee.
 And print on thy soft cheek a par-
 ent's kiss, —
 This, it should seem, was not re-
 served for me;
 Yet this was in my nature, — as it
 is,
 I know not what is there, yet some-
 thing like to this.

Yet, though dull hate, as duty
 should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me;
 though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell
 still fraught
 With desolation, — and a broken
 claim:
 Though the grave closed between
 us, 'twere the same.
 I know that thou wilt love me;
 though to drain
My blood from out thy being were
 an aim,
 And an attainment, — all would be
 in vain, —
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that
 more than life retain.

The child of love, — though born
 in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of
 thy sire
 These were the elements, — and
 thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee, — but
 thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy
 hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers!
 O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I
 now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing
 upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst
 have been to me!

[*From Childe Harold.*]

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
 night,
 And Belgium's capital had gath-
 ered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women
 and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily;
 and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous
 swell,
 Soft eyes looked love, to eyes which
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-
 bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No: 'twas
 but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony
 street;
 On with the dance! let joy be un-
 confined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and
 Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with
 flying feet —
 But, hark! — that heavy sound
 breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would re-
 peat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
 before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the can-
 non's opening roar!

And there was mounting in hot
 haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impet-
 uous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks
 of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal
 afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morn-
ing star;
While thronged the citizens with
terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips "The
foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them
her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as
they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er
grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the
grass
Which now beneath them, but
above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery
mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty
life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly
gay,
The midnight brought the signal
sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,
— the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it,
which when rent
The earth is covered thick with
other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in
one red burial blent!

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-
SIXTH YEAR.

[His last verses.]

'Tis time this heart should be un-
moved,
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are
gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my
soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the
field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through
whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why*
live?
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than
found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy
ground,
And take thy rest.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has
 earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod,
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground — where,
 mourned, and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed: —
 But where's their memory's mansion?
 Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers!
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual
 bound: [wound,
 The spot where love's first links were
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
 And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
 The burning thoughts that then were
 told
 Run molten still in memory's mould;
 And will not cool,
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes
 sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you
 heap!
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served
 mankind —
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high? —
 To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws: —
 What can alone ennoble fight? —
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
 Her drums! and rend Heaven's reek-
 ing space!
 The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer, —
 Though Death's pale horse lead on
 the chase, —
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men
 kneel
 To Heaven! — but Heaven rebukes
 my zeal!
 The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace! Love! the cherubim that join
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's
 shrine,
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples
 shine,
 Where they are not;
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rights in domes au-
 gust?
 See mouldering stones and metal's
 rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee,
 man!
 The temples — creeds themselves
 grow wan!
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban-
 Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's
feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their
pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds ob-
scure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us
sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from
crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what
gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of
worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go
forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make
earth
All hallowed ground.

. THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in
gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to
sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in flight,— the
brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the
wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, "We are twins in death,
proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put
forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and
earth,
The vassals of the will? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day;
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee
sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.

"My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath

To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —

The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark:
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory, —
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-
waves,

Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOW DELICIOUS IS THE WINNING.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and
captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from chang-
ing?

No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands
bound,

Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Loch-
gyle,

This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh! too strong for human
hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm
and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried
in grief,

"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed
the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse
you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon
you,

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me
with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups
gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into
dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing
their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in
sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the
wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the
calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter
tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little
wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell.
Where I thought it delightful your
beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first
breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her
spell.

Even now what affections the violet
awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen
in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the prim-
rose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and
minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their
shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart
ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's
passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit
my age, [tomb.
And I wish you to grow on my

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder
riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle
driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On! ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet
The snow shall be their winding-
sheet!
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor
exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy
and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at
twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten
hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's
sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of
the ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful
emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin
go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-
broken stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert
can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine
and danger,
A home and a country remain not
to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bow-
ers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I
spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-
woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin
go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and
forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten
shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I
awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can
meet me no more! [me
) cruel fate! wilt thou never replace
in a mansion of peace—where no
perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers em-
brace me?
They died to defend me, or lived to
deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by
the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its
fall?
Where is the mother that looked on
my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend,
dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned
by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading
treasure?
Tears, like the rain drop, may fall
without measure,
But rapture and beauty they can
not recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections sup-
pressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can
draw:

Erin! an exile bequeathes thee this
blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go
bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills
her motion,
Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of
the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing
aloud with devotion, —
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!" *

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part!
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of
beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst
shine,
How came the world's gray fathers
forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

* Ireland my darling — Ireland forever.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened
fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man.
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange — yet who would
change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have
gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading
strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming
length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried,
when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back:
 Their shots along the deep slowly
 boom;
 Then ceased — and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave;
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save: —
 So peace instead of death let us
 bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crew, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As Death withdrew his shades from
 the day;
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant, good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er
 their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condole,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying
 child,
 And smit with grief to view her —
 "The youth," he cried, "whom I ex-
 iled,
 Shall be restored to woo her."

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover:
 And *he* looks up to Ellen's bower,
 And *she* looks on her lover —

But ah! so pale he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was
 dwelling,
 "And am I then forgot — forgot?"
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those
 eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

 TRIBUTE TO VICTORIA.

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep
 Has touched, and broken slavery's
 chain;
 Yet, strange magician! she enslaves
 Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
 With thoughts averse to bigotry;
 Yet she, herself the idol, turns
 Our thoughts into idolatry,

[From the Pleasures of Hope.]

 THE DISTANT IN NATURE AND
 EXPERIENCE.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethe-
 real bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering
 hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the mus-
 ing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles
 with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint
 appear
 More sweet than all the landscape
 smiling near? —
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to
 the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure
 hue.
 Thus, with delight, we linger to sur-
 vey
 The promised joys of life's unmeas-
 ured way;
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered
 scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past
 hath been,
 And every form, that Fancy can re-
 pair
 From dark oblivion, grows divinely
 there

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet gar-
 den grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for
 every woe;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's
 languid hour,
 The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy sum-
 mer bower;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on
 the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid
 spirits bring!
 What viewless forms th' Æolian
 organ play,
 And sweep the furrowed lines of
 anxious thought away.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

HOPE IN ADVERSITY.

BRIGHT as the pillar rose at Heaven's
 command,
 When Israel marched along the des-
 ert land,
 Blazed through the night on lonely
 wilds afar,
 And told the path, — a never-setting
 star:
 So, heavenly Genius, in thy course
 divine,
 Hope is thy star, her light is ever
 thine.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

LET winter come! let polar spirits
 sweep
 The darkening world, and tempest-
 troubled deep!
 Though boundless snows the with-
 ered heath deform,
 And the dim sun scarce wanders
 through the storm,
 Yet shall the smile of social love re-
 pay,
 With mental light, the melancholy
 day!
 And, when its short and sullen noon
 is o'er,
 The ice-chained waters slumbering
 on the shore,
 How bright the fagots in his little hall
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm his
 pictured wall!
 How blest he names, in Love's famil-
 iar tone,
 The kind, fair friend, by nature
 marked his own;
 And, in the waveless mirror of his
 mind,
 Views the fleet years of pleasure left
 behind,
 Since when her empire o'er his heart
 began!
 Since first he called her his before the
 holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
 And light the wintry paradise of
 home;
 And let the half-uncurtained window
 hail
 Some way-worn man benighted in the
 vale!
 Now, while the moaning night-wind
 rages high,
 As sweep the shot-stars down the
 troubled sky,
 While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide
 circle play,
 And bathe in lurid light the milky-
 way,
 Safe from the storm, the meteor, and
 the shower,
 Some pleasing page shall charm the
 solemn hour —

With pathos shall command, with wit
beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a
smile.

[*From The Pleasures of Hope.*]

APOSTROPHE TO HOPE.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last
embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust
return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the
awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, im-
mortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-
born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and
closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands
convey
The morning dream of life's eternal
day —
Then, then the triumph and the
trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns
within!

[*From The Pleasures of Hope.*]

AGAINST SKEPTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ARE these the pompous tidings ye
proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demigods of
Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your
proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champion of
her cause?
For this hath Science searched on
weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and
living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from
the steep,
To worlds unknown and isles beyond
the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot
driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the
signs of Heaven.
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wan-
dered there,
To waft us home the message of des-
pair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow
to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling
fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that
Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the
widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so
dread,
As waves the night-shade round the
skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's
chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward
Hope remain:
But, if the warring winds of Nature's
strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awakened, inexorable power
This frail and feverish being of an
hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious
scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the
deep,
To know Delight but by her parting
smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little
while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed
in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary
brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of
my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to
the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world
began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of
man, —
How can thy words from balmy slum-
ber start
Reposing Virtue pillowed on the
heart!

Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder
 rolled,
 And that were true which Nature
 never told,
 Let Wisdom smile not on her con-
 quered field
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is re-
 vealed!

Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor
 elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better
 fate;
 But, sad as angels for the good man's
 sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give
 it in!

THOMAS CAREW.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires:—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,
 My resolved heart to return;
 I have searched the soul within
 And find nought but pride and
 scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou!

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose,
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep,

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day,
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past,
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night,
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning another
 blue day!
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
 away?

Out of eternity this new day was born;
 Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime, no eye ever did;
 So soon it forever from all eyes is
 hid.

Here hath been dawning another
 blue day;
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
 away.

CUI BONO?

WHAT is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the net :
'Tis not here — still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore :

Gay we sail ; it melts beneath us ;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and
frets:

Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.

ALICE CARY.

LIFE.

SOLITUDE! Life is inviolate soli-
tude;
Never was truth so apart from the
dreaming
As lieth the selfhood inside of the
seeming,
Guarded with triple shield out of all
quest,
So that the sisterhood nearest and
sweetest,
So that the brotherhood kindest,
completest,
Is but an exchanging of signals at
best.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and
desolate.
Women and men in the crowd
meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth
single,
Deep out of sympathy moaning its
moan;
Holding and having its brief ex-
ultation;
Making its lonesome and low la-
mentation;
Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.

Separate! Life is so sad and so sep-
arate.
Under love's ceiling with roses for
lining,
Heart mates with heart in a tender
entwining,
Yet never the sweet cup of love fill-
eth full.

Eye looks in eye with a question-
ing wonder,
Why are we thus in our meeting
asunder?
Why are our pulses so slow and so
dull?

Fruitless, fruitionless! Life is fru-
itionless;
Never the heaped-up and generous
measure;
Never the substance of satisfied
pleasure;
Never the moment with rapture
elate;
But draining the chalice, we long
for the chalice,
And live as an alien inside of our
palace,
Bereft of our title and deeds of estate.

Pitiful! Life is so poor and so piti-
ful.
Cometh the cloud on the goldenest
weather;
Briefly the man and his youth stay
together.
Falleth the frost ere the harvest is in,
And conscience descends from the
open aggression
To timid and troubled and tearful
concession,
And downward and down into parley
with sin.

Purposeless! Life is so wayward and
purposeless.
Always before us the object is
shifting,

Always the means and the method
are drifting,
We rue what is done — what is un-
done deplore;
More striving for high things than
things that are holy.
And so we go down to the valley
so lowly,
Wherein there is work, and device
never more.

Vanity, vanity! All would be vanity,
Whether in seeking or getting our
pleasures,
Whether in spending or hoarding
our treasures,
Whether in indolence, whether in
strife —
Whether in feasting and whether
in fasting,
But for our faith in the Love ever-
lasting —
But for the Life that is better than
life.

THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

In the stormy waters of Gallaway
My boat had been idle the livelong
day,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide
was low.

The tide was low and the wind was
high,
And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For not a traveller all the day
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds out-
spread
Like wings of darkness overhead,
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took
heed
Of a lady, riding at full speed.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty
hill
Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if aware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and
lay
With her side to th' sands o' th' Gal-
laway.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she
cried,
"And row me over the other side!"
And she stripped from her finger the
shining ring,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Woe 's me! my Lady, I may not go,
For the wind is high and th' tide is
low,
And rocks, like dragons, lie in the
wave, —
Slip back on your finger the ring you
gave!"

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be
melted down,
And the waters, they never will let
me drown,
And the wind a pilot will prove to
thee,
For my dying lover, he waits for
me!"

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered
her:

"The wind is high and the tide is
low, —
I must not, dare not, and will not go!"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,
And she took her champing steed by
th' mane,

And bent his neck to th' ribbon and
spur
That lay in my hand, — but I an-
swered her:

"Though you should proffer me
twice and thrice
Of ring and ribbon and steed the
price, —
The leave of kissing your lily-like
hand!
I never could row you safe to th'
land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
 "For my lover is dying the other side!
 O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,
 Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and bright
 As if he were staying away the night;
 And the rain on the river fell as sweet
 As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
 A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
 And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
 And she sat in her saddle th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
 She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
 And landing safe on the farther side,—
 "Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

COUNSEL.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,
 But keep unto thine own:
 Do what thou doest with thy might,
 And trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, nor idly lie
 Within the human hive;
 And though the outward man should die,
 Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt,
 In pleasure's noisy din;
 The peace thou seekest for without
 Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,
 By worth, her slight attest;
 Nor blush and hang the head for shame
 When thou hast done thy best.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,
 On loves and friendships gone
 Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,
 And mount right up and on!

A DREAM.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground,
 Once when I chanced asleep to drop,
 And that a green hedge fenced it round,
 Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise,—
 So far a little dream may reach,—
 And Spring with Summer in her eyes
 Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er
 The hedge, I thought, but as I tried
 To pull them down, for evermore
 The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said, "These things are signs
 Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours
 Duly to keep and dress our vines,—
 Waiting in patience for the flowers.

"And when the angel feared of all
 Across my hearth its shadow spread,
 The rose that climbed my garden wall
 Has bloomed the other side," I said.

SPENT AND MISSPENT.

STAY yet a little longer in the sky,
 O golden color of the evening sun!
 Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
 While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn
about

Thick as the leaves, and saying
which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went
out,
And it was burning noon, and
time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of
shade,

Fringed round with violets and
pansies sweet,
“My heart and I,” I said, “will be
delayed,
And plan our work while cools the
sultry heat.”

Deep in the hills, and out of silence
vast,

A waterfall played up his silver
tune;
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams
at last,
And held me late into the after-
noon.

But when the idle pleasures ceased
to please,

And I awoke, and not a plan was
planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he
sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing
at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has
all

Been spent and misspent doing
what I could,
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what
I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose
but cry,

Seeing my late-sown flowers are
hardly set;
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer
yet.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

LIFE's sadly solemn mystery,
Hangs o'er me like a weight;
The glorious longing to be free,
The gloomy bars of fate.

Alternately the good and ill,
The light and dark, are strung;
Fountains of love within my heart,
And hate upon my tongue.

Beneath my feet the unstable ground,
Above my head the skies;
Immortal longings in my soul,
And death before my eyes.

No purely pure, and perfect good,
No high, unhindered power;
A beauteous promise in the bud,
And mildew on the flower.

The glad, green brightness of the
spring;

The summer, soft and warm;
The faded autumn's fluttering gold,
The whirlwind and the storm.

To find some sure interpreter
My spirit vainly tries;
I only know that God is love,
And know that love is wise.

NO RING.

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair
adorning

With which her body she would
dignify,

When from her bed she rises in the
morning

To comb, and plait, and tie
Her hair with ribbons, colored like
the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discom-
poses

When she would sit and sing the
sun away — [roses,

Making her see dead roses in red
And in the downfall gray

A blight that seems the world to
overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look
of trouble
About her tender mouth and eye-
lids fair?
Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart
beat double,
Without the mother's prayer,
And her wild fears are more than
she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new pow-
ers are given,
Not only with a golden tongue to
sing,
But still to make her wavering way
toward heaven
With undiscerning wing;
But what to her doth her sick sorrow
bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps
overturning,
And her flesh shrinks as if she felt
the rod;

For 'gainst her will she thinks hard
things concerning
The everlasting God,
And longs to be insensate like the
clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down
upon her [such;
The saintly charities ordained for
She was so poor in everything but
honor, [much!
And she loved much—loved
Would, Lord, she had thy garment's
hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart with-
in her,
The woman's heart, denied its nat-
ural right,
That made of her the thing which
men call sinner,
Even in her own despite;
Lord, that her judges might receive
their sight!

PHOEBE CARY.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:

Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

DEAD LOVE.

WE are face to face, and between us
here
Is the love we thought could never
die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it — you or I?

No matter who — the deed was done
 By one or both, and there it lies;
 The smile from the lip forever gone,
 And darkness over the beautiful
 eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is
 wrecked;
 So what does it profit to talk and
 rave,
 Whether it perished by my neglect,
 Or whether your cruelty dug its
 grave!

Why should you say that I am to
 blame,
 Or why should I charge the sin on
 you?
 Our work is before us all the same,
 And the guilt of it lies between us
 two.

We have praised our love for its
 beauty and grace;
 Now we stand here, and hardly
 dare
 To turn the face-cloth back from the
 face,
 And see the thing that is hidden
 there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its
 last,
 And the beautiful life of our life is
 o'er,
 And when we have buried and left
 the past,
 We two, together, can walk no
 more.

You might stretch yourself on the
 dead, and weep,
 And pray as the prophet prayed,
 in pain;
 But not like him could you break the
 sleep,
 And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
 And shower my woe there, kiss on
 kiss,
 But there never was resurrection-day
 In the world for a love so dead as
 this.

And, since we cannot lessen the sin
 By mourning over the deed we did,
 Let us draw the winding-sheet up to
 the chin,
 Ay, up till the death-blind eyes
 are hid!

THE LADY JAQUELINE.

"FALSE and fickle, or fair and sweet,
 I care not for the rest,
 The lover that knelt last night at my
 feet

Was the bravest and the best.
 Let them perish all, for their power
 has waned,

And their glory waxed dim;
 They were well enough while they
 lived and reigned,

But never was one like him!
 And never one from the past would
 I bring

Again, and call him mine; —
*The King is dead, long live the
 King!*"

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was
 new,

And the world upon me smiled,
 A pretty, dainty lover I had,
 Whom I loved with the heart of a
 child.

When the buried sun of yesterday
 Comes back from the shadows dim,
 Then may his love return to me,
 And the love I had for him!

But since to-day hath a better thing
 To give, I'll ne'er repine; —
*The King is dead, long live the
 King!*"

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep,
 Aye! weep, and cry, alas!

When I think of one who lies asleep
 Down under the quiet grass.
 For he loved me well, and I loved
 again,

And low in homage bent,
 And prayed for his long and prosper-
 ous reign,
 In our realm of sweet content.

But not to the dead may the living
cling,
Nor kneel at an empty shrine;—
The King is dead, long live the King!”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Once, caught by the sheen of stars
and lace,
I bowed for a single day,
To a poor pretender, mean and base,
Unfit for place or sway.
That must have been the work of a
spell,
For the foolish glamour fled,
As the sceptre from his weak hand
fell, [head;
And the crown from his feeble
But homage true at last I bring
To this rightful lord of mine,—
*The King is dead, long live the
King!*”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“By the hand of one I held most
dear,
And called my liege, my own!
I was set aside in a single year,
And a new queen shares his throne.
To him who is false, and him who is
wed,
Shall I give my fealty?
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead
As the false one is to me!
My faith to the faithful now I bring,
The faithless I resign;—
*The King is dead, long live the
King!*”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Yea, all my lovers and kings that
were
Are dead, and hid away,
In the past, as in a sepulchre,
Shut up till the judgment-day.
False or fickle, or weak or wed,
They are all alike to me;
And mine eyes no more can be mis-
led,—
They have looked on loyalty!
Then bring me wine, and garlands
bring
For my king of the right divine;—
The King is dead, long live the King!”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

ARCHIE.

OH, to be back in the cool summer
shadow
Of that old maple-tree down in the
meadow;
Watching the smiles that grew dearer
and dearer,
Listening to lips that grew nearer
and nearer;
Oh, to be back in the crimson-topped
clover,
Sitting again with my Archie, my
lover!

Oh, for the time when I felt his ca-
resses
Smoothing away from my forehead
the tresses;
When up from my heart to my cheek
went the blushes,
As he said that my voice was as sweet
as the thrush's;
As he told me, my eyes were be-
witchingly jetty,
And I answered 't was only my love
made them pretty!

Talk not of maiden reserve or of
duty,
Or hide from my vision such visions
of beauty;
Pulses above may beat calmly and
even,—
We have been fashioned for earth,
and not heaven;
Angels are perfect, I am but a
woman;
Saints may be passionless, Archie is
human.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer
blisses
To her on whose brow drops the soft
rain of kisses;
Preach not the promise of priests or
evangels,
Love-crowned, who asks for the
crown of the angels?
Yea, all that the wall of pure jasper
encloses,
Takes not the sweetness from sweet
bridal roses!

Tell me, that when all this life shall
 be over,
 I shall still love him, and he be my
 lover;
 That 'mid flowers more fragrant than
 clover or heather
 My Archie and I shall be always to-
 gether,
 Loving eternally, met ne'er to sever,
 Then you may tell me of heaven for-
 ever.

CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID, if I might go back again
 To the very hour and place of my
 birth;
 Might have my life whatever I chose,
 And live it in any part of the
 earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
 Banish the shadow of sorrow and
 doubt;
 Have all my happiness multiplied,
 And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years
 now gone,
 The best that a woman comes to
 know;
 Could have had whatever will make
 her blest,
 Or whatever she thinks will make
 her so;

Have found the highest and purest
 bliss
 That the bridal-wreath and ring
 enclose;
 And gained the one out of all the
 world,
 That my heart as well as my reason
 chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-
 night
 By my children, lying asleep in
 their beds
 And could count in my prayers, for a
 rosary,
 The shining row of their golden
 heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
 Could be wrought for me, at my
 bidding, still [is,
 I would choose to have my past as it
 And to let my future come as it
 will!

I would not make the path I have
 trod
 More pleasant or even, more
 straight or wide;
 Nor change my course the breadth of
 a hair,
 This way or that way, to either
 side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
 Its weakness, — its folly, if you
 please;
 Nay, even my sins, if you come to
 that,
 May have been my helps, not hin-
 drances!

If I saved my body from the flames
 Because that once I had burned
 my hand;
 Or kept myself from a greater sin
 By doing a less, — you will under-
 stand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
 Better I sinned for a little time,
 If the smarting warned me back from
 death,
 And the sting of sin withheld from
 crime.

Who knows his strength, by trial,
 will know
 What strength must be set against
 a sin;
 And how temptation is overcome
 He has learned, who has felt its
 power within!

And who knows how a life at the
 last may show?
 Why, look at the moon from
 where we stand!
 Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it
 shines,
 A luminous sphere, complete and
 grand!

So let my past stand, just as it
stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow
old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best,—or it had not been, I
hold.

ANSWERED.

I THOUGHT to find some healing
clime [shore,
For her I loved; she found that
That city, whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
The Loving knew how best to still
The infinite yearning of a heart,
Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been
ours
I prayed that 't might never end;
My prayer is more than answered;
now
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe
The troubled anguish of her
breast; [called,
And, numbered with the loved and
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its
walls
From the way-side dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost
cast
Their fruit upon its roof;
And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard
the limbs

As they creaked against the pane:
And those orchard trees, oh those
orchard trees!

I've seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-briar, under the window-
sill,

Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden-
fence,

Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since
then,

Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier

But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh, those
roses bright! [locks,

I have twined them in my sister's
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the
mossy stones

Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so
sweet

As the draught which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude
old sweep

That my father's hand set up.
And that deep old well, oh that deep
old well!

I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always
kind,

And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's
knee,

And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven
hair,—

That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh,
that broad hearth's light!

And my father's look, and my moth-
er's smile,

They are in my heart to-night!

LUELLA CLARK.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

If you love me, tell me not;
 Let me read it in your thought;
 Let me feel it in the way
 That you say me yea and nay;

Let me see it in your eye
 When you greet or pass me by;
 Let me hear it in the tone
 Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me, there will be
 Something only I shall see;
 Meet or miss me, stay or go,
 If you love me, I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
 "Dear, I love you, love you well."

Something in your eyes will shine
 Fairer than they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
 Some swift smile upon your face
 While you speak not, will betray
 What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
 Tuning into sweet accord
 All your bluntness will reveal,
 Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
 Tell me not, but, day by day,
 Let love silent on me rise,
 Like the sun in summer skies.

SARAH D. CLARK.

THE SOLDANELLA.

In the warm valley, rich in summer's
 wealth,
 Where tangled weed and shrub thin
 leaves uncloze,
 Profuse and hardy in luxuriant
 health,
 The Soldanella grows.

Common—if aught be common in
 God's care,—
 Its buds no beauty show to charm
 the eye,
 Nor graceful pencillings in colors rare,
 Enchant the passer-by.

Yet, on yon distant heights of ice-
 pearled snow,
 Where mortals barely can a pathway
 trace,
 The Alpine blossom of the vale be-
 low
 Blooms in ethereal grace.

Unlike, and yet the same, its petals
 blow
 Most like a crystal lily in the
 air;
 A dream of beauty 'mid the cheer-
 less snow,—
 A comfort in despair.

How came it trembling in the icy
 gloom
 Where awful steppes and frowning
 glaciers rise
 So marvellous in presence and in
 bloom
 Even to angelic eyes?

While thus I mused, the fragile blos-
 som seemed
 Instinct with life, a spirit-form to
 take;
 Its fringed corolla with new radiance
 beamed
 A voice within it spake:—

"Men marvel on these airy fields of
space
My tender form emergent to behold,
A blossom of the skies — my name they
trace
With stars and suns enrolled.

"Though born and nurtured in the
lowly vale,
Ignoble ease I was not doomed to
bear;
I pined to scale the heights where
eagles sail,
And paled for Freedom's air!

"Not without toil my painful steps
were bent
Through paths imperilled, and the
icy sea,
From Alp to Alp I gained my steep
ascent,
And hard-won victory!

"If these pale lips, so soon to close
in death,
One touch of hope or solace can im-
part,

Take, with the fragrance of my lat-
est breath,
This lesson to thy heart:

"Go thou, to triumph in some glori-
ous strife,
Through daring paths some noble
cause retrieve;
Seek, to the highest measure of thy
life,
Thy purpose to achieve.

"Go tell the world, in Freedom's bat-
tle drawn,
For one brief hour, its horoscope I
see;
Tell one by one who fall, 'Swift
comes the dawn
To herald victory.' "

It ceased — the murmur died upon
mine ear.
Straightway a threatening blast the
trumpet gave;
The next wind bore the seedling of
the year
On to its snowy grave!

MARY CLEMMER.

WORDS FOR PARTING.

Oh, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly
near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to
cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you
never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,

Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul I must own you.
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter.

NANTASKET.

FAIR is thy face, Nantasket,
 And fair thy curving shores,—
 The peering spires of villages,
 The boatman's dipping oars,
 The lonely ledge of Minot,
 Where the watchman tends his
 light,
 And sets his perilous beacon,
 A star in the stormiest night.

Over thy vast sea highway,
 The great ships slide from sight,
 And flocks of wingèd phantoms
 Flit by, like birds in flight.
 Over the toppling sea-wall
 The home-bound dories float,
 And I watch the patient fisherman
 Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with Nature;
 With the glad September day.
 The leaning hills above me
 With golden-rod are gay,
 Across the fields of ether
 Flit butterflies at play,
 And cones of garnet sumach
 Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion
 Along the roadside burns;
 Down from the lichenèd boulders
 Quiver the plumèd ferns;
 The cream-white silk of the milkweed
 Floats from its sea-green pod;
 Out from the mossy rock-seams
 Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners
 Flaunt from their towers of stone;
 The wan, wild morning-glory
 Dies by the road alone;
 By the hill-path to the seaside
 Wave myriad azure bells;
 And over the grassy ramparts lean
 The milky immortelles.

Hosts of gold-hearted daisies
 Nod by the wayside bars;
 The tangled thicket of green is set
 With the aster's purple stars;

Beside the brook the gentian
 Closes its fringed eyes,
 And waits the later glory
 Of October's yellow skies.

Within the sea-washed meadow
 The wild grape climbs the wall,
 And from the o'er-ripe chestnuts
 The brown burs softly fall.
 I see the tall reeds shiver
 Beside the salt sea marge;
 I see the sea-bird glimmer,
 Far out on airy barge.

I hear in the groves of Hingham
 The friendly caw of the crow,
 Till I sit again in Wachusett's woods,
 In August's sumptuous glow.
 The tiny boom of the beetle
 Strikes the shining rocks below;
 The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly
 Is beating to and fro.

As the lovely ghost of the thistle
 Goes sailing softly by;
 Glad in its second summer
 Hums the awakened fly;
 The cumulate cry of the cricket
 Pierces the amber noon;
 In from the vast sea-spaces comes
 The clear call of the loon;
 Over and through it all I hear
 Ocean's pervasive rune.

Against the warm sea-beaches
 Rush the wavelets' eager lips;
 Away o'er the sapphire reaches
 Move on the stately ships.
 Peace floats on all their pennons,
 Sailing silently the main,
 As if never human anguish,
 As if never human pain,
 Sought the healing draught of Lethe,
 Beyond the gleaming plain.

Fair is the earth behind me,
 Vast is the sea before,
 Away through the misty dimness
 Glimmers a further shore.
 It is no realm enchanted,
 It cannot be more fair
 Than this nook of Nature's Kingdom
 With its spell of space and air.

WAITING.

I WAIT,—
 Till from my veiled brows shall fall
 This baffling cloud, this wearying
 thrall,
 Which holds me now from knowing
 all;
 Until my spirit-sight shall see
 Into all being's mystery,
 See what it really is to be!

I wait,—
 While rolling days in mockery fling
 Such cruel loss athwart my spring,
 And life flags on with broken wing;
 Believing that a kindlier fate

The patient soul will compensate
 For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!
 For surely every scanty seed
 I plant in weakness and in need
 Will blossom in perfected deed!
 Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,
 Its fragrant fruitage, dropping down
 Care's lowly levels, bare and brown!

I wait!
 The summer of the soul is long,
 Its harvests yet shall round me throng
 In perfect pomp of sun and song.
 In stormless mornings yet to be
 I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree
 The joy to-day denied to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

NO MORE.

My wind has turned to bitter north,
 That was so soft a south before;
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black
 Upon the dark autumnal floor;
 For love, departed once, comes back
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
 For winds to blow and rains to
 pour;
 One frosty night befell — and lo!
 I find my summer days are o'er.
 The heart bereaved, of why and how
 Unknowing, knows that yet before
 It had what e'en to memory now
 Returns no more, no more.

BECALMED AT EVE.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side.
 Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart des-
 cried;

When fell the night, upsprung the
 breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they
 plied;
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same
 seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year un-
 changed,
 Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul es-
 tranged.

At dead of night their sails were
 filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered;
 Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn ap-
 peared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward
 strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness
 too!
 Through winds and tides one com-
 pass guides —
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er that earliest parting
 past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they
 sought —
 One purpose hold where'er they
 fare;
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last unite them there!

———

NATURA NATURANS.

BESIDE me,— in the car,— she sat;
 She spake not, no, nor looked to
 me.
 From her to me, from me to her,
 What passed so subtly, stealthily?
 As rose to rose, that by it blows,
 Its interchanged aroma flings;
 Or wake to sound of one sweet note
 The virtues of parted strings.

Beside me, nought but this? — but
 this,
 That influent; as within me dwelt
 Her life; mine too within her breast,
 Her brain, her every limb, she felt.
 We sat; while o'er and in us, more
 And more, a power unknown pre-
 vailed,
 Inhaling and inhaled,— and still
 'Twas one, inhaling or inhaled.

Beside me, nought but this; and
 passed —
 I passed; and know not to this day
 If gold or jet her girlish hair —
 If black, or brown, or lucid-gray
 Her eye's young glance. The fickle
 chance
 That joined us yet may join again;
 But I no face again could greet
 As hers, whose life was in me then.

As unsuspecting mere a maid —
 As fresh in maidhood's bloomiest
 bloom —
 In casual second-class did e'er
 By casual youth her seat assume;

Or vestal, say, of saintliest clay,
 For once by balmiest airs betrayed
 Unto emotions too, too sweet
 To be unlingeringly gainsaid.

Unowning then, confusing soon
 With dreamier dreams that o'er
 the glass
 Of shyly ripening woman-sense
 Reflected, scarce reflected, pass —
 A wife may be, a mother, she
 In Hymen's shrine recalls not now
 She first — in hour, ah, not profane! —
 With me to Hymen learnt to bow.

Ah no! — yet owned we, fused in one,
 The power which, e'en in stones
 and earths
 By blind elections felt, in forms
 Organic breeds to myriad births;
 By lichen small on granite wall
 Approved, its faintest, feeblest stir
 Slow-spreading, strengthening long,
 at last
 Vibrated full in me and her.

In me and her — sensation strange!
 The lily grew to pendent head;
 To vernal airs the mossy bank
 Its sheeny primrose spangles spread;
 In roof o'er roof of shade sun-proof
 Did cedar strong itself outclimb;
 And altitude of aloe proud
 Aspire in floral crown sublime;

Flashed flickering forth fantastic
 flies;
 Big bees their burly bodies swung;
 Rooks roused with civic din the elms;
 And lark its wild reveillé rung;
 In Libyan dell the light gazelle,
 The leopard lithe in Indian glade,
 And dolphin, brightening tropic seas,
 In us were living, leapt and played.

Their shells did slow crustacea build;
 Their gilded skins did snakes re-
 new;
 While mightier spines for loftier kind
 Their types in amplest limbs out-
 grew;
 Yea, close compressed in human breast,
 What moss, and tree, and livelier
 thing —

What Earth, Sun, Star, of force pos-
 sest,
 Lay budding, burgeoning forth for
 spring!

Such sweet preluding sense, of old
 Led on in Eden's sinless place
 The hour when bodies human
 first
 Combined the primal, prime em-
 brace;
 Such genial heat the blissful seat
 In man and woman owned un-
 blamed,

When, naked both, its garden paths
 They walked unconscious, un-
 ashamed;

Ere, clouded yet in mightiest dawn,
 Above the horizon dusk and dun,
 One mountain crest with light had
 tipped
 That orb that is the spirit's sun;
 Ere dreamed young flowers in vernal
 showers
 Of fruit to rise the flower above,
 Or ever yet to young Desire
 Was told the mystic name of love.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD- FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light
 Quivering on your lucid wings,
 Cheating still the curious sight
 With a thousand shadowings;
 Various as the tints of even,
 Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
 Reflected on your native streams
 In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
 Harmless warriors, clad in mail
 Of silver breastplate, golden scale; —
 Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
 With peaceful radiance mildly glow-
 ing —

Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
 Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
 Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
 Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
 Were ye born of vital fire?
 Or of the shade of golden flowers,
 Such as we fetch from Eastern bow-
 ers,

To mock this murky clime of ours?
 Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
 Weaving many a mazy dance;
 Seeming still to grow in size
 When ye would elude our eyes —
 Pretty creatures! we might deem
 Ye were happy as ye seem —

As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
 As light, as loving, and as lithe,
 As gladly earnest in your play,
 As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
 There's small sincerity in mirth,
 And laughter oft is but an art
 To drown the outcry of the heart;
 It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
 Your wheelings, dartings, divings,
 rambles,

Your restless roving round and round,
 The circuit of your crystal bound —
 Is but the task of weary pain,
 An endless labor, dull and vain;
 And while your forms are gaily shin-
 ing,

Your little lives are inly pining!
 Nay — but still I fain would dream
 That ye are happy as ye seem.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

YOUTH, thou art fled, — but where
 are all the charms
 Which, though with thee they came,
 and passed with thee,
 Should leave a perfume and sweet
 memory

Of what they have been? All thy
 boons and harms
 Have perished quite. Thy oft-re-
 vered alarms
 Forsake the fluttering echo. Smiles
 and tears
 Die on my cheek, or, petrified with
 years,
 Show the dull woe which no compas-
 sion warms,
 The mirth none shares. Yet could
 a wish, a thought,
 Unravel all the complex web of
 age, —
 Could all the characters that Time
 hath wrought
 Be clean effaced from my memorial
 page
 By one short word, the word I would
 not say; —
 I thank my God because my hairs are
 gray.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its
 close;
 The little birds have almost sung
 their last,
 Their small notes twitter in the
 dreary blast —
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early
 snows; —
 The patient beauty of the scentless
 rose,
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal
 quaintly glassed,
 Hangs a pale mourner for the sum-
 mer past,
 And makes a little summer where it
 grows; —
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief
 day
 The dusky waters shudder as they
 shine;
 The russet leaves obstruct the strag-
 gling way
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks
 define,

And the gaunt woods, in ragged,
 scant array,
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre
 ivy-twine.

NO LIFE VAIN.

LET me not deem that I was made
 in vain,
 Or that my being was an accident,
 Which fate, in working its sublime
 intent,
 Not wished to be, to hinder would
 not deign.
 Each drop uncounted in a storm of
 rain
 Hath its own mission, and is duly
 sent
 To its own leaf or blade, not idly
 spent
 'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless
 main.
 The very shadow of an insect's wing,
 For which the violet cared not while
 it stayed,
 Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
 Proved that the sun was shining by
 its shade:
 Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
 Shadow of living lights, in vain be
 made?

SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me;
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light,
 But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The lovelight in her eye,
 Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[*Passages from The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*]

THE SHIP BECALMED.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER REFRESHED
BY SLEEP AND RAIN.*

O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with
dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was
cold,
My garments all were dank.

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my
limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

THE VOICES OF THE ANGELS.

AROUND, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and
air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

*PENANCE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER,
AND HIS REVERENT TEACHING.*

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale:
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that
door!

The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath
been

Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving
friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been
stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

[*From Christabel.*]

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

ALAS! they had been friends in
youth;
But whispering tongues can poison
truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is
vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pain-
ing —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining.
Like cliffs which had been rent asun-
der
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thun-
der,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath
been.

[*From The Three Graves.*]

BELL AND BROOK.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

[*From Dejection.*]

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark,
and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned
grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no
relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear —
O lady! in this wan and heartless
mood,

To other thoughts by yonder throstle
 wooed,
 All this long eve, so balmy and se-
 rene,
 Have I been gazing on the western
 sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow
 green:
 And still I gaze—and with how
 blank an eye!
 And those thin clouds above, in
 flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the
 stars;
 Those stars, that glide behind them
 or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but
 always seen:
 Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it
 grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of
 blue;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from
 off my breast?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze forever
 On that green light that lingers in
 the west:
 I may not hope from outward forms
 to win
 The passion and the life, whose
 fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live:
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours
 her shroud!
 And would we aught behold, of
 higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world al-
 lowed
 To the poor loveless, ever-anxious
 crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue
 forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth—
 And from the soul itself must there
 be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its
 own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and ele-
 ment!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not
 ask of me

What this strong music in the soul
 may be!

What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair lumi-
 nous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making
 power.

Joy, virtuous lady, — joy that
 ne'er was given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest
 hour,

Life, and life's effluence, cloud at
 once and shower

Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives
 in dower,

A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the
 proud—

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the lumi-
 nous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or
 ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that
 voice,

All colors a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my
 path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with
 distress,

And all misfortunes were but as the
 stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of
 happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the
 twining vine,

And fruits, and foliage, not my own,
 seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to
 earth:

Nor care I that they rob me of my
 mirth,

But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my
 birth,

My shaping spirit of imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs
 must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I
 can;
 And haply by abstruse research to
 steal
 From my own nature all the nat-
 ural man —
 This was my sole resource, my only
 plan:
 Till that which suits a part infects
 the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit
 of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil
 around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream!
 I turn from you, and listen to the
 wind,

Thou actor, perfect in all tragic
 sounds!
 Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy
 bold!

What tell'st thou now about?
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in
 rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with
 smarting wounds —
 At once they groan with pain, and
 shudder with the cold!
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest
 silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing
 crowd,
 With groans, and tremulous shudder-
 ings — all is over —

It tells another tale, with sounds
 less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,
 And tempered with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the ten-
 der lay,

'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath
 lost her way:

And now moans low in bitter grief
 and fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to
 make her mother hear.

*HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE
 VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the
 morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he
 seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran
 Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron at thy
 base

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most aw-
 ful form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of
 pines,

How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial,
 black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou pierc-
 est it,

As with a wedge! But when I look
 again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crys-
 tal shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed
 upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily
 sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: en-
 tranced in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling
 melody,

So sweet, we know not we are listen-
 ing to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending
 with my thought,

Yea, with my life, and life's own se-
 cret joy:

Till the dilating soul, enwapt,
 transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing —
 there

As in her natural form, swelled vast
 to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive
 praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling
 tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy!
 Awake,

Voice of sweet song. Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned among
the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth
to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent
sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising
sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices,
praises God.

—

*LOVE, HOPE AND PATIENCE IN
EDUCATION.*

O'ER wayward childhood would'st
thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy
faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these
must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first
keep school,

.

O part them never! If hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof
derive
From her own life that Hope is yet
alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing
eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother
dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and
half-supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what
Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary
day
When overtaken at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the
load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's
strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience,
nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work
of both.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze, mid blossoms stray-
ing,
Where hope clung fading, like a
bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful
when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and
Then!
This breathing house not built with
hands,
This body that does me grievous
wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of
yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or
weather
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-
like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower
like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old.
Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer
here!
O Youth! for years so many and
sweet,
'Tis known, that thou and I were
one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put
on,
To make believe, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine
eyes!

Life is but thought: so think I
will
That Youth and I are house-mates
still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss.
Yet hath outstayed his welcome
while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

How seldom, friend! a good great
man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth
and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land
of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he
merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend! renounce
this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good
great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of corses which his sword
hath slain? —
Greatness and goodness are not
means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always
friends,
The good great man? — three treas-
ures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as in-
fant's breath; —
And three firm friends, more sure
than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel
Death.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all de-
lights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the
scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest
grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely
knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-
woods,
Nor rested day nor night:

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome
shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
death
The lady of the land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his
knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle
hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued.
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin
shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped
aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked
up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was
calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER.

OFF LABRADOR.

THE storm-wind moans through
branches bare;
The snow flies wildly through the air;
The mad waves roar, as fierce and
high [sky.
They toss their crests against the

All dark and desolate lies the sand
Along the wastes of a barren
land;
And rushing on, with sheets flung
free,
A ship sails down from the north-
ern sea.

With lips pressed hard the helms-
man stands,
Grasping the spokes with freezing
hands,
While white the reef lies in his path,
Swept by an ocean full of wrath.

The surf-roar in the blast is lost,
The foam-flakes by the wild wind tost
High up in air, no warning show,
Hid by the driving mass of snow.

With sudden bound and sullen grate,
The brave ship rushes to her fate,
And splintered deck and broken
mast
Make homage to the roaring blast.

Amid the waves, float riven plank,
And rope and sail with moisture dank;
And faces gleaming stern and
white
Shine dimly in the storm-filled
night.

By some bright river far away,
Fond hearts are wondering where
they stay
Who sleep along the wave-washed
shore
And stormy reefs of Labrador.

AN OCTOBER PICTURE.

THE purple grapes hang ready for the
kiss
Of red lips sweeter than their wine;
And 'mid the turning leaves they
soon will miss,
The crimson apples shine.
Lazily through the soft and sunlit air
The great hawks fly, and give no
heed
To the sweet songsters, that toward
the fair,
Far lands of summer speed.

Along the hills wild asters bend to
greet
The roadside's wealth of golden-rod;
And by the fences the bright su-
machs meet
The morning light of God.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds
drift o'er
The hillsides, clad in opal haze,
Where gorgeous butterflies seek the
rich store
Of flower-sprent summer days.

All clad in dusted gold, the tall elms
stand
Just in the edges of the wood;
And near, the chestnut sentinels the
land,
And shows its russet hood.

The maple flaunts its scarlet banners
where
The marsh lies clad in shining mist;
The mountain oak shows, in the
clear, bright air,
Its crown of amethyst.

Where, like a silver line, the spark-
ling stream
Flows murmuring through the
meadows brown,
Amid the radiance, seeming a sad
dream,
A sailless boat floats down.

COMPLETE.

LIKE morning blooms that meet the
sun
With all the fragrant freshness won
From night's repose, and kiss of dew
Which the bright radiance glistens
through,
Such is the sweetness of thy lips,
Where love its sacred tribute sips:
Such is the glory of thine eyes,
Rich with the soul's unsaid replies.

The snow that crowns the mountain
height, [white;
Through countless years of gleaming
The creamy blooms of orchard trees,
Full of the melody of bees;
The cool, fresh sweetness of the sea;
All have a charm possessed by thee:
But each of these has one alone,
Whilst thou canst call them all thine
own.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

No; I shall pass into the Morning
Land
As now from sleep into the life of
morn;
Live the new life of the new world,
unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing
hand;
See the dense darkness suddenly
withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes dis-
cerned the dawn.

I shall behold it; I shall see the
utter
Glory of sunrise heretofore un-
seen,
Freshening the woodland ways with
brighter green,
And calling into life all wings that
flutter,
All throats of music and all eyes of
light,
And driving o'er the verge the in-
tolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far
days!
No more with dreams of grief doth
love grow bitter, [glitter
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
A moment — death's dull sleep is
o'er; and we
Drink the immortal morning air
Eärine.

LAST VERSES.

I HAVE been sitting alone
All day while the clouds went by,
While moved the strength of the
seas,
While a wind with a will of his own,
A poet out of the sky,
Smote the green harp of the trees.
Alone, yet not alone,
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,
As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father half-known,
Who dwells at the heart of the world,
Yet who is always here.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweet-
ly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the
powers of song!
Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art.
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and
trailing pall;

But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee
I call!

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms in-
fuse!

The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their or-
dered hues.

Though taste, though genius, bless,
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire
the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the
meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn
my tale.

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to
rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their
clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ON TRUE AND FALSE TASTE IN MUSIC.

DISCARD soft nonsense in a slavish
tongue,
The strain insipid, and the thought
unknown;
From truth and nature form the un-
erring test;
Be what is manly, chaste, and good
the best!
'Tis not to ape the songsters of the
groves,
Through all the quivers of their wan-
ton loves;

'Tis not the enfeebled thrill, or war-
bled shake,
The heart can strengthen, or the soul
awake!
But where the force of energy is
found,
When the sense rises on the wings of
sound;
When reason, with the charms of
music twined,
Through the enraptured ear informs
the mind;
Bids generous love or soft compassion
glow,
And forms a tuneful Paradise below!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were
fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of
sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive
power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had
made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret
stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the
strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief be-
 guiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas
 wild!

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at dis-
 tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
 long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the
 vale,

She called on Echo still, through all
 the song;

And where her sweetest theme she
 chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard
 at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and
 waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with
 a frown.

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword, in
 thunder, down;

And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full
 of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious
 heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary
 pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered
 mien,

While each strained ball of sight
 seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought
 were fixed;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song
 was mixed;

And now it courted Love, now rav-
 ing called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sate retired;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more
 sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks
 around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the nin-
 gled measures stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of Peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its spright-
 lier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of
 healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and
 Dryad known!

The oak-crowned Sisters, and their
 chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys
 green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his
 beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing.

First to the lively pipe his hand
 addrest;

But soon he saw the br'ik awakening
 viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he
 loved the best;

They would have thought who heard
 the strain

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her
 native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the
 strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
 Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard;
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
 O bid our vain endeavors cease;
 Revive the just designs of Greece:
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

—
ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales;
 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star, arising shows
 His paly circlet,—at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes
 her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
 Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers
as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses,
meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap
with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troub-
lous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,
smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

[The scene is supposed to lie on the
Thames, near Richmond.]

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
Where slowly winds the stealing
wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous
rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow
bleeds,
May love through life the soothing
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger
here,
And while its sounds at distance
swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's
knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the
shore
When Thames in summer wreaths
is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening
spire
And 'mid the varied landscape
weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly
bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding
sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless
eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glim-
mering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen
tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now at-
tend,
Now waft me from the green hill's
side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried
friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn
view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early
doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall
dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed
clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"O vales and wild woods!" shall he
say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

Not an ear shall escape my binding
hold,
On the furrowed field or jolting
road.
Oh! the hempseed hath a fair place
to fill,
With the harvest band on the corn-
crowned hill.

.

AFTER A MOTHER'S DEATH.

THEY told me in my earlier years,
Life was a dark and tangled web;
A gloomy sea of bitter tears,
Where Sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,
My laugh rang out with joyous tone;
The woof possessed one brilliant
thread
Of rainbow colors, all my own.

I boasted — till a mother's grave
Was heaped and sodded — then I
found
The sunshine stricken from the wave,
And all the golden thread unwound.

Preach on who will — say "Life is
sad,"
I'll not refute as once I did;
You'll find the eye that beamed so
glad,
Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been
I'd praise the world with shadeless
brow:
The dream is broken — I have seen
A mother die: — I'm silent now.

GANGING TO AND GANGING FRAE.

NAE star was glintin out aboon,
The cluds were dark and hid the
moon;
The whistling gale was in my teeth,
And round me was the deep snaw
wreath;

But on I went the dreary mile,
And sung right cantie a' the while
I gae my plaid a closer fauld;
My hand was warm, my heart was
bauld,
I didna heed the storm and cauld,
While ganging *to* my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,
It seemed a sad and waefu' track;
The brae and glen were lone and lang;
I didna sing my cantie sang;
I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
And couldna face the wind at a'.
Oh, sic a change! how could it be?
I ken fu' well, and sae may ye —
The sunshine had been gloom to me
While ganging *frae* my Katie.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

FAREWELL, old friend, — we part at
last;
Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are
past,
And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,
My old straw hat must vanish too.
We've been together many an hour,
In grassy dell and garden bower;
And plait and riband, scorched and
torn,
Proclaim how well thou hast been
worn.
We've had a time, gay, bright, and
long;
So let me sing a grateful song, —
And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,
My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings
Are worth a thousand close-tied
things.
I love thy easy-fitting crown,
Thrust lightly back, or slouching
down.
I cannot brook a muffled ear,
When lark and blackbird whistle
near;
And dearly like to meet and seek
The fresh wind with unguarded
cheek.

Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no
harm;
Flung on the moss, thou'lt lose no
charm;
Like many a real friend on earth,
Rough usage only proves thy worth,
My old straw hat.
Farewell, old friend, thy work is done;
The misty clouds shut out the sun;
The grapes are plucked, the hops are
off,
The woods are stark, and I must doff
My old straw hat — but “bide a
wee,”
Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see
Skies full as fair as those of yore,
And then we'll wander forth once
more.
Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,
And violets stud the warm hedgerow;
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain —
Farewell, till springdays come again —
My old straw hat.

SONG OF THE UGLY MAIDEN.

OH! the world gives little of love or
light,
Though my spirit pants for much;
For I have no beauty for the sight,
No riches for the touch.
I hear men sing o'er the flowing cup
Of woman's magic spell;
And vows of zeal they offer up,
And eloquent tales they tell.
They bravely swear to guard the fair
With strong protecting arms;

But will they worship woman's worth
Unblent with woman's charms?
No! ah, no! 'tis little they prize
Crook-backed forms and rayless eyes.

Oh! 'tis a saddening thing to be
A poor and ugly one;
In the sand Time puts in his glass
for me,
Few golden atoms run.
For my drawn lids bear no shadowing
fringe;
My locks are thin and dry;
My teeth wear not the rich pearl tinge,
Nor my lips the henna dye.
I know full well I have nought of
grace
That maketh woman “divine;”
The wooer's praise and doting gaze
Have never yet been mine.
Where'er I go all eyes will shun
The loveless mien of the ugly one.

Would that I had passed away
Ere I knew that I was born;
For I stand in the blessed light of day
Like a weed among the corn, —
The black rock in the wide blue sea, —
The snake in the jungle green:
Oh! who will stay in the fearful way
Where such ugly things are seen?
Yet mine is the fate of lonelier state
Than that of the snake or rock;
For those who behold me in their
path
Not only shun, but mock.
O Ugliness! thy desolate pain
Had served to set the stamp on Cain!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain —
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told —
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under —
 Alas, the day!

And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep;
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep.
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and
 go,
 A thousand years of night and day;
 And man, through all their changing
 show,
 His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
 Cheated by passion or despair,
 Still shall he waste life's trembling
 hour,
 In worship vain, and useless
 prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in
 night,
 Who fired the temple and the
 shrine,
 And hurled, through earth's chaotic
 night,
 The helpless gods it deemed di-
 vine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!
 What idol, in its stainless prime,
 But falls, untouched of axe or fire,
 Before the steady eyes of Time?

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,
 The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
 With decent hands we spread the
 pall,
 And cold, with wisdom, glide away.

O, where were courage, faith, and
 truth,
 If man went wandering all his day
 In golden clouds of love and youth,
 Nor knew that both his steps be-
 tray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and
 wait,
 Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!
 No death can further desolate
 The soul that knows its god was
 dust.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest!
 Blossoming, alone,
 When Earth's grief is sorest
 For her jewels gone —
 Ere the last snow-drift melts, your
 tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
 Like the morning sky,
 Or, more pale and saintly,
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie —
 Even as children sleep in faith's sim-
 plicity.

There the wild wood-robin,
 Hymns your solitude;

And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but
dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew —
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gath-
ered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart;
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as
makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my
lost childhood played.

—
THEN.

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for, in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit, or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear;
And tenderer thoughts than ever
hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth un-
told,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than
late;
When from these mortal mists with-
drawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can
wait.

—
INA D. COOLBRITH.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover
bed —

There are none of you glad as I.
The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;

And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossom-
ing mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim.
That the lips of the blossoms, more
pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
 O skylark, sing in the blue:
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King
 may hear,
 And my soul shall sing with you!

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

So fair the sun rose yestermorn,
 The mountain cliffs adorning;
 The golden tassels of the corn
 Danced in the breath of morning;
 The cool, clear stream that runs be-
 fore,
 Such happy words was saying,

And in the open cottage door
 My pretty babe was playing.
 Aslant the sill a sunbeam lay:
 I laughed in careless pleasure,
 To see his little hand essay
 To grasp the shining treasure.

To-day no shafts of golden flame
 Across the sill are lying;
 To-day I call my baby's name,
 And hear no lisped replying;
 To-day — ah, baby mine, to-day —
 God holds thee in his keeping!
 And yet I weep, as one pale ray
 Breaks in upon thy sleeping —
 I weep to see its shining bands
 Reach, with a fond endeavor,
 To where the little restless hands
 Are crossed in rest forever!

CHARLES COTTON.

[*From Retirement.*]

IN THE QUIET OF NATURE.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and
 may
 We never meet again;
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and
 pray, [day,
 And do more good in one short
 Than he who his whole age out-
 wears
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vanity and vice
 appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things
 here!

How beautiful the fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,
 Is all our business, all our recreation!

Dear solitude, the soul's best
 friend,
 That man acquainted with himself
 dost make,

And all his Maker's wonders to in-
 tend,
 With thee I here converse at
 will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the
 soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, and offending
 none!
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's
 own ease;
 And, pleasing a man's self, none
 other to displease.

.

CONTENTATION.

I CAN go nowhere but I meet
 With malcontents and mutineers,
 As if in life was nothing sweet,
 And we must blessings reap in
 tears.

.

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves
ensnare:

The great are proud of borrowed
spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The drudge who would all get, all
save,
Like a brute beast, both feeds and
lies;

Prone to the earth, he digs his
grave,
And in the very labor dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves
himself
With what would thousand others
feed.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Tricked up in favors of the fair,
Mirrors, with every breath made
dim, [snare.
Birds, caught in every wanton

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does oftener far than serve, en-
slave;
And with the magic of a kiss [save.
Destroys whom she was made to

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to
things,—

Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is
health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas! our time is here so short
That in what state soe'er t is
spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 't is
odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most se-
cure.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means
may lie [high.
Too low for envy, for contempt too
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill
known:
Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but
when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice,
of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain
the light,
And sleep as undisturbed as death,
the night.
My house a cottage more

Than palace; and should sitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and
pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine
field.

Thus would I double my life's fading
space;
For he that runs it well twice runs
his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy
state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams dis-
play,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived
to-day.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts
the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back or stay it
there,
That way it went; but thou shalt
find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond arch-
er, thou!
Of all the time thou'st shot
away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Beside repentance, what canst
find
That it hath left behind?

But his past life, who without grief
can see,
Who never thinks his end too
near,

But says to Fame, Thou art
mine heir,—
That man extends life's natural
brevity:
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

[From Reason.]

REASON AN AID TO REVELATION.

THOUGH Reason cannot through
Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such there be,
Leads to heaven's door, and then
does humbly keep,
And then through chinks and key-
holes peep.
Though it, like Moses, by a sad com-
mand
Must not come into the Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descried.

[From Friendship in Absence.]

DISTANCE NO BARRIER TO THE SOUL.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts
us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?
Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not
stay
Content with dreams,—but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half
the way.

'T were an ill world, I'll swear, for
every friend,
If distance could their union end:
But love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space,
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's forever, everywhere, his
place.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*LIGHT SHINING OUT OF
DARKNESS.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter.
And He will make it plain.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled; farewell to
the shade,
And the whispering sound of the
cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer and sing in
the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image
receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I
first took a view
Of my favorite field, and the bank
where they grew;

And now in the grass behold they
are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once
lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another re-
treat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen
from the heat,
And the scene where his melody
charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing
ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting
away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as
they,
With a turf on my breast, and a
stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in
its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any-
thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures
of man;
Though his life be a dream, his en-
joyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than
he.

[From *The Task*.]

*APOSTROPHE TO POPULAR
APPLAUSE.*

O POPULAR applause! what heart
of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing
charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent
need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest
gales;
But swelled into a gust — who then,
alas!

With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
 Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
 And craving poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the smutched artificer,
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more
 Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,
 In language soft as adoration breathes?
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still;
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too;
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

[From *The Task*.]

THE FREEDOM OF THE GOOD.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes confederate for his harm
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers.
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good

In senseless riot; but ye will not find
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
 A liberty like his, who unimpeached
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours, than you.
 He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
 Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury can cripple or confine.
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
 His body bound, but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

[From *The Task*.]

THE WINTER'S EVENING.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on
each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who with shin-
ing face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and,
squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through
both his sides,
Outcolds the ranting actor on the
stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his
feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon
the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and
smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticize; that
holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which
the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear
to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes
of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the
stir
(Of the great Babel, and not feel the
crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through
all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying
sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured
ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at
ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem
advanced
To some secure and more than mortal
height,
That liberates and exempts me from
them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns
round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound
of war

Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn
the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf
to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen
throats,
By which he speaks the language of
his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the
sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from
land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he
gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep
research
At his return,—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his
deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his
peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred
heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his es-
capes;
While fancy, like the finger of a
clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at
home.
O winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like
ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips,
thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with
other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead
wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and
thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slip-
pery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou
seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou
hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning
east,

Shortening his journey between morn
 and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his
 stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly
 still
 Compensating his loss with added
 hours
 Of social converse and instructive
 ease,
 And gathering at short notice, in one
 group
 The family dispersed, and fixing
 thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and
 its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate de-
 lights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn hap-
 piness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly
 roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the
 hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before
 these gates;
 No powdered pert proficient in the
 art
 Of sounding an alarm assaults these
 doors
 Till the street rings; no stationary
 steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heed-
 less of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and
 quake:
 But here the needle plies its busy
 task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted
 flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy
 lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,
 and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dis-
 posed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
 A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow-
 ers, that blow
 With most success when all besides
 decay.
 The poet's or historian's page by
 one

Made vocal for the amusement of the
 rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of
 sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling
 chord shakes out;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet
 distinct,
 And in the charming strife trium-
 phant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener
 edge
 On female industry: the threaded
 steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-
 ceeds.

[From The Task.]

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of
 friends,
 (Though graced with polished man-
 ners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a
 worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the
 snail
 That crawls at evening in the public
 path;
 But he that has humanity, fore-
 warned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile
 live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to
 the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom,
 that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the
 alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so when, held within their proper
 bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range
 the air
 Or take their pastime in the spacious
 field.
 There they are privileged; and he
 that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a
 wrong.
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's
 realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed
 them an abode.
 The sum is this: If man's conven-
 ience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and
 claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish
 theirs.
 Else they are all — the meanest things
 that are —
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the
 first.
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made
 them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach
 your sons
 To love it too.

[From *The Task*.]

THE POST-BOY.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er
 yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needless
 length
 Bestrides the wintry flood; in which
 the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected
 bright: —
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist,
 and frozen locks,
 News from all nations lumbering at
 his back.
 True to his task, the close-packed
 load behind.
 Yet careless what he brings, his one
 concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn:
 And having dropped the expected
 bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted
 wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of
 grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to
 some; [joy.
 To him indifferent whether grief or

[From *Retirement*.]

*THE SOUL'S PROGRESS CHECKED
 BY TOO ABSORBING LOVE.*

As woodbine weds the plant within
 her reach,
 Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash,
 or glossy beech,
 In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and
 lays
 Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
 But does a mischief while she lends
 a grace,
 Straitening its growth by such a strict
 embrace,
 So love that clings around the noblest
 minds,
 Forbids the advancement of the soul
 he binds.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man.
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth.
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of
 youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!

More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going
bell,

These valleys and rocks never
heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath ap-
peared.

Ye winds that have made me your
sport,

Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then
send

A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its
flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of
light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;—
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;—
'Twas my distress that brought thee
low,

My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's
part,
And all thy threads with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this
heart,

My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream:
Yet me they charm, whate'er the
theme,

My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I
see?

The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign:
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limb thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest,
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with
ill,

In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe!
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

GEORGE CRABBE.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

THE PERILS OF GENIUS.

GENIUS! thou gift of Heaven! thou
 light divine!
 Amid what dangers art thou doomed
 to shine!
 Oft will the body's weakness check
 thy force,
 Oft damp thy vigor, and impede thy
 course;
 And trembling nerves compel thee to
 restrain
 Thy nobler efforts, to contend with
 pain:
 Or Want (sad guest!) will in thy pres-
 ence come,
 And breathe around her melancholy
 gloom:
 To life's low cares will thy proud
 thought confine,
 And make her sufferings, her impa-
 tience thine.
 Evil and strong, seducing passions
 prey
 On soaring minds, and win them from
 their way,
 Who then to Vice the subject spirits
 give, [live:
 And in the service of the conqueror
 Like captive Samson making sport
 for all,
 Who feared their strength, and glo-
 ry in their fall.
 Genius, with virtue, still may lack
 the aid
 Implored by humble minds, and
 hearts afraid:
 May leave to timid souls the shield
 and sword
 Of the tried Faith and the resistless
 Word;
 Amid a world of dangers venturing
 forth,
 Frail, but yet fearless, proud in con-
 scious worth,
 Till strong temptation, in some fatal
 time,
 Assails the heart, and wins the soul
 to crime;

When left by honor, and by sorrow
 spent,
 Unused to pray, unable to repent,
 The nobler powers that once exalted
 high
 Th' aspiring man shall then degra-
 ded
 lie:
 Reason, through anguish, shall h
 throne forsake,
 And strength of mind but stronger
 madness make.

[From *Edward Shore*.]SLEEP THE DETRATOR OF
BEAUTY.

WE indeed have heard
 Of sleeping beauty, and it has ap-
 peared:
 'Tis seen in infants — there indeed
 we find,
 The features softened by the slum-
 bering mind;
 But other beauties, when disposed to
 sleep,
 Should from the eye of keen inspec-
 tor keep:
 The lovely nymph who would her
 swain surprise,
 May close her mouth, but not conceal
 her eyes;
 Sleep from the fairest face some
 beauty takes,
 And all the homely features homelier
 makes.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

THE VACILLATING PURPOSE.

WHO often reads will sometimes wish
 to write,
 And Shore would yield instruction
 and delight;
 A serious drama he designed, but
 found
 'T was tedious travelling in that
 gloomy ground;

A deep and solemn story he would try,
 But grew ashamed of ghosts, and laid it by;
 Sermons he wrote, but they who knew his creed,
 Or knew it not, were ill disposed to read;
 And he would lastly be the nation's guide,
 But, studying, failed to fix upon a side;
 Fame he desired, and talents he possessed,
 But loved not labor, though he could not rest,
 Nor firmly fix the vacillating mind,
 That, ever working, could no centre find.

[*From Schools.*]

THE TEACHER.

HE, while his troop light-hearted leap and play,
 Is all intent on duties of the day;
 No more the tyrant stern or judge severe,
 He feels the father's and the husband's fear.

Ah! little think the timid, trembling crowd,
 That one so wise, so powerful, and so proud,
 Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills
 Of rent-day charges and of coalmen's bills;
 That while they mercy from their judge implore,
 He fears himself — a knocking at the door:

And feels the burden as his neighbor states
 His humble portion to the parish-rates.

They sit the allotted hours, then eager run,
 Rushing to pleasure when the duty's done;
 His hour of pleasure is of different kind,

Then cares domestic rush upon his mind,
 And half the ease and comfort he enjoys,
 Is when surrounded by slates, books, and boys.

[*From Schools.*]

LEARNING IS LABOR.

To learning's second seats we now proceed,
 Where humming students gilded primers read;
 Or books with letters large and pictures gay,
 To make their reading but a kind of play —
 "Reading made Easy," so the titles tell:
 But they who read must first begin to spell;
 There may be profit in these arts, but still,
 Learning is labor, call it what you will;
 Upon the youthful mind a heavy load,
 Nor must we hope to find the royal road.
 Some will their easy steps to science show,
 And some to heaven itself their by-way know;
 Ah! trust them not, — who fame or bliss would share,
 Must learn by labor, and must live by care.

[*From the Gentleman Farmer.*]

FOLLY OF LITIGATION.

WHO would by law regain his plundered store,
 Would pick up fallen mercury from the floor;
 If he pursue it, here and there it slides,
 He would collect it, but it more divides;

This part and this he stops, but still
in vain,
It slips aside, and breaks in parts
again;
Till, after time and pains, and care
and cost,
He finds his labor and his object lost.

[From *The Gentleman Farmer.*]

AGAINST RASH OPINIONS.

WHEN men in health against phy-
sicians rail,
They should consider that their
nerves may fail,
Who calls a lawyer rogue, may find,
too late,
On one of these depends his whole
estate:
Nay, when the world can nothing
more produce,
The priest, the insulted priest, may
have his use;
Ease, health, and comfort lift a man
so high,
These powers are dwarfs that he can
scarcely spy:
Pain, sickness, languor, keep a man
so low,
That these neglected dwarfs to giants
grow:
Happy is he who through the medium
sees
Of clear good sense.

.

[From *The Parish Register.*]

THE AWFUL VACANCY.

ARRIVED at home, how then they
gazed around,
In every place, — where she — no
more was found; —
The seat at table she was wont to fill:
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant
still:
The garden-walks, a labor all her own:
The latticed bower, with trailing
shrubs o'ergrown;

The Sunday pew she filled with all
her race, —
Each place of hers was now a sacred
place,
That, while it called up sorrows in
the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them
still to rise.

O sacred Sorrow! by whom souls
are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to
guide;
If thou art mine, (and who shall
proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his
share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs
were sent,
And be my guide and not my punish-
ment!

[From *The Dumb Orators.*]

MAN'S DISLIKE TO BE LED.

MAN will not follow where a rule is
shown,
But loves to take a method of his
own;
Explain the way with all your care
and skill,
This will he quit, if but to prove he
will.

[From *The Village.*]

APOSTROPHE TO THE WHIMSICAL.

SAY, ye opprest by some fantastic
woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your
repose;
Who press the downy couch while
slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant
glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doc-
tor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new
disease;

Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

[From Prisons.]

*THE CONDEMNED; HIS DREAM
AND ITS AWAKENING.*

STILL I behold him, every thought employed
On one dire view!—all others are destroyed;
This makes his features ghastly, gives the tone
Of his few words resemblance to a groan;
He takes his tasteless food, and when 't is done,
Counts up his meals, now lessened by that one;
For expectation is on time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,
And loudly cries, "Not guilty," and awakes;
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,

While he in fancied envy looks at them:

He seems the place for that sad act to see,

And dreams the very thirst which then will be:

A priest attends—it seems, the one he knew

In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight,

He sees his native village with delight:

The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed

His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;

Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home,

The days of joy: the joys themselves are come;—

The hours of innocence;—the timid look

Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,

And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,

Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.

All now is present;—'tis a moment's gleam

Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!

Let him within his pleasant garden walk,

Give him her arm; of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while

Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile:

Then come his sister, and his village-friend,

And he will now the sweetest moments spend

Life has to yield;—No! never will he find

Again on earth such pleasures in his mind:

He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,

Love in their looks and honor on their tongue:

Nay, there's a charm beyond what
 nature shows,
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly
 glows;—
 Pierced by no crime, and urged by
 no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts
 require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus
 proceed,
 Through the green lane,—then linger
 in the mead,—
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple
 bloom,—
 And pluck the blossoms where the
 wild bees hum;
 Then through the broomy bound with
 ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheepwalk's
 slender grass
 Where dwarfish flowers among the
 gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's
 bed;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they
 make their way
 O'er its rough bridge and there behold
 the bay!—
 The ocean smiling to the fervid
 sun—
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly
 run—
 The ships at distance and the boats
 at hand;
 And now they walk upon the sea-
 side sand,
 Counting the number and what kind
 they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they
 behold
 The glittering waters on the shingles
 rolled:
 The timid girls, half dreading their
 design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded
 brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which
 spreading flow,
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below:
 With all those bright red pebbles,
 that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly
 shines upon;

And those live lucid jellies which the
 eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glittering by:
 Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they
 admire,
 And will arrange above the parlor
 fire,—
 Tokens of bliss!—“Oh! horrible! a
 wave
 Roars as it rises—save me, Edward!
 save!”
 She cries:—Alas! the watchman on
 his way
 Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and
 the day!

[From *The Lover's Journey*.]

EXTERNAL IMPRESSIONS DEPENDENT ON THE SOUL'S MOODS.

It is the Soul that sees: the outward eyes
 Present the object, but the Mind describes;
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool
 indifference rise:
 When minds are joyful, then we look
 around,
 And what is seen is all on fairy
 ground;
 Again they sicken, and on every view
 Cast their own dull and melancholy
 hue;
 Or, if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
 The vacant eye on viewless matter
 glares,
 Our feelings still upon our views attend,
 And their own natures to the objects
 lend; [sure,
 Sorrow and joy are in their influence
 Long as the passion reigns th' effects
 endure:
 But Love in minds his various changes
 makes,
 And clothes each object with the
 change he takes;
 His light and shade on every view
 he throws,
 And on each object, what he feels,
 bestows.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

LIFE.

MINUTELY trace man's life: year
after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds
appear,
And then, though some may in that
life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden
change:
The links that bind those various
deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left be-
tween.

But let these binding links be all
destroyed,
All that through years he suffered or
enjoyed:
Let that vast gap be made, and then
behold —
This was the youth, and he is thus
when old;
Then we at once the work of time
survey,
And in an instant see a life's decay;
Pain mixed with pity in our bosoms
rise,
And sorrow takes new sadness from
surprise.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

FRIENDSHIP IN AGE AND SORROW.

BENEATH yon tree, observe an an-
cient pair —
A sleeping man; a woman in her
chair,
Watching his looks with kind and
pensive air;
Nor wife, nor sister she, nor is the
name
Nor kindred of this friendly pair the
same;
Yet so allied are they, that few can
feel
Her constant, warm, unwearied, anx-
ious zeal;
Their years and woes, although they
long have loved,
Keep their good name and conduct
unreproved;

Thus life's small comforts they to-
gether share,
And while life lingers, for the grave
prepare,
No other subjects on their spirits
press,
Nor gain such interest as the past dis-
tress;
Grievous events, that from the mem-
ory drive
Life's common cares, and those alone
survive,
Mix with each thought, in every ac-
tion share,
Darken each dream, and blend with
every prayer.

[From *The Library.*]

CONTROVERSIALISTS.

AGAINST her foes Religion well de-
fends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her
friends;
If learned, their pride, if weak, their
zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness who have
soundest heads:
But most she fears the controversial
pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men;
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page
explore,
Only to fight against its precepts
more.

[From *The Library.*]

TO CRITICS.

FOES to our race! if ever ye have
known
A father's fears for offspring of your
own;
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment di-
vine,
Then paused and doubted, and then
tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza
out; —

If, after fearing much and pausing
 long,
 Ye ventured on the world your la-
 bored song,
 And from the crusty critics of those
 days
 Implored the feeble tribute of their
 praise,
 Remember now the fears that moved
 you then,
 And, spite of truth, let mercy guide
 your pen.

[From The Library.]

PHILOSOPHY.

How vice and virtue in the soul
 contend;
 How widely differ, yet how nearly
 blend;
 What various passions war on either
 part,
 And now confirm, now melt the
 yielding heart:
 How Fancy loves around the world
 to stray,
 While Judgment slowly picks his
 sober way;
 The stores of memory, and the
 flights sublime
 Of genius bound by neither space nor
 time;—
 All these divine Philosophy explores,
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and
 adores.

[From The Library.]

THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

CARE lives with all; no rules, no
 precepts save
 The wise from woe, no fortitude the
 brave;
 Grief is to man as certain as the
 grave:
 Tempests and storms in life's whole
 progress rise,

And hope shines dimly through o'er-
 clouded skies;
 Some drops of comfort on the favored
 fall,
 But showers of sorrow are the lot of
 all:
 Partial to talents, then, shall Heaven
 withdraw
 Th' afflicting rod, or break the general
 law?
 Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier
 views,
 Life's little cares and little pains re-
 fuse?
 Shall he not rather feel a double share
 Of mortal woe, when doubly armed
 to bear?

[From The Library.]

UNION OF FAITH AND REASON NECESSARY.

WHEN first Religion came to bless
 the land,
 Her friends were then a firm believ-
 ing band,
 To doubt was then to plunge in guilt
 extreme,
 And all was gospel that a monk could
 dream;
 Insulted Reason fled the grovelling
 soul,
 For Fear to guide, and visions to con-
 trol;
 But now, when Reason has assumed
 her throne,
 She, in her turn, demands to reign
 alone;
 Rejecting all that lies beyond her
 view,
 And, being judge, will be a witness
 too:
 Insulted Faith then leaves the doubt-
 ful mind,
 To seek the truth, without a power to
 find:
 Ah! when will both in friendly beams
 unite,
 And pour on erring man resistless
 light?

[From *The Library.*]

BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic
can dispose
The troubled mind to change its na-
tive woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to
see
Others more wretched, more undone
than we?
This BOOKS can do;—nor this alone;
they give
New views to life, and teach us how
to live;

They soothe the grieved, the stub-
born they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm
the wise;
Their aid they yield to all; they never
shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch
undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the
proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppli-
ant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various
things,
But show to subjects what they show
to kings.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

OH, the green things growing, the
green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green
things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile
or grieve.
Just to watch the happy life of my
green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering
of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when
none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird
moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the
cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green
things growing!
And I think that they love me, with-
out false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they
comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green
things growing.

And in the rich store of their blos-
soms glowing
Ten for one I take they're on me be-
stowing:
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will
it may be,
Many, many a summer of my green
things growing!

But if I must be gathered for the an-
gels' sowing,
Sleep out of sight awhile, like the
green things growing,
Though dust to dust return, I think
I'll scarcely mourn,
If I may change into green things
growing.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

“Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;

Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace;"

So pray we oftentimes, mourning
 our lot
 God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address
 Aye for His praise;
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking His ways;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath, nor fears;"

So pray we afterwards, low on our
 knees;
 Pardon those erring prayers! Father,
 hear these!

PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my
 beauty!

Mine, all mine, and for love, not
 duty:

Love given willingly, full and free,
 Love for love's sake,—as mine to
 thee.

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
 But Love, the master, goes in and out
 Of his goodly chambers with song
 and shout,
 Just as he please,—just as he
 please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown,
 brown-golden,
 To the silken foot that's scarce be-
 holden;

Give to a few friends hand or smile,
 Like a generous lady, now and
 awhile,

But the sanctuary heart, that none
 dare win,
 Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
 The crowd in the aisles may watch
 the door,
 The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or
 terrors,
 With all thy goodnesses, all thy
 errors,

Unto me and to me alone revealed,
 "A spring shut up, a fountain
 sealed."

Many may praise thee,—praise
 mine as thine,
 Many may love thee,—I'll love them
 too;

But thy heart of hearts, pure, faith-
 ful, and true,
 Must be mine, mine wholly, and
 only mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that
 Thou hast given
 Something all mine on this side
 heaven:

Something as much myself to be
 As this my soul which I lift to Thee:
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;
 Life of my life, whom Thou dost
 make

Two to the world for the world's
 work's sake,—

But each unto each, as in Thy
 sight, one.

PHILIP, MY KING.

LOOK at me with thy large brown
 eyes,

Philip, my king,
 Round whom the enshadowing pur-
 ple lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities;
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden
 I am thine Esther to command
 Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-
 maiden,

Philip, my king.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-woo-
 ing,

Philip, my king!
 When those beautiful lips are suing,
 And some gentle heart's bars undoing
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and
 there

Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah! we love so
 blindly,

Philip, my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth,—up to
thy brow,

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping
now

May rise like a giant and make men
bow

As to one heaven-chosen amongst
his peers:

My Saul, than thy brethren taller
and fairer

Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king.

—A wreath not of gold, but palm.

One day,

Philip, my king,

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a
way

Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:
Rebels within thee and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But march
on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch; till angels
shout [victorious,

As thou sit'st at the feet of God
“Philip, the king!”

TOO LATE.

COULD you come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,

In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving,

Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve
you,

I'd smile on you sweet as the angels
do;—

Sweet as your smile on me shone
ever.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words
were few,

Do you know the truth now up in
heaven,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:

Now all men beside seem to me like
shadows,—

I love *you*, Douglas, tender and
true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-
las, Douglas,

Drop forgiveness from heaven like
dew;

As I lay my heart on your dead
heart, Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

RESIGNING.

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty gar-
lands by

So piteously, yet with a humble
mind;

Sailors, who, when their ship rocks
in the wind,

Cast out her freight with half-averted
eye,

Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the
wished-for shore;—

Thus we, O Father, standing Thee
before,

Do lay down at Thy feet without a
sigh

Each after each our precious things
and rare,

Our dear heart-jewels and our gar-
lands fair.

Perhaps Thou knewest that the flow-
ers would die,

And the long-voyaged hoards be
found but dust:

So took'st them, while unchanged.
To Thee we trust

For incorruptible treasure: Thou art
just.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look at his pretty face for just one
minute!

His braided frock and dainty but-
toned shoes;

His firm-shut hand, the favorite
plaything in it,—

Then tell me, mothers, was't not
hard to lose

And miss him from my side,—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and
charming, |delight,

His father's hope, his mother's one
Slips through strange sicknesses, all
fear disarming,

And lives a long, long life in par-
ents' sight!

Mine was so short a pride!

And then,— my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden
charger;

I hear him pattering through the
house all day;

I watch his great blue eyes grow
large and larger, |or gay,

Listening to stories, whether grave

Told at the bright fireside,
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is liv-
ing,

As living as my other children are.

When good-night kisses I all round
am giving,

I keep one for him, though he is
so far.

Can a mere grave divide

Me from him,— though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er
with daisies

(Nothing but childish daisies all
year round),

Continually God's hand the curtain
raises,

And I can hear his merry voice's
sound,

And feel him at my side,—

My little boy that died.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

A THRUSH IN A GILDED CAGE.

Was this the singer I had heard so
long,

But never till this evening, face to
face?

And were they his, those tones so
unlike song,

Those words conventional and
commonplace?

Those echoes of the usual social chat
That filled with noise confused the
crowded hall;

That smiling face, black coat, and
white cravat;

Those fashionable manners,— was
this all?

He glanced at freedmen, operas, pol-
itics,

And other common topics of the
day;

But not one brilliant image did he
mix

With all the prosy things he had to
say.

At least I hoped that one I long had
known,

In the inspired books that built his
fame,

Would breathe some word, some
sympathetic tone,

Fresh from the ideal region whence
he came.

And so I leave the well-dressed, buzz-
ing crowd,

And vent my spleen alone here by
my fire;

Mourning the fading of my golden
cloud,

The disappointment of my life's
desire.

Simple enthusiast! why do you re-
quire

A budding rose for every thorny
stalk?

Why must we poets always bear the
lyre

And sing, when fashion forces us
to talk?

Only at moments comes the muse's
light.

Alone, like shy wood-thrushes, war-
ble we.

Catch us in traps like this dull crowd
to-night,

We are but plain, brown-feathered
birds, you see!

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the
eye

That smarted for a day;

Rain-clouds that spoiled the splen-
dors of the sky

The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some
hidden door

That promises release; [store

No solitude so drear but yields its
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the con-
stant sun

With love and power untold;

No time so dark but through its woof
there run

Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost
centuries burn

In changing calm and strife

The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er
we turn,—

The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence di-
vine!

What self-adjusting springs

Of law and life, what even scales,
are thine,

What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds
away,

When chilling autumn blows,

But come again, long ere the buds of
May

Their rosy lips unclose!

What wondrous play of mood and
accident

Through shifting days and years;

What fresh returns of vigor overspent
In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience
and of thought

When doubts and forms oppress;

What vistas opening to the gates we
sought

Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells where self-
involved,

Like chrysalids, we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries
unsolved

Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine! we need no fuller
test

That all is ordered well;

We know enough to trust that all is
best

Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

MEMORIAL HALL.

AMID the elms that interlace

Round Harvard's grounds their
branches tall,

We greet no walls of statelier grace

Than thine, our proud Memorial
Hall!

Through arching boughs and roofs of
green

Whose dappled lights and shadows
lie

Along the turf and road, is seen

Thy noble form against the sky.

And miles away, on fields and
streams,
Or where the woods the hilltop
crown,
The monumental temple gleams,
A landmark to each neighboring
town.

Nor this alone; New England knows
A deeper meaning in the pride
Whose stately architecture shows
How Harvard's children fought
and died.

Therefore this hallowed pile recalls
The heroes, young and true and
brave,
Who gave their memories to these
walls,
Their lives to fill the soldier's
grave.

The farmer, as he drives his team
To market in the morn, afar
Beholds the golden sunrise gleam
Upon thee, like a glistening star.

And gazing, he remembers well
Why stands yon tower so fair and
tall.
His sons perhaps in battle fell;
For him, too, shines Memorial
Hall.

And sometimes as the student glides
Along the winding Charles, and sees
Across the flats thy glowing sides
Above the elms and willow-trees,

Upon his oar he'll turn and pause,
Remembering the heroic aims
Of those who linked their country's
cause
In deathless glory with their names.

And as against the moonlit sky
The shadowy mass looms overhead,
Well may we linger with a sigh
Beneath the tablets of the dead.

The snow-drifts on thy roof shall
wreath
Their crowns of virgin white for
them;

The whispering winds of summer
breathe
At morn and eve their requiem.

For them the Cambridge bells shall
chime

Across the noises of the town;
The cannon's peal recall their time
Of stern resolve and brief renown.

Concord and Lexington shall still,
Like deep to deep, to Harvard call;
The tall gray shaft on Bunker Hill
Speak greetings to Memorial Hall.

Oh, never may the land forget
Her loyal sons who died that we
Might live, remembering still our
debt,
The costly price of Liberty!

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath
taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME.

I AM but clay in thy hands, but Thou
art the all-loving artist.
Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my
selfhood I strive
So to embody the life and the love
thou ever impartest,
That in my sphere of the finite, I
may be truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as
I thy divine inspiration,
Knowing thou shapest the clay with
a vision and purpose divine,
So would I answer each touch of thy
hand in its loving creation,
That in my conscious life thy pow-
er and beauty may shine,

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast
in forming thy creatures;
Waking from sense into life of the
soul, and the image of thee;
Working with thee in thy work to
model humanity's features
Into the likeness of God, myself
from myself I would free.

One with all human existence, no
one above or below me;
Lit by thy wisdom and love, as
roses are steeped in the morn;
Growing from clay to a statue, from
statue to flesh, till thou know
me

Wrought into manhood celestial,
and in thine image re-born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing
me sooner or later
Past the dark screen that divides
these shows of the finite from
thee.

Thine, thine only, this warm, dear
life, O loving Creator!
Thine the invisible future, born of
the present, must be.

SOFT, BROWN, SMILING EYES.

SOFT, brown, smiling eyes,
Looking back through years,
Smiling through the mist of time,
Filling mine with tears;
On this sunny morn,
While the grape-blooms swing
In the scented air of June,—
Why these memories bring?

Silky rippling curls,
Tresses long ago
Laid beneath the shaded sod
Where the violets blow;
Why across the blue
Of the peerless day
Do ye droop to meet my own,
Now all turned to gray?

Voice whose tender tones
Break in sudden mirth,
Heard far back in boyhood's spring,
Silent now on earth;
Why so sweet and clear,
While the bird and bee
Fill the balmy summer air,
Come your tones to me?

Sweet, ah, sweeter far
Than yon thrush's trill,
Sadder, sweeter than the wind,
Woods, or murmuring rill,
Spirit words and songs
O'er my senses creep.
Do I breathe the air of dreams?
Do I wake or sleep?

WHY?

• • • • •
WHY was I born, and where was I
Before this living mystery
That weds the body to the soul?
What are the laws by whose control

I live and feel and think and know ?
 What the allegiance that I owe
 To tides beyond all time and space ?
 What form of faith must I embrace ?
 Why thwarted, starved, and over-
 borne

By fate,—an exile, driven forlorn
 By fitful winds, where each event
 Seems but the whirl of accident ?
 Why feel our wings so incomplete,
 Or, flying, but a plumed deceit,
 Renewing all our lives to us
 The fable old of Icarus ?

Tell me the meaning of the breath
 That whispers from the house of
 death.

That chills thought's metaphysic
 strife,

That dims the dream of After-life.

Why, if we lived not ere our birth,

Hope for a state beyond this earth ?

Tell me the secret of the hope

That gathers, as we upwards ope

The skylights of the prisoned soul

Unto the perfect and the whole;

Yet why the loveliest things of earth

Mock in their death their glorious
 birth.

Why, when the scarlet sunset floods

The west beyond the hills and woods,

Or June with roses crowds my porch,

Or northern lights with crimson
 torch

Illume the snow and veil the stars
 With streaming bands and wavering
 bars,

Or music's sensuous, soul-like wine
 Intoxicates with trance divine,—

Why then must sadness like a thief
 Steal my aromas of belief,

And like a cloud that shuts the day
 At sunrise, turn my gold to gray ?

Tell me why instincts meant for good

Turn to a madness of the blood;

And, baffling all our morals nice,

Nature seems nearly one with vice;

What sin and misery mean, if blent

With good in one divine intent.

Why from such source must evil
 spring,

And finite still mean suffering ?

Look on the millions born to blight;
 The souls that pine for warmth and
 light:

The crushed and stifled swarms that
 pack

The foul streets and the alleys black,

The miserable lives that crawl

Outside the grim partition wall

'Twixt rich and poor, 'twixt foul and
 fair,

'Twixt vaulting hope and lame de-
 spair.

On that wall's sunny side, within,

Hang ripening fruits and tendrils
 green,

O'er garden-beds of bloom and spice,
 And perfume as of paradise.

There happy children run and talk

Along the shade-flecked gravel-walk,

And lovers sit in rosy bowers,

And music overflows the hours,

And wealth and health and mirth
 and books

Make pictures in Arcadian nooks.

But on that wall's grim outer stones

The fierce north-wind of winter
 groans;

Through blinding dust, o'er bleak
 highway,

The slant sun's melancholy ray

Sees stagnant pool and poisonous
 weed,

The hearts that faint, the feet that
 bleed,

The grovelling aim, the flagging
 faith,

The starving curse, the drowning
 death!

O wise philosopher! you soothe

Our troubles with a touch too
 smooth.

Too plausibly your reasonings come.

They will not guide me to my home;

They lead me on a little way

Through meadows, groves, and gar-
 dens gay,

Until a wall shuts out my day,—

A screen whose top is hid in clouds,

Whose base is deep on dead men's
 shrouds.

Could I dive under pain and death,

Or mount and breathe the whole
 heaven's breath,

I might begin to comprehend
How the Beginning joins the End.

We agonize in doubt, perplexed
O'er fate, free-will, and Bible-text.
In vain. The spirit finds no vent
From out the imprisoning tempera-
ment.

Therefore I bow my spirit to the
Power
That underflows and fills my little
hour.
I feel the eternal symphony afloat,
In which I am a breath, a passing
note.
I may be but a dull and jarring nerve
In the great body, yet some end I
serve.

Yea, though I dream and question
still the dream
Thus floating by me upon Being's
stream,
Some end I serve. Love reigns. I
cannot lose
The Primal Light, though thousand-
fold its hues.

I can believe that somewhere Truth
abides;
Not in the ebb and flow of those
small tides
That float the dogmas of our saints
and sects;
Not in a thousand tainted dialects,
But in the one pure language, could
we hear,
That fills with love and light the ser-
aphs' sphere.
I can believe there is a Central Good,
That burns and shines o'er tempera-
ment and mood;
That somewhere God will melt the
clouds away,
And his great purpose shine as
shines the day.
Then may we know why now we
could not know;
Why the great Isis-curtain drooped
so low;
Why we were blindfold on a path of
light;
Why came wild gleams and voices
through the night;
Why we seemed drifting, storm-tost,
without rest,
And were but rocking on a mother's
breast.

GEORGE CROLY.

EVENING.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye
flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;
The few we liked — the one we loved!
And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yet as the shadows round us lour,
Heaven pours above a brighter
blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous
dye,
Our hope, our heart, to earth is
given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

CUPID GROWN CAREFUL.

THERE was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May.
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow:

And in blossomed vale and grove
 Every shepherd knelt to love.
 Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,
 And a blue eye, fond and meek;
 And a ringlet-wreathen brow,
 Like hyacinths on a bed of snow:
 And a low voice, silver sweet,
 From a lip without deceit;
 Only these the hearts could move
 Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,
 Can the summer always last?
 And the swains are wiser grown,
 And the heart is turned to stone,

And the maiden's rose may wither;
 Cupid's fled, no man knows whither
 But another Cupid's come,
 With a brow of care and gloom:
 Fixed upon the earthly mould,
 Thinking of the sullen gold;
 In his hand the bow no more,
 At his back the household store,
 That the bridal gold must buy:
 Useless now the smile and sigh;
 But he wears the pinion still,
 Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,
 When the world was in its prime!

JOHN CROWNE.

WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great
 man!
 Take noisy vexing greatness they
 that please; | ease.
 Give me obscure and safe and silent
 Acquaintance and commerce let me
 have none
 With any powerful thing but time
 alone:
 My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
 And creep by me as by a slumbering
 friend;

Oh, wretched he who, called abroad
 by power,
 To know himself can never find an
 hour!
 Strange to himself, but to all others
 known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses
 none;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he
 goes,
 And himself loses ere himself he
 knows.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my
 Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,
 And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
 That thou wad aye be mine;
 And I hae sworn by my God, my
 Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart o' thine,
 By a' the stars sown thick owre
 heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad
 loose sic bands,
 An' the heart that wad part sic
 luv;
 But there's nae hand can loose my
 band,
 But the finger o' God abuve.
 Though the wee, wee cot maun be
 my bield,
 And my clairthing e'er so mean,
 I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o'
 luv,
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me
 Far safter than the down;
 And luve wad winnow owre us his
 kind, kind wings,
 An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.
 Come here to me, thou lass o' my
 luve,
 Come here, and kneel wi' me!
 The morn is fu' o' the presence o'
 God,
 An' I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the
 beds o' new flowers,
 The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
 Our gudeman leans owre his kale-
 yard dyke,
 And a blithe auld bodie is he.
 The beuk maun be taen when the
 carle comes hame,
 Wi' the holie psalmodie;
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy
 God,
 And I will speak o' thee.

*SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN
 HEAVEN.*

SHE's gane to dwell in heaven, my
 lassie,
 She's gane to dwell in heaven:
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
 For dwelling out o' heaven!

O, what'll she do in heaven, my las-
 sie?
 O, what'll she do in heaven?
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' an-
 gels' sangs,
 An' make them mair meet for
 heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
 She was beloved by a';
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,
 An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
 Low there thou lies;
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the
 yird,
 Nor fra it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie.
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
 Thou left me naught to covet ahin'
 But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my
 lassie,
 I looked on thy death-cold face;
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my
 lassie,
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;
 An' a lovelier light in the brow o'
 heaven
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my
 lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
 But gane wa's the holy breath o' heav-
 en,
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine,
 lassie,
 There's naught but dust now mine;
 My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
 An' why should I stay behin'?

*A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING
 SEA.*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast —
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on our lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the swelling breeze,
 And white waves heaving high, —
 The white waves heaving high, my
 lads,
 The good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong
 In the top of the highest tree;
 He sang, — "I pour out my soul in
 song
 For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
 Another bird sang, — "I pour
 My soul on the solemn solitude
 For the springs that return no
 more."

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung,
 When we were together young —
 When there were but you and I
 Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
 Though I know that nevermore
 Will it seem the song you sung
 When we were together young.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

OH, listen to the howling sea,
 That beats on the remorseless shore;
 Oh, listen, for that sound shall be,
 When our wild hearts shall beat no
 more.

Oh, listen well, and listen long!
 For, sitting folded close to me,
 You could not hear a sweeter song
 Than that hoarse murmur of the
 sea.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

*THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S
GRAVE.*

HUSBAND and wife! no converse now
 ye hold,
 As once ye did in your young days of
 love,
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, de-
 lays,
 Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
 Its fears, impatience, quiet sympa-
 thies;
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and
 bliss
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domes-
 tic cares
 Call you not now together. Earnest
 talk
 On what your children may be, moves
 you not.
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
 Not like to that in which ye rested
 once
 Most happy, — silence eloquent, when
 heart

With heart held speech, and your
 mysterious frames,
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat,
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you
 round,
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed
 you in;
 Away from all the living, here ye rest,
 In all the nearness of the narrow
 tomb,
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence
 now; —
 Dread fellowship! — together, yet
 alone.

Why is it that I linger round this
 tomb?
 What holds it? Dust that cumbered
 those I mourn.
 They shook it off, and laid aside
 earth's robes,

And put on those of light. They' re
 gone to dwell
 In love, — their God's and angels'!
 Mutual love,
 That bound them here, no longer
 needs a speech
 For full communion; nor sensations,
 strong,
 Within the breast, their prison, strive
 in vain
 To be set free, and meet their kind
 in joy.
 Changed to celestials, thoughts that
 rise in each
 By natures new, impart themselves,
 though silent.
 Each quickening sense, each thro' of
 holy love,
 Affections sanctified, and the full
 glow [one,
 Of being, which expand and gladden
 By union all mysterious, thrill and
 live
 In both immortal frames; — sensation all,
 And thought, pervading, mingling
 sense and thought!
 Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
 Twofold, yet single, — this is love,
 this life!

THE SOUL.

COME, brother, turn with me from
 pining thought
 And all the inward ills that sin has
 wrought;
 Come, send abroad a love for all who
 live,
 And feel the deep content in turn
 they give.
 Kind wishes and good deeds, — they
 make not poor;
 They'll home again, full laden, to thy
 door;
 The streams of love flow back where
 they begin,
 For springs of outward joys lie deep
 within.
 Even let them flow, and make the
 places glad

Where dwell thy fellow-men. —
 Shouldst thou be sad,
 And earth seem bare, and hours, once
 happy, press
 Upon thy thoughts, and make thy
 loneliness
 More lonely for the past, thou then
 shalt hear
 The music of those waters ranning
 near;
 And thy faint spirit drink the cooling
 stream,
 And thine eye gladden with the play-
 ing beam
 That now upon the water dances, now
 Leaps up and dances in the hanging
 bough.
 Is it not lovely? Tell me, where
 doth dwell
 The power that wrought so beautiful
 a spell?
 In thine own bosom, brother? Then
 as thine
 Guard with a reverent fear this power
 divine.
 And if, indeed, 'tis not the out-
 ward state,
 But temper of the soul by which we
 rate
 Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom
 move
 With noble thoughts and wake thee
 into love;
 And let each feeling in thy breast be
 given
 An honest aim, which, sanctified by
 Heaven,
 And springing into act, new life im-
 parts,
 Till beats thy frame as with a thou-
 sand hearts.
 Sin clouds the mind's clear vision
 from its birth,
 Around the self-starved soul has
 spread a dearth.
 The earth is full of life; the living
 Hand
 Touched it with life; and all its forms
 expand
 With principles of being made to suit
 Man's varied powers and raise him
 from the brute.
 And shall the earth of higher ends be
 full, —

Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy
 poor mind be dull?
 Thou talk of life, with half thy soul
 asleep?
 Thou "living dead man," let thy
 spirit leap
 Forth to the day, and let the fresh
 air blow
 Through thy soul's shut-up mansion.
 Wouldst thou know
 Something of what is life, shake off
 this death; [breath
 Have thy soul feel the universal
 With which all nature's quick, and
 learn to be [see;
 Sharer in all that thou dost touch or

Break from thy body's grasp, thy
 spirit's trance;
 Give thy soul air, thy faculties ex-
 panse;
 Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thy-
 self to all!
 They make thy freedom, groveller,
 not thy thrall.
 Knock off the shackles which thy
 spirit bind
 To dust and sense, and set at large
 the mind!
 Then move in sympathy with God's
 great whole,
 And be like man at first, a *living*
soul.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
 aftenwhiles,
 For the langed-for hame-bringing, an'
 my Father's welcome smiles;
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine
 een do see
 The shining gates o' heaven, an' mine
 ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-
 tinted, fresh, an' gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my
 Father made them sae;
 But these sights and these soun's will
 as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singing in my
 ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise that
 some gladsome day, the King
 To his ain royal palace his banished
 hame will bring:
 Wi' een an wi' hearts runnin' owre,
 we shall see
 The King in his beauty in our ain
 countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sor-
 rows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor
 be remembered mair;

His bluid has made me white, his
 hand shall dry mine e'e,
 When he brings me hame at last, to
 my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee
 birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my
 Saviour's breast:
 For he gathers in his bosom, witless,
 worthless lambs like me,
 An' carries them himsel' to his ain
 countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised,
 he'll surely come again,
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what
 hour I dinna ken;
 But he bids me still to wait, and ready
 aye to be
 To gang at any moment to my ain
 countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singin' o' my
 hame as I wait,
 For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this
 side the shining gate;
 God gie his grace to ilk ane wha lis-
 tens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to
 our ain countree.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

MISSPENT TIME.

THERE is no remedy for time mis-
spent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punish-
ment
Heavier than active souls can feel or
guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not
less
Because I know this span of life was
lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness, —
Not to be whiled away in aimless
dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve
mankind;
Life and its choicest faculties were
given.
Man should be ever better than he
seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline
his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope
of heaven.

COLUMBUS.

HE was a man whom danger could
not daunt, | due;
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain sub-
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain
taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pur-
sue;
So, when by all deserted, still he
knew
How best, to soothe the heart-sick,
or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to
view
The frowns of grief, and the base
pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land
arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his
eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and
blessed his God;
And fell upon his face, and kissed
the virgin sod!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

[From The Poetic Faculty.]

POWER OF POESY.

My grief or mirth
Attunes the earth,
I harmonize the world!
Remotest times
And unfriendly climes
In my song lie clasped and curled!
When an arm too strong
Does the poor man wrong
I shout, and he bursts his chain:
But at my command
He drops the brand;
And I sing as he flings the grain.
The loved draw near,
The lost appear;

I sweeten the mourner's sigh:
At my vesper lay
The gates of day
Close back with harmony.
No plains I reap,
I fold no sheep
Yet my home is on every shore:
My fancies I wing
With the plumes of spring,
And voyage the round earth o'er.
In the fight I wield
Nor sword nor shield,
But my voice like a lance makes way
No crown I bear,
But the heads that wear
Earth's crowns, my word obey.
Through an age's night
I fling the light

Of my brow — An Argo soon
 From her pine-wood leaps
 On the untracked deeps;
 And the dark becomes as noon.

THE ANGELS KISS HER.

THE angels kiss her while she sleeps,
 And leave their freshness on her
 breath:
 Star after star, descending, peeps
 Along her loose hair, dark as death,
 From his low nest the night-wind
 creeps,
 And o'er her bosom wandereth.

'Tis morning: in their pure embrace
 The airs of dawn their playmate
 greet:
 Dusk fields expect their wonted grace,
 Those silken touches of swift feet:
 With songs the birds salute her face;
 And Silence doth her voice entreat!

*BENDING BETWEEN ME AND THE
 TAPER.*

BENDING between me and the taper
 While o'er the harp her white hands
 strayed,
 The shadows of her waving tresses
 Above my hand were gently swayed.

With every graceful movement wav-
 ing,
 I marked their undulating swell:
 I watched them while they met and
 parted,
 Curled close or widened, rose or fell.

I laughed in triumph and in pleasure,
 So strange the sport, so undesigned!
 Her mother turned, and asked me
 gravely,
 "What thought was passing through
 my mind?"

'Tis Love that blinds the eyes of
 mothers!
 'Tis Love that makes the young
 maids fair!

She touched my hand; my rings she
 counted —
 Yet never felt the shadows there!

Keep, gamesome Love, beloved in-
 fant!

Keep ever thus all mothers blind:
 And make thy dedicated virgins
 In substance as in shadow kind!

HAPPY ARE THEY.

HAPPY are they who kiss thee, morn
 and even,
 Parting the hair upon thy forehead
 white:
 For them the sky is bluer and more
 bright,
 And purer their thanksgivings rise to
 Heaven.
 Happy are they to whom thy songs
 are given;
 Happy are they on whom thy hands
 alight:
 And happiest they for whom thy
 prayers at night
 In tender piety so oft have striven.
 Away with vain regrets and selfish
 sighs —
 Even I, dear friend, am lonely, not
 unblest;
 Permitted sometimes on that form to
 gaze,
 Or feel the light of those consoling
 eyes —
 If but a moment on my cheek it
 stays
 I know that gentle beam from all the
 rest!

AFFLICTION.

COUNT each affliction, whether light
 or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee.
 Do thou
 With courtesy receive him: rise and
 bow:
 And, ere his shadow pass thy thresh-
 old, crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to
lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast.
Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy
brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief
should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, mak-
ing free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to
commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts,
thoughts lasting to the end.

BEATITUDE.

BLESSED is he who hath not trod the
ways
Of secular delights; nor learned the
lore
Which loftier minds are studious to
abhor.
Blessed is he who hath not sought the
praise
That perishes, the rapture that be-
trays:
Who hath not spent in Time's vain-
glorious war
His youth: and found, a school-boy
at fourscore,
How fatal are those victories which
raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's
height
On trampled Justice: who desires not
bliss,
But peace; and yet when summoned
to the fight,
Combats as one who combats in the
sight
Of God and of His angels, seeking
this
Alone, how best to glorify the Right.

THE MOOD OF EXALTATION.

WHAT man can hear sweet sounds
and dread to die?
O for a music that might last forever!

Abounding from its sources like a
river
Which through the dim lawns streams
eternally!
Virtue might then uplift her crest on
high,
Spurning those myriad bonds that
fret and grieve her:
Then all the powers of hell would
quake and quiver
Before the ardors of her awful eye.
Alas for man with all his high de-
sires,
And inward promptings fading day
by day!
High-titled honor pants while it ex-
pires,
And clay-born glory turns again to
clay.
Low instincts last: our great resolves
pass by
Like winds whose loftiest pæan ends
but in a sigh.

*ALL THINGS SWEET WHEN
PRIZED.*

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very
feet:
Sad is our life, for onward it is flow-
ing
In current unperceived, because so
fleet:
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet
in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped
the wheat:
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet
in blowing —
And still, oh still, their dying breath
is sweet.
And sweet is youth, although it hath
bereft us
Of that which made our childhood
sweeter still:
And sweet is middle life, for it hath
left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill:
And sweet are all things, when we
learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants
them or denies them!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals, I
 ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the
 stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years
 have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears
 no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he!
 How closely he twineth, how tight he
 clings
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he tralleth along the
 ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs
 around
 The rich mould of dead men's
 graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works
 decayed,
 And nations scattered been;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can
 raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all
 ended,
 And the school for the day is dis-
 missed,
 The little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;
 Oh, the little white arms that encir-
 cle
 My neck in their tender embrace!
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heav-
 en,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my
 face!

And when they are gone I sit dream-
 ing
 Of my childhood too lovely to last;
 Of joy that my heart will remember,
 While it wakes to the pulse of the
 past,

Ere the world and its wickedness
 made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin,
 When the glory of God was about me,
 And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a
 woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will
 flow,
 When I think of the paths steep and
 stony,
 Where the feet of the dear ones
 must go;
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er
 them,
 Of the tempest of Fate blowing
 wild;
 Oh! there's nothing on earth half so
 holy
 As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
 They are angels of God in disguise;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
 His glory still gleams in their eyes;

Those truants from home and from heaven —
 They have made me more manly and mild;

And I know now how Jesus could liken
 The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
 All radiant, as others have done,
 But that life may have just enough shadow

To temper the glare of the sun
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,

But my prayer would bound back to myself;

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod;

I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught me the goodness of God;

My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them for breaking a rule:

My frown is sufficient correction;
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more;

Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
 That meet me each morn at the door!

I shall miss the "good-nights" and kisses,

And the gush of their innocent [glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers

That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their song in the school and the street;

I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tread of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended,
 And death says "The school is dismissed!"

May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me "good-night" and be kissed!

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
 If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs
 In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
 If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
 To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
 By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
 If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent,
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in
weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we
forget
Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous
selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would
have us be,
If we had but a day.

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

AMERICA.

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us!
O ye
Who north or south, on east or west-
ern lands,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for
truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love,
and God
For God. O ye, who in eternal
youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of
that grand
Heroic utterance, — parted, yet a
whole,
Far, yet unsevered, — children brave
and free
Of the great mother-tongue, and ye
shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakes-
peare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial
theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and
fair as Spenser's dream.

HOME, WOUNDED.

STAY wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odors round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing
kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me
there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery
hair
With wreaths of morning shadow:
Among the thickest hazels of the
brake
Perchance some nightingale doth
shake [song;
His feathers, and the air is full of
In those old days when I was young
and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.

Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have
long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are
not yet.
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore
before,
From the shore before to the back-
ward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's
lèvee,
He had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would
swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and
bright,
And they said,—too late,—“He is
weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!”

But at dawn, when the birds were
waking,
As they watched in the silent
room,
With the sound of a strained cord
breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
“Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!” was the last that he
said.

THE PRODIGALS.

“PRINCES!—and you, most valorous
Nobles and barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven of destinies!
Nothing we ask of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we
pray;
Lo! for the surcote's hem we seize,
Give us, ah! give us, — but yester-
day!

“Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Beggars are we that pray thee thus,
Beggars outworn of miseries!
Nothing we ask of the things that
please;
Weary are we, and old, and gray:

Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp
your knees,—
Give us, ah! give us, — but yesterday!

“Damosels, dames, be piteous!”
(But the dames rode fast by the
roadway trees.)

“Hear us, O knights magnanimous!”
(But the knights pricked on in
their panoplies.)

Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast, and
say, —

“Life we drank to the dregs and
lees;

Give us, ah! give us, — but yester-
day!”

ENVOY.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of
these!

Many there be by the dusty way,—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
“Give us, ah! give us, — but yester-
day!”

“FAREWELL, RENOWN!”

FAREWELL, Renown! Too fleeting
flower,

That grows a year to last an hour;—
Prize of the race's dust and heat,
Too often trodden under feet, —
Why should I court your “barren
dower”?

Nay; had I Dryden's angry power, —
The thews of Ben, — the wind of
Gower, —

Not less my voice should still repeat
“Farewell, Renown!”

Farewell!—Because the Muses' bower
Is filled with rival brows that lower;—
Because, howe'er his pipe be sweet,
The Bard, that “pays,” must please
the street;—

But most . . . because the grapes are
sour, —

Farewell, Renown!

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE HUMAN TIE.

"As if life were not sacred, too."
GEORGE ELIOT.

"SPEAK tenderly! For he is dead,"
we say;
"With gracious hand smooth all
his roughened past,
And fullest measure of reward
forecast,
Forgetting naught that gloried his
brief day."
Yet of the brother, who, along our
way,
Prone with his burdens, heart-
worn in the strife,
Totters before us — how we search
his life,
Censure, and sternly punish, while
we may.
Oh, weary are the paths of Earth,
and hard!
And living hearts alone are ours to
guard.
At least, begrudge not to the sore dis-
traught
The reverent silence of our pitying
thought.
Life, too, is sacred; and he best for-
gives
Who says: "He errs, but — tenderly!
He lives."

MY WINDOW-IVY.

OVER my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars:
But all the day it looks at the sun,
And at night looks out at the stars.
The dust of the room may dim its
green,
But I call to the breezy air:
"Come in, come in, good friend of
mine!
And make my window fair."
So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,
Its leaves all turned to the light;

And it gladdens my soul with its
tender green,
And teaches me day and night.

What though my lot is in lowly place,
And my spirit behind the bars;
All the long day I may look at the
sun,
And at night look out at the stars.

What though the dust of earth would
dim?

There's a glorious outer air
That will sweep through my soul if I
let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God! let me grow from day to
day,
Clinging and sunny and bright!
Though planted in shade, Thy win-
dow is near,
And my leaves may turn to the
light.

DEATH IN LIFE.

SHE sitteth there a mourner,
With her dead before her eyes;
Flushed with the hues of life is he
And quick are his replies.
Often his warm hand touches hers;
Brightly his glances fall;
And yet, in this wide world, is she
The loneliest of all.

Some mourners feel their dead return
In dreams, or thoughts at even;
Ah, well for them their best-beloved
Are faithful still in heaven!
But woe to her whose best beloved,
Though dead, still lingers near;
So far away when by her side,
He cannot see nor hear.

With heart intent, he comes, he goes
In busy ways of life.
His gains and chances counteth he;
His hours with joy are rife.

Careless he greets her day by day,
Nor thinks of words once said, —
Oh, would that love could live again,
Or her heart give up its dead!

HEART-ORACLES.

By the notes do we know where the
sunbeam is slanting;
Through the hindering stones,
speaks the soul of the brook;
Past the rustle of leaves we press
into the stillness;
Through darkness and void to the
Pleiads we look;
One bird-note at dawn with the night-
silence o'er us,
Begins all the morning's munificent
chorus.

Through sorrow come glimpses of
infinite gladness;
Through grand discontent mounts
the spirit of youth;
Loneliness foldeth a wonderful lov-
ing;
The breakers of Doubt lead the
great tide of Truth:
And dread and grief-haunted the
shadowy portal
That shuts from our vision the splen-
dor immortal.

THE CHILD AND THE SEA.

ONE summer day, when birds flew
high,
I saw a child step into the sea;
It glowed and sparkled at her touch
And softly plashed about her
knee.
It held her lightly with its strength,
It kissed and kissed her silken hair;
It swayed with tenderness to know
A little child was in its care.

She, gleeful, dipped her pretty arms,
And caught the sparkles in her
hands;
I heard her laughter, as she soon
Came skipping up the sunny sands.

"Is this the cruel sea?" I thought,
"The merciless, the awful sea?" —
Now hear the answer soft and true,
That rippled over the beach to me:

"Shall not the sea, in the sun, be
glad
When a child doth come to play?
Had it been in the storm-time, what
could I,
The sea, but bear her away —
Bear her away on my foaming crest,
Toss her and hurry her to her rest?"

"Be it life or death, God ruleth me;
And he loveth every soul;
I've an earthly shore and a heavenly
shore,
And toward them both I roll;
Shining and beautiful, both are
they, —
And a little child will go God's
way."

THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, un-
felt;
Patient they bide behind the day's
full glare;
And we who watched the dawn
when they were there,
Thought we had seen them in the
daylight melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-
line knelt.
Because the teeming sky seemed
void and bare,
When we explored it through the
dazzled air,
We had no thought that there all
day they dwelt.
Yet were they over us, alive and true,
In the vast shades far up above the
blue, —
The brooding shades beyond our
daylight ken —
Serene and patient in their con-
scious light
Ready to sparkle for our joy again, —
The eternal jewels of the short-
lived night.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MARION showed me her wedding
gown
And her veil of gossamer lace to-
night,
And the orange-blooms that to-mor-
row morn
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden
light.
But Philip came to the open door:
Like the heart of a wild-rose
glowed her cheek,
And they wandered off through the
garden paths
So blest that they did not care to
speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved:
To know you are fair in some
one's eyes;
That upon some one your beauty
dawns
Every day as a new surprise;
To know, that, whether you weep or
smile,
Whether your mood be grave or
gay,
Somebody thinks you, all the while,
Sweeter than any flower of May.

I wonder what it would be to love:
That, I think, would be sweeter
far,
To know that one out of all the world
Was lord of your life, your king,
your star.
They talk of love's sweet tumult and
pain:
I am not sure that I understand,
Though,—a thrill ran down to my
finger-tips
Once when,—somebody,—touched
my hand!

I wonder what it would be to dream
Of a child that might one day be
your own; [part,
Of the hidden springs of your life a
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of
your bone.

Marion stooped one day to kiss
A beggar's babe with a tender
grace;
While some sweet thought, like a
prophecy,
Looked from her pure Madonna
face.

I wonder what it must be to think
To-morrow will be your wedding-
day,
And you, in the radiant sunset glow
Down fragrant flowery paths will
stray,
As Marion does this blessed night,
With Philip, lost in a blissful
dream.
Can she feel his heart through the
silence beat?
Does he see her eyes in the star-
light gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on;
But never an answer comes to me:
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,
Sealed away from my life must be.
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!
Of a beautiful city that lies afar;
And there, some time, I shall drop
the mask,
And be shapely and fair as others
are.

AT THE LAST.

WILL the day ever come, I wonder,
When I shall be glad to know
That my hands will be folded under
The next white fall of the snow?
To know that when next the clover
Wooeth the wandering bee,
Its crimson tide will drift over
All that is left of me?

Shall I ever be tired of living,
And be glad to go to my rest,
With a cool and fragrant lily
Asleep on my silent breast?

Will my eyes grow weary of seeing,
As the hours pass, one by one,
Till I long for the hush and the dark-
ness

As I never longed for the sun?

God knoweth! Some time, it may be,
I shall smile to hear you say:

'Dear heart! she will not waken
At the dawn of another day!'

And some time, love, it may be,

I shall whisper under my breath:

'The happiest hour of my life, dear,
Is this, — the hour of my death!'

WHAT NEED?

"WHAT need has the singer to sing?

And why should your poet to-day
His pale little garland of poesy bring,
On the altar to lay?

High-priests of song the harp-strings
swept

Ages before he smiled or wept!"

What need have the roses to bloom?

And why do the tall lilies grow?

And why do the violets shed their
perfume

When night-winds breathe low?

They are no whit more bright and
fair

Than flowers that breathed in Eden's
[air!

What need have the stars to shine
on?

Or the clouds to grow red in the
west,

When the sun, like a king, from the
fields he has won,

Goes grandly to rest?

No brighter they than stars and skies
That greeted Eve's sweet, wonder-
ing eyes!

What need has the eagle to soar

So proudly straight up to the sun?

Or the robin such jubilant music to
pour

When day is begun?

The eagles soared, the robins sung,
As high, as sweet, when earth was
young!

What need, do you ask me? Each
day

Hath a song and a prayer of its
own,

As each June hath its crown of fresh
roses, each May

Its bright emerald throne!

Its own high thought each age shall
stir,

Each needs its own interpreter!

And thou, O, my poet, sing on!

Sing on until love shall grow old;

Till patience and faith their last tri-
umphs have won,

And truth is a tale that is told!

Doubt not, thy song shall still be new
While life endures and God is true!

PERADVENTURE.

I AM thinking to-night of the little
child

That lay on my breast three sum-
mer days,

Then swiftly, silently, dropped from
sight,

While my soul cried out in sore
amaze.

It is fifteen years ago to-night;

Somewhere, I know, he has lived
them through,

Perhaps with never a thought or
dream

Of the mother-heart he never
[knew!

Is he yet but a babe? or has he grown

To be like his brothers, fair and
tall,

With a clear bright eye, and a spring-
ing step,

And a voice that rings like a bugle
call?

I loved him. The rose in his waxen
hand

Was wet with the dew of my fall-
ing tears;

I have kept the thought of my baby's
grave

Through all the length of these
changeable years.

Yet the love I gave him was not like
that

I give to-day to my other boys,
Who have grown beside me, and
turned to me
In all their griefs and in all their
joys.

Do you think he knows it? I wonder
much

If the dead are passionless, cold
and dumb;
If into the calm of the deathless
years
No thrill of a human love may
come!

Perhaps sometimes from the upper
air

He has seen me walk with his
brothers three;
Or felt in the tender twilight hour
The breath of the kisses they gave
to me!

Over his birthright, lost so soon,
Perhaps he has sighed as the swift
years flew;

O child of my heart! you shall find
somewhere
The love that on earth you never
knew!

THOU KNOWEST.

THOU knowest, O my Father! Why
should I
Weary high heaven with restless
prayers and tears!
Thou knowest all! My heart's un-
uttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and
reached Thine ears.

Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest!
Then what need,
O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er
and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead
As one who crieth at some closed
door?

"Tease not!" we mothers to our
children say,—

"Our wiser love will grant whate'er
is best."

Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee
always,
Begging for this and that in wild
unrest?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly
gate,

Lest I should lose the high, sweet
strains within;

O, Love Divine! I can but stand and
wait

Till Perfect Wisdom bids me en-
ter in!

FIVE.

"BUT a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.

"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven!—

Seven whole days! Why, in six you
know

(You said it yourself,—you told me
so)

The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and
skies,

The trees and the birds and the but-
terflies!

How can I wait for my seeds to
grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he
said,

With a droop of his boyish head.

"Hear me count,—one, two, three,
four,—

Four whole weeks, and three days
more;

Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder
steep.

Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.

"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hill with footsteps slow,—
Autumn and winter, summer and
spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting,— my love, my
bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there is
much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must
choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who
would wear
The crown of honor, must do and
dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high
estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven!
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! as swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning
light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night,—
How long, O God! is eternity?"

AT DAWN.

AT dawn when the jubilant morning
broke,
And its glory flooded the mountain
side,
I said, "'Tis eleven years to-day,
Eleven years since my darling
died!"

And then I turned to my household
ways,
To my daily tasks, without, within,
As happily busy all the day
As if my darling had never been!

As if she had never lived, or died!
Yet when they buried her out of
my sight,
I thought the sun had gone down at
noon,
And the day could never again be
bright.

Ah, well! As the swift years come
and go,
It will not be long ere I shall lie
Somewhere under a bit of turf,
With my pale hands folded quietly.

And then some one who has loved
me well,—
Perhaps the one who has loved me
best,—
Will say of me as I said of her,
"She has been just so many years
at rest," —

Then turn to the living loves again,
To the busy life, without, within,
And the day will go on from dawn to
dusk,
Even as if I had never been!

Dear hearts! dear hearts! It must
still be so!
The roses will bloom, and the stars
will shine,
And the soft green grass creep still
and slow,
Sometime over a grave of mine,—

And over the grave in your hearts as
well!
Ye cannot hinder it if ye would;
And I,—ah! I shall be wiser then,—
I would not hinder it if I could!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning
light;

Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the
storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of
heaven;

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming
on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,

And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance;

And when the cannon-mouthings
loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-
shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's
pall;

Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink be-
neath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied
sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and
thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and
home,

By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in
heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls
before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our
feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming
o'er us?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE PARTING.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us
 kiss and part;
 Nay, I have done, you get no more
 of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my
 heart
 That thus so cleanly I myself can
 free;
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our
 vows;
 And when we meet at any time
 again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love re-
 tain.—
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
 breath,
 When his pulse failing, Passion
 speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
 death,
 And Innocence is closing up his
 eyes,
 Now if thou wouldst, when all have
 given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him
 yet recover.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DESPITE ALL.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon
 decays;
 And what by mortals in this world is
 brought,
 In time's great periods shall return
 to nought;
 That fairest states have fatal nights
 and days.
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly
 lays,
 With toil of sprite which are so dear-
 ly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are
 sought;
 That there is nothing lighter than
 vain praise.
 I know frail beauty's like the purple
 flower
 To which one morn oft birth and
 death affords;
 That love a jarring is of mind's
 accords,
 Where sense and will bring under
 reason's power:
 Know what I list, this all cannot me
 move, |love.
 But that, alas! I both must write and

WHAT WE TOIL FOR.

OF mortal glory O soon darkened
 ray!
 O wingèd joys of man, more swift
 than wind!
 O fond desires, which in our fancies
 stray!
 O traitorous hopes, which do our
 judgments blind!
 Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
 Which dazzle did each eye, delight
 each mind,
 And, with that sun from whence it
 came combined,
 Now makes more radiant Heaven's
 eternal day.
 Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks
 with tears;
 Let widowed Music only roar and
 groan;
 Poor Virtue, get thee wings and
 mount the spheres,
 For dwelling-place on earth for thee
 is none!
 Death hath thy temple razed, Love's
 empire foiled,
 The world of honor, worth, and
 sweetness spoiled.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais by his side,,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high,
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed:
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus — ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings' are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius, great and good;
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee.
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods
 The princes applaud with a furious joy:
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

CHORUS,

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead."
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony.
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins complain
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.
 But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON.

[Prefixed to "Paradise Lost."]

THREE poets in three distant ages
 born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did
 adorn,
 The first in loftiness of thought sur-
 passed;
 The next in majesty; in both the
 last,
 The force of nature could no further
 go;
 To make a third, she joined the
 former two.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE LIGHT OF REASON.

* DIM as the borrowed beams of moon
 and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travel-
 lers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the
 sky,
 Not light us here; so Reason's glim-
 mering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful
 way,

But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as these nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our
 hemisphere;
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's
 sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat-
 ural light.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE BIBLE.

IF on the book itself we cast our
 view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story
 true;
 The doctrine, miracles; which must
 convince,
 For Heaven in them appeals to hu-
 man sense:
 And though they prove not, they con-
 firm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with na-
 ture's laws.
 Then for the style, majestic and
 divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every
 line:
 Commanding words, whose force is
 still the same
 As the first fiat that produced our
 frame.

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulged has made mankind
their friend;
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it
grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense
and sin;
Oppressed without, and undermined
within,
It thrives through pain; its own tor-
mentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still
aspires.
To what can Reason such effects as-
sign
Transcending nature, but to laws
divine?
Which in that sacred volume are
contained;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use or-
dained.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

JUDGMENT IN STUDYING IT.

THE unlettered Christian, who be-
lieves in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a
loss:
For the strait-gate would be made
straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men
of wit.
The few by nature formed, with
learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be
taught,
Must study well the sacred page: and
see
Which doctrine, this or that, doth
best agree
With the whole tenor of the work di-
vine;
And plainliest points to Heaven's re-
vealed design:
Which exposition flows from genuine
sense;
And which is forced by wit and elo-
quence.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE AVOIDANCE OF RELIGIOUS
DISPUTES.

A THOUSAND daily sects rise up and
die;
A thousand more the perished race
supply;
So all we make of Heaven's discov-
ered will.
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on
several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck our-
selves.
What then remains, but, waiving
each extreme,
The tide of ignorance and pride to
stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
Nor proudly seek beyond our power
to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions
vain:
The things we must believe are few
and plain:
But since men will believe more than
they need,
And every man will make himself a
creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest
way
To learn what unsuspected ancients
say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher
soar
In search of Heaven, than all the
Church before:
Nor can we be deceived, unless we
see [gree.
The Scripture and the Fathers disa-
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon
his will;)
'Tis some relief, that points not
clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let
alone:
And after hearing what our Church
can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to
curb, [disturb.
Than by disputes the public peace

For points obscure are of small use
to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

[From *Eleonora*.]

A WIFE.

A WIFE as tender, and as true
withal,
As the first woman was before her
fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was
a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep
his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accursed;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the
first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had
been,
And death had found no entrance by
her sin.
So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still.

[From *Eleonora*.]

CHARITY.

WANT passed for merit at her open
door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase
his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her
so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw
or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she
drew.
He, who could touch her garment, was
as sure,
As the first Christians of the apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious
deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest
needs;

A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refused, all hoped
to find,
Each in his turn, the rich might
freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas
home.
As to some holy house the afflicted
came,
The hunger-starved, the naked and
the lame;
Want and disease both fled before
her name,
For zeal like hers her servants were
too slow;
She was the first, where need required,
to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant
too.

[From *Eleonora*.]

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

As precious gums are not for last-
ing fire,
They but perfume the temple, and
expire:
So was she soon exhaled and van-
ished hence;
A short sweet odor of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say
she died:
For but a now did heaven and earth
divide:
She passed serenely with a single
breath;
This moment perfect health, the next
was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls
are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts
pursue;
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a
new;
So close they follow, such wild order
keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are
asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she
was there.

No pains she suffered, nor expired
with noise;
Her soul was whispered out with
God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckoned to a
feast,
And treated like a long-familiar
guest.
He took her as he found, but found
her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim pre-
pared;
As early notice she from heaven had
heard;
And some descending courier from
above [move;
Had given her timely warning to re-
Or counselled her to dress the nuptial
room.
For on that night the bridegroom was
to come,
He kept his hour, and found her
where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the
day;
Scarce had she sinned in thought, or
word, or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for
fact:
That hardly death a consequence
could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to
show
The mortal part of her she left be-
low:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she
went,
Looked like translation through the
firmament.

[From *The Character of a Good Parson.*]

THE MODEL PREACHER,

YET of his little he had some to
spare,
To feed the famished and to clothe
the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not
see.

True priests, he said, and preachers
of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign
Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public
store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.

The proud he tamed, the penitent
he cheered;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender
feared;
His preaching much, but more his
practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he
taught);
For this by rules severe his life he
squared,
That all might see the doctrines
which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for
the rest;
(The gold of heaven, who bear the
God impressed);
But when the precious coin is kept
unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer
seen.
If they be foul on which the people
trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a
rust.

[From *Absalom and Achitophel.*]

THE WIT.

A FIERY soul, which, working out its
way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of
clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the
waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm
unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to
boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near
allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds
divide.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

• • • • •
 HAVE mind that age aye follows
 youth;
 Death follows life with gaping mouth,
 Devouring fruit and flowering grain
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Came never yet May so fresh and
 green,
 But January came as wud and keen;

Was never such drouth but ance came
 rain;
All earthly joy returns in pain,

Since earthly joy abydis never,
 Work for the joy that lasts for-
 ever;
 For other joy is all but vain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

A SNOW-STORM.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter
 time,
 As cold as it ever can be;
 The roar of the blast is heard like
 the chime

Of the waves of an angry sea.
 The moon is full, but her silver light
 The storm dashes out with its wings
 to-night;

And over the sky from south to north,
 Not a star is seen as the wind comes
 forth

In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—
 all day

As it never came down before;
 And over the hills, at sunset, lay
 Some two or three feet, or more;
 The fence was lost, and the wall of
 stone;

The windows blocked and the well-
 curbs gone;

The haystack had grown to a moun-
 tain lift,

And the wood-pile looked like a
 monster drift,

As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
 While the air grows sharp and chill,

And the warning roar of a fearful
 blow

Is heard on the distant hill;
 And the Norther, seel on the moun-
 tain peak

In his breath how the old trees writhe
 and shriek!

He shouts on the plain, ho ho! ho ho!
 He drives from his nostrils the blind-
 ing snow,

And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found
 abroad,

In the drifts and the freezing air,
 Lies a shivering dog, in the field, by
 the road,

With the snow in his shaggy hair.
 He shuts his eyes to the wind and
 growls;

He lifts his head, and moans and
 howls; [sleet,

Then crouching low, from the cutting
 His nose is pressed on his quivering
 feet—

Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
 But he lost the travelled way;

And for hours he trod with might
 and main

A path for his horse and sleigh;

But colder still the cold winds blew,
 And deeper still the deep drifts
 grew,
 And his mare, a beautiful Morgan
 brown,
 At last in her struggles floundered
 down,
 Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied
 snort,
 She plunged in the drifting snow,
 While her master urged, till his
 breath grew short,
 With a word and a gentle blow;
 But the snow was deep, and the tugs
 were tight;
 His hands were numb and had lost
 their might;
 So he wallowed back to his half-filled
 sleigh,
 And strove to shelter himself till day,
 With his coat and buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of
 the rein,
 To rouse up his dying steed;
 And the poor dog howls to the blast
 in vain
 For help in his master's need.
 For awhile he strives with a wistful
 cry
 To catch a glance from his drowsy
 eye,

And wags his tail when the rude winds
 flap
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
 And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm
 is o'er —
 'Tis the hour of midnight past;
 The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.
 The silent moon with her peaceful
 light
 Looks down on the hills with snow
 all white,
 And the giant shadow of Camel's
 Hump, |stump,
 The blasted pine and the ghostly
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town:
 The man in his sleigh, and his faith-
 ful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown,
 In the wide snow-desert, far and
 grand,
 With his cap on his head and the
 reins in his hand,
 The dog with his nose on his master's
 feet,
 And the mare half seen through the
 crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered
 down.

GEORGE ELIOT (MARIAN EVANS CROSS).

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
 Of these immortal dead who live
 again
 In minds made better by their pres-
 ence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 Of miserable aims that end with
 self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the
 night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge
 men's minds
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order, that
 controls
 With growing sway the growing life
 of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed and
 agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred
 despair.

<p>Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued, A vicious parent shaming still its child, [solved; Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis- Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies, Die in the large and charitable air. And all our rarer, better, truer self, That sobbed religiously in yearning song, That watched to ease the burden of the world, Laboriously tracing what must be, And what may yet be better,—saw within A worthier image for the sanctuary, And shaped it forth before the mul- titude, Divinely human, raising worship so To higher reverence more mixed with love,— [Time That better self shall live till human</p>	<p>Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb, Unread forever. This is life to come, Which martyred men have made more glorious For us, who strive to follow. May I reach That purest heaven,—be to other souls The cup of strength in some great agony, Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no cruelty, Be the sweet presence of a good dif- fused, And in diffusion ever more intense! So shall I join the choir invisible, Whose music is the gladness of the world.</p>
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JANE ELLIOT.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that focht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

POOR ANDREW.

THE loving poor!—So envy calls
 .The ever-toiling poor:
 But oh! I choke, my heart grows
 faint,
 When I approach my door!
 Behind it there are living things,
 Whose silent frontlets say
 They'd rather see me out than in,—
 Feet foremost borne away!
 My heart grows sick when home I
 come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

My dog and cat, when I come home,
 Run out to welcome me,—
 She mewling, with her tail on end,
 While wagging his comes he.
 They listen for my homeward steps,
 My smothered sob they hear,
 When down my heart sinks, deathly
 down,
 Because my home is near.
 My heart grows faint when home I
 come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
 Than, scorned and loathed, a king;
 But man should live while for him
 lives
 The meanest loving thing.
 Thou busy bee! how canst thou choose
 So far and wide to roam?
 O blessed bee! thy glad wings say
 Thou hast a happy home!
 But I, when I come home,—O God!
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not
 come
 My breaking heart to meet!
 A heavier darkness on me falls,—
 I cannot lift my feet.
 Oh, yes, they come!—they never fail
 To listen for my sighs;
 My poor heart brightens when it
 meets
 The sunshine of their eyes.
 Again they come to meet me,—God!
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;
 My home is comfort's grave;
 My playful cat and honest dog
 Are all the friends I have;
 And yet my house is filled with
 friends,—
 But foes they seem, and are.
 What makes them hostile? IGNO-
 RANCE;
 Then let me not despair.
 But oh! I sigh when home I come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

THE PRESS.

GOD said,—“Let there be light!”
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains
 cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and
 gold,
 And cried,—“'Tis day! 'tis day!”
 “Hail, holy light!” exclaimed
 The thunderous cloud that flamed
 O'er daisies white;

And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast;
 And, blushing, murmured,—
 "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
 Then rose the embattled corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Poured forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
 In glory, bloom!
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?
 No, by the *mind* of man!
 By the swart artisan!
 By God, our sire!
 Our souls have holy light within;
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire,
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven!
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
 Earth's deepest night, from this
 blessed hour,
 The night of minds, is gone!
 "The Press!" all lands shall sing;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless:
 Oh, pallid Want! Oh, Labor stark!
 Behold we bring the second ark!
 The Press! the Press! the Press!

THE POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! let thy lowly
 child,
 Strong in his love of truth, be
 wisely bold,—
 A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,
 Let him live usefully, and not die
 old!
 Let poor men's children, pleased to
 read his lays,
 Love, for his sake, the scenes where
 he hath been,

And when he ends his pilgrimage of
 days,
 Let him be buried where the grass
 is green,
 Where daisies, blooming earliest,
 linger late
 To hear the bee his busy note pro-
 long;
 There let him slumber, and in peace
 await
 The dawning morn, far from the
 sensual throng,
 Who scorn the windflower's blush,
 the redbreast's lonely song.

NOT FOR NAUGHT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;
 Let no trifle trifling be!
 If the salt of life is pain,
 Let even wrongs bring good to
 thee;
 Good to others few or many,—
 Good to all, or good to any.
 If men curse thee, plant their lies
 Where for truth they best may
 grow;
 Let the railers make thee wise,
 Preaching peace where'er thou go!
 God no useless plant hath planted,
 Evil — wisely used — is wanted.
 If the nation-feeding corn
 Thriveth under iced snow;
 If the small bird on the thorn
 Useth well its guarded sloe,—
 Bid thy cares thy comforts double,
 Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.
 See the rivers! how they run,
 Strong in gloom, and strong in
 light!
 Like the never-wearied sun,
 Through the day and through the
 night,
 Each along his path of duty,
 Turning coldness into beauty

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ODE.

O TENDERLY the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses are not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For he that flung the broad blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state,—
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—
Present and past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll
A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;

Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowl'd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought,

Never from lips of cunning, fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon wood-
bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?

Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;

And morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeyes bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the
grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him
planned;
And the same power that reared the
shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless
host,
Trances the heart through chanting
choirs,
And through the priest the mind in-
spires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our
solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the
woods,

Spreading its leafless blooms in a
damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish
brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their
beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his
plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens
his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth
and sky,

Dear, tell them, that if eyes were
made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for
being:

Why thou wert there, oh, rival of the
rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame power that brought me
there, brought you.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines:
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers:
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure,

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap, and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

CONCORD FIGHT.

By the rude bridge that arched the
 flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers
 stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which sea-
 ward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft
 stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are
 gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children
 free,
 Bid time and nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and
 thee.

FORBEARANCE.

HAST thou named all the birds with-
 out a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on
 its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and
 pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart
 of trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from
 speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 Oh, be my friend, and teach me to
 be thine!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and
reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that
seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest
light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls,
Amid their sins, are dear, —

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth that does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with
souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in
grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

Time was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach is aye
Men's least attempts approving;
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
Omniscience makes all-loving.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind:
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey
lies,
Only the poison find.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
More grace, O Lord! more grace;
More sweetness from thy loving heart,
More sunshine from thy face!

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with
smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are
near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy
work,
As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with
thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time,
Most musically rung.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,
Not even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!
Thus I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom, thou
com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind
check
To spirits over-free'
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee!

WILLIAM FALCONER.

[From *The Shipwreck*.]

WRECKED IN THE TEMPEST.

AND now, while winged with ruin
from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged
lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves
of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eter-
nal night:

Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion
came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to re-
claim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sound-
ing foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted
roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale
dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car
of day.

With rash and impious hand the
stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to
guide.

With mournful look the seamen
eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws ex-
pand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all
dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld
the last.

And now, lashed on by destiny se-
vere,
With horror fraught the dreadful
scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge
of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers
roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of
yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic
lore; [breath,
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest
To smile serene amid the pangs of
death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to be-
hold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue
famed,
And wisest of the sons of men pro-
claimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and dis-
tress,
His soul had trembled to its last re-
cess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers
above,
This last tremendous shock of fate
to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet
sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were pre-
pared,
For now the audacious seas insult
the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a hor-
rid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.

Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she
flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the
skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on
the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the
deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion
feels,
And quivering with the wound, in
torment reels;

Again she plunges; hark! a second
shock
Tears her strong bottom on the mar-
ble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dis-
mal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll
their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another
stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid
oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal
cell
The lurking demons of destruction
dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame
divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the
tides.

[From *The Shipwreck.*]

A SUNSET PICTURE.

THE sun's bright orb, declining all
serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the wood-
land scene;
Creation smiles around; on every
spray
The warbling birds exalt their even-
ing lay;
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the
fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing
plain;
The golden lime and orange there
were seen

On fragrant branches of perpetual
green;
The crystal streams that velvet mead-
ows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding
wave.
The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to
roar;
But trembling, murmurs on the sandy
shore;
And, lo! his surface lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living
gold!
While all above a thousand liveries
gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.

Arabian sweets perfume the happy
plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchant-
ment reigns
While glowing Vesper leads the starry
train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er
land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure east in-
vade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in grad-
ual shade;
While yet the songsters of the vocal
grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to
love.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

IDEALS.

O SCIENCE, whose footsteps wander,
Audacious and unafraid,
Where the mysteries that men pon-
der
Lie folded in awful shade,
Though you bring us, with calm defi-
ance,
Dear gifts from the bourns you
wing,
There is yet, O undaunted Science,
One gift that you do not bring!

Shall you conquer the last restriction
That conceals it from you now,
And come back with its benediction
Like an aureole on your brow?
Shall you fly to us, roamer daring,
Past barriers of time and space,
And return from your mission bear-
ing
The light of God on your face?

We know not, but still can treasure,
In the yearnings of our suspense,
Consolation we may not measure
By the certitudes of Sense.
For Life, as we long and question,
Seems to speak, while it hurries by,
Through undertones of suggestion
Immortality's deep reply.

To ears that await its token
Perpetually it strays,
Indeterminate, fitful, broken,
By the discords of our days.
It pierces the grim disasters
Of clamorous human Hate,
And its influence overmasters
All the ironies of Fate.

The icy laugh of the scorner
Cannot strike its echoes mute;
It cleaves the moan of the mourner
Like a clear æolian lute;
At its tone less clear and savage
Grows the anguish of farewell tears,
And its melody haunts the ravage
Of the desecrating years.

Philosophy builds, and spares not
Her firm, laborious power,
But her lordly edifice wears not
Its last aerial tower.
For the quarries of Reason fail her
Ere the structure's perfect scope,
And the stone that would now avail
her [hope.
Must be hewn from heights of

But Art, at her noblest glory,
Can seem, to her lovers fond,
As divinely admonitory
Of infinitudes beyond.

She can beam upon Earth's abasements

Like a splendor flung down sublime
Through vague yet exalted casements
From eternity into time.

On the canvas of some great painter
We may trace, in its varied flame,
Now leaping aloft, now fainter,
As the mood uplifts the aim,
That impulse by whose rare presence
His venturing brush has drawn
Its hues from the efflorescence
Of a far Elysian dawn.

An impassioned watcher gazes
Where the faultless curves combine
That sculpture's mightier phases
Imperially enshrine,
And he feels that by strange election
The artificer's genius wrought
From the marble a pale perfection
That is paramount over thought.

So at music entranced we wonder,
If its charm the spirit seeks,
When with mellow voluminous thunder
A sovereign maestro speaks,
Till it seems that by ghostly aidance
Upraised above lesser throngs,
He has caught from the stars their cadence
And woven the wind into songs.

More than all, if the stately brilliance
Of a poet's rapture rise,
Like a fountain whose full resilience
Is lovely against fair skies,
Are we thrilled with a dream unbounded
Of deeps by no vision scanned,
That conjecture has never sounded
And conception has never spanned.

So the harvest that knowledge misses,
Intuition seems to reap;
One pauses before the abysses
That one will delight to leap.
One balks the ruminant sages,
And one bids the world aspire,
While the slow processional ages
Irreversibly retire.

WOUNDS.

THE night-wind sweeps its viewless lyre,
And o'er dim lands, at pastoral rest,
A single star's white heart of fire
Is throbbing in the amber west.

I track a rivulet, while I roam,
By banks that copious leafage cools,
And watch it roughening into foam,
Or deepening into glassy pools.

And where the shy stream gains a glade
That willowy thickets overwhelm,
I find a cottage in the shade
Of one high patriarchal elm.

Unseen, I mark, well bowered from reach,
A group the sloping lawn displays,
And more by gestures than by speech
I learn their converse while I gaze.

In curious band, youth, maid, and dame,
About his chair they throng to greet
A gaunt old man of crippled frame,
Whose crutch leans idle at his feet.

Girt with meek twilight's peaceful breath,
[fray,
They hear of loud, tempestuous
Of troops mown down like wheat by death,
Of red Antietam's ghastly day.

He tells of hurts that will not heal;
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,
Where sting of shot and bite of steel
Have left their dull mementos yet;

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,
His gathered hearers closer press,
To pay alike in glance or phrase,
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,
Look onward, past the box-edged walk,
[still,
Where stands a woman, grave and
Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side;
 In pensive grace her brow is bent;
 Her slender form leaves half-described
 A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,
 The mournful reverie of her air
 Speaks to my thought, I know not
 why,
 In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show
 Of anguish borne through laggard
 years,
 With outward calm, with secret flow
 Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,
 When jaded effort loathes to strive;
 Of patience lingering firm, when life
 Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,
 While heaven is purpling overhead,
 No more I heed the old soldier trace
 How sword has cut, or bullet sped.

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,
 .Where no blades ring, no cannon
 roll,
 And where the shadowy blows that
 smite
 Give bloodless wounds that scar
 the soul;

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers
 From those its plunderous wrath
 lays low;
 Of bivouacs where the spirit stares
 At smouldering passion's faded
 glow;

And last, of that sad armistice made
 On the dark field whence hope has
 fled,

Ere yet, like some poor ghost unlaid,
 Pale Memory glides to count her
 dead.

THE WOOD-TURTLE.

GIRT with the grove's aerial sigh,
 In clumsy stupor, deaf as fate,
 Near this coiled, naked root you lie,
 Imperviously inanimate.

Between these woodlands where we
 met,
 And your grim languor, void of
 grace,
 My glance, dumb sylvan anchoret,
 Mysterious kinsmanship can trace.

For in your checkered shape are shown
 The miry black of swamp and bog,
 The tawny brown of lichen'd stone,
 The inertness of the tumbled log.

But when you break this lifeless pause,
 And from your parted shell out-
 spread
 A rude array of lumbering claws,
 A length of lean, dark snaky head,

I watch from sluggish torpor start
 These vital signs, uncouth and
 strange,
 And mutely murmur to my heart:
 "Ah me! how lovelier were the
 change,

"If yonder tough oak, seamed with
 scars,
 Could give some white, wild form
 release,
 With eyes amid whose wistful stars
 Burned memories of immorta'
 Greece!"

ANNA MARIA FAY.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

OFT see we in the garish round of
 day
 A danger-haunted world for our
 sad feet,
 Or fear we tread along the peopled
 street
 A homeless path, an uncompanioned
 way.
 So too the night doth bring its own
 array
 Of darkling terrors we must singly
 meet,
 Each soul apart in its unknown retreat,
 With life a purposeless, unconscious
 play.
 But though the day discovers us
 afraid,
 Unsure of some safe hand to be
 our guide,
 Rest we at night, as if for each
 were said,

"He giveth unto His beloved sleep."
 Nought less than all do we in sleep
 confide,
 And death but needs of us a trust
 as deep.

RONDEL.

WHEN love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?
 A brighter emerald lies
 On hill and vale and lea.
 The azure of the skies
 Holds nought so sweet to see,
 When love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?

Her bloom the rose outvies,
 The lily dares no plea,
 The violet's glory dies,
 No flower so sweet can be;
 When love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
 Drearily drenched in the ocean
 brine,
 Soaring high and sinking low,
 Lashed along without will of mine;
 Sport of the spume of the surging sea;
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
 Mark my manifold mystery,—
 Growth and grace in their place
 appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
 Rootless and rover though I be;
 My spangled leaves, when nicely
 spread,

Arborese as a trunkless tree;
 Corals curious coat me o'er,
 White and hard in apt array;
 'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding
 shore,
 Something whispers soft to me,
 Restless and roaming for evermore,
 Like this weary weed of the sea;
 Bear they yet on each beating breast
 The eternal type of the wondrous
 whole:
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

ANNIE FIELDS.

TO SAPPHO.

DAUGHTER of Love! Out of the flow-
ing river,
Bearing the tide of life upon its bil-
low,
Down to that gulf where love and
song together
Sink and must perish:
Out of that fatal and resistless cur-
rent,
One little song of thine to thy great
mother,
Treasured upon the heart of earth
forever,
Alone is rescued.

Yet when spring comes, and weary is
the spirit,
When love is here, but absent is the
lover,
And life is here, and only love is dy-
ing,
Then turn we, longing,
Singer, to thee! Through ages unfor-
gotten;
Where beats the heart of one who in
her loving
Sang, all for love, and gave herself
in singing
To the sea's bosom.

[From The Last Contest of Æschylus.]

YOUNG SOPHOCLES TAKING THE
PRIZE FROM AGED ÆSCHYLUS.

BUT now the games succeeded, then
a pause,
And after came the judges with the
scrolls;
Two scrolls, not one, as in departed
years.
And this saw none but the youth,
Sophocles,
Who stood with head erect and shin-
ing eyes,
As if the beacon of some promised
land
Caught his strong vision and en-
tranced it there.

Then while the earth made mimicry
of heaven
With stillness, calmly spake the
mightiest judge:
"O Æschylus! The father of our
song!
Athenian master of the tragic lyre
Thou the incomparable! Swayer of
strong hearts!
Immortal minstrel of immortal deeds!
The autumn grows apace, and all
must die;
Soon winter comes, and silence.
Æschylus!
After that silence laughs the tuneful
spring!
Read'st thou our meaning through
this slender veil
Of nature's weaving? Sophocles,
stand forth!
Behold Fame calls thee to her loftiest
seat,
And bids thee wear her crown. Stand
forth, I say!"
Then, like a fawn, the youthful poet
sprang
From the dark thicket of new crowd-
ing friends,
And stood, a straight, lithe form with
gentle mien,
Crowned first with light of happiness
and youth.

But Æschylus, the old man, bending
lower
Under this new chief weight of all
the years,
Turned from that scene, turned from
the shouting crowd,
Whose every voice wounded his dying
soul
With arrows poison-dipped, and
walked alone,
Forgotten, under plane-trees, by the
stream.
"The last! The last! Have I no more
to do
With this sweet world! Is the bright
morning now
No longer fraught for me with crowd-
ing song?"

Will evening bring no unsought fruit-
age home?
Must the days pass and these poor
lips be dumb,
While strewing leaves sing falling
through the air,
And autumn gathers in her richest
fruit?
Where is my spring departed? Where,
O gods!
Within my spirit still the building
birds
I hear, with voice more tender than
when leaves
Are budding and the happy earth is
gay.
Am I, indeed, grown dumb for ever-
more!
Take me, O bark! Take me, thou
flowing stream!
Who knowest nought of death save
when thy waves
Rush to new life upon the ocean's
breast.
Bear thou me singing to the under
world!

[From *Sophocles*.]

AGED SOPHOCLES ADDRESSING THE
ATHENIANS BEFORE READING HIS
ÆDIPUS COLONEUS.

BOWED half with age and half with
reverence, thus,
I, Sophocles, now answer to your
call;
Questioned have I the cause and the
reason learned.
Lo, I am here that all the world may
see
These feeble limbs that signal of de-
cay!
But, know ye, ere the aged oak must
die,
Long after the strong years have
bent his form,
The spring still gently weaves a leafy
crown,
Fresh as of yore to deck his wintry
head.
And now, O people mine, who have
loved my song,

Ye shall be judges if the spring have
brought
Late unto me, the aged oak, a crown.
Hear ye once more, ere yet the river
of sleep
Bear me away far on its darkening
tide,
The music breathed upon me from
these fields.
If to your ears, alas! the shattered
strings
No longer sing, but breathe a discord
harsh,
I will return and draw this mantle
close
About my head and lay me down to
die.
But if ye hear the wonted spirit call,
Framing the natural song that fills
this world
To a diviner form, then shall ye all
believe
The love I bear to those most near to
me
Is living still, and living cannot
wrong;
To me, it seems, the love I bear to
thee,
Athens, blooms fresh as violets in yon
wood,
Making new spring within this aged
breast.

AT THE FORGE.

I AM Hephaistos, and forever here
Stand at the forge and labor, while I
dream
Of those who labor not and are not
lame.
I hear the early and the late birds
call,
Hear winter whisper to the coming
spring,
And watch the feet of summer danc-
ing light
For joy across the bosom of the earth.
Labor endures, but all of these must
pass!
And ye who love them best, nor are
condemned

To beat the anvil through the summer day,
 May learn the secret of their sudden flight;
 No mortal tongue may whisper where they hide,
 But to her love, half nestled in the grass,
 Earth has been known to whisper low yet clear
 Strange consolation for the wintry days.
 Oh, listen then, ye singers! learn and tell
 Those who must labor by the dusty way!

PASSAGE FROM THE PRELUDE.

O YOUTH of the world,
 Thou wert sweet!
 In thy bud
 Slept nor canker nor pain;
 In the blood
 Of thy grape was no frost and no rain;
 I love thee! I follow thy feet!

The youth of my heart,
 And the deathless fire
 Leap to embrace thee:
 And nigher, and nigher,
 Through the darkness of grief and the smart,
 Thy form do I see.

But the tremulous hand of the years
 Has brought me a friend.
 Beautiful gift beyond price!
 Beyond loss, beyond tears!
 Hither she stands, clad in a veil.
 O thou youth of the world!
 She was a stranger to thee,
 Thou didst fear her and flee.

Sorrow is her name;
 And the face of Sorrow is pale;
 But her heart is aflame
 With a fire no winter can tame.
 Her love will not bend
 To the storm,
 To the voices of pleasure,
 Nor faint in the arms of the earth;
 But she followeth ever the form
 Of the Master whose promise is sure,
 Who knows both our death and our birth.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

MORNING AND EVENING BY THE SEA.

At dawn the fleet stretched miles away
 On ocean-plains asleep,—
 Trim vessels waiting for the day
 To move across the deep.
 So still the sails they seemed to be
 White lilies growing in the sea.
 When evening touched the cape's low rim,
 And dark fell on the waves,
 We only saw processions dim
 Of clouds, from shadowy caves;
 These were the ghosts of buried ships
 Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse!

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur
 Who started out to sing,
 Eight hundred years ago, or more,
 On a leafy morn in spring;
 And he carolled sweet as any bird
 That ever tried its wing.

Of love his little heart was full,—
 Madonna! how he sang!
 The blossoms trembled with delight,
 And round about him sprang,
 As forth among the banks of Loire
 The minstrel's music rang.

The boy had left a home of want
 To wander up and down,

And sing for bread and nightly rest
 In many an alien town,
 And bear whatever lot befell,—
 The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's carolling lips are dust,
 And ages long since then
 Dead kings have lain beside their
 thrones,
 Voiceless as common men,—
 But Gerald's songs are echoing still
 Through every mountain glen!

IN EXTREMIS.

OH, the soul-haunting shadows when
 low he'll lie dying,
 And the dread angel's voice for his
 spirit is crying!
 Where will his thoughts wander, just
 before sleeping,
 When a chill from the dark o'er his
 forehead is creeping?
 Will he go on beguiling,
 And wantonly smiling?

'Tis June with him now, but quick
 cometh December;
 There's a broken heart somewhere
 for him to remember,
 And sure as God liveth, for all his
 gay trolling,
 The bell for his passing one day will
 be tolling!
 Then no more beguiling,
 False vowing and smiling!

A PROTEST.

Go, sophist! dare not to despoil
 My life of what it sorely needs
 In days of pain, in hours of toil,—
 The bread on which my spirit
 feeds.

You see no light beyond the stars,
 No hope of lasting joys to come?
 I feel, thank God, no narrow bars
 Between me and my final home!

Hence with your cold sepulchra'
 bans,—
 The vassal doubts Unfaith has
 given!
 My childhood's heart within the
 man's
 Still whispers to me, "Trust in
 Heaven!"

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in
 common speech,
 Is that fine sense which men call
 Courtesy!
 Wholesome as air and genial as the
 light,
 Welcome in every clime as breath of
 flowers,—
 It transmutes aliens into trusting
 friends,
 And gives its owner passport round
 the globe.

A CHARACTER.

O HAPPIEST he, whose riper years
 retain
 The hopes of youth, unsullied by a
 stain!
 His eve of life in calm content shall
 glide,
 Like the still streamlet to the ocean
 tide:
 No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tran-
 quil day;
 No meteor lures him from his home
 astray;
 For him there glows with glittering
 beam on high
 Love's changeless star that leads him
 to the sky;
 Still to the past he sometimes turns
 to trace
 The mild expression of a mother's
 face,
 And dreams, perchance, as oft in
 earlier years,
 The low, sweet music of her voice he
 hears.

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODÉON.

"I AM Nicholas Tacchinardi,—hunchbacked, look you, and a fright;
 Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.
 Granted; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size.
 Gaze not on my limbs, good people; lend your *ears*, and not your *eyes*.
 I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*,—spare me for a while your din;
 Let me try my voice to-night here,—keep your jests till I begin.
 Have the kindness but to listen,—this is all I dare to ask.
 See, I stand beside the footlights, waiting to begin my task,
 If I fail to please you, curse me,—not *before* my voice you hear,
 Thrust me not from the Odéon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape;
 Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape!
 Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage!
 Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage."

Bowing low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
 Burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets,—
 Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odéon rang,—
 Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang;
 And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries,—
 • "King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river;
 Whence the fleets of iron had fled.
 Where the blades of the grave-grass
 quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat;
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Broidered with gold, the Blue;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray

So, when the summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years, now fading,
 No braver battle was won;
 Under the sod and the dew:
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our
 dead.
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Love and tears for the Blue;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers
 I breed no flowers;
 Each field a barren waste appears;
 If you don't weep,
 My blossoms sleep,
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
 So I must part with all that's mine;
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
 To torrid zones their sweets resign.

For April dead
 My shades I spread,
 To her I owe my dress so gay;
 Of daughters three
 It falls on me
 To close our triumphs in one day.

Thus to repose
 All nature goes;
 Month after month must find its
 doom;
 Time on the wing,
 May ends the spring,
 And summer frolics o'er her tomb.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
 I hear it in the light,—
 Where is the voice that calls to me
 With such a quiet might?
 It seems but echo to my thought,
 And yet beyond the stars;
 It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
 And yet the planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within
 My inmost soul there lies
 A spirit-sky, that opens with
 Those voices of surprise?
 And can it be, by night and day,
 That firmament serene
 Is just the heaven where God himself,
 The Father, dwells unseen?

Oh, God within, so close to me
 That every thought is plain,
 Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
 And in thy heaven reign!
 Thy heaven is mine,—my very
 soul!

Thy words are sweet and strong;
 They fill my inward silences
 With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
 And loud rebuke my ill;
 They ring my bells of victory,
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
 They ever seem to say, "My child;
 Why seek me so all day?
 Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE FREE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may
 confine,
 And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's
 gaze,
 And massive bolts may baffle his de-
 sign,
 And vigilant keepers watch his de-
 vious ways;
 But scorns the immortal mind such
 base control;
 No chains can bind it and no cell en-
 close.

Swifter than light it flies from pole
 to pole,
 And in a flash from earth to heaven
 it goes.
 It leaps from mount to mount, from
 vale to vale
 It wanders plucking honeyed fruits
 and flowers;
 It visits home to hear the fireside tale
 And in sweet converse pass the joy-
 ous hours;
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
 And in its watches wearies every star.

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

BAY BILLY.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericks-
 burg,—

Perhaps the day you reckon,
 Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
 Kept Early's men in check.
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed
 away
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day the weaker wing we held,
 And held it with a will.
 Five several stubborn times we
 charged
 The battery on the hill,
 And five times beaten back, re-formed,
 And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight.
 Spurred up a general's aid.
 "That battery must silenced be!"
 He cried, as past he sped.
 Our colonel simply touched his cap,
 And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
 The grand old fellow came.
 No wounded man but raised his head
 And strove to gasp his name,

And those who could not speak nor
 stir,
 "God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
 That hero gray and grim.
 Right well we knew that fearful slope
 We'd climb with none but him,
 Though while his white head led the
 way
 We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
 When, midst the storm of shell,
 Our leader, with his sword upraised,
 Beneath our bayonets fell.
 And, as we bore him back, the foe
 Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back
 we swept,
 And when the bugle said
 "Up, charge, again!" no man was
 there
 But hung his dogged head.
 "We've no one left to lead us now,"
 The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line
 The colonel's horse we spied,

Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-Second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood,
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face,
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done,
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! up the hill we followed Bill,
And we captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went,
The ghastly rows between,—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,

As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump
Of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
Were in their place that morn;
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up the weary tread,
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer;
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

THERE is nothing new under the sun;
 There is no new hope or despair;
 The agony just begun
 Is as old as the earth and the air.
 My secret soul of bliss
 Is one with the singing star's,
 And the ancient mountains miss
 No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,
 I know as I know my pain;
 That there is no lonely strife,
 That he is mad who would gain
 A separate balm for his woe,
 A single pity and cover:
 The one great God I know
 Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it because at the portal
 Of heaven I bowed and cried,
 And I said, "Was ever a mortal
 Thus crowned and crucified!
 My praise thou hast made my blame;
 My best thou hast made my worst;
 My good thou hast turned to shame;
 My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
 Ere from that place I turned;
 I trembled, I hung my head,
 My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;
 For there where I bowed down
 In my boastful agony,
 I thought of thy cross and crown,—
 O Christ! I remembered thee.

THE SOWER.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
 His eyes were dark with woe;
 He crushed the flowers beneath his
 feet, [sweet,
 Nor smelt the perfume warm and
 That prayed for pity everywhere.
 He came to a field that was harried

By iron, and to heaven laid bare:
 He shook the seed that he carried
 O'er that brown and bladeless place.
 He shook it, as God shakes hail
 Over a doomed land,
 When lightnings interlace
 The sky and the earth, and his wand
 Of love is a thunder flail.

Thus did that sower sow;
 His seed was human blood,
 And tears of women and men.
 And I, who near him stood,
 Said: When the crop comes, then
 There will be sobbing and sighing,
 Weeping and wailing and crying,
 Flame and ashes and woe.

It was an autumn day
 When next I went that way.
 And what, think you, did I see?
 What was it that I heard?
 The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
 Nay—but the songs of many,
 Thrilled through with praise and prayer.

Of all those voices not any
 Were sad of memory:
 And a sea of sunlight flowed,
 And a golden harvest glowed!
 On my face I fell down there;
 And I said: Thou only art wise—
 God of the earth and skies!
 And I thank thee, again and again,
 For the sower whose name is Pain.

WEAL AND WOE.

O HIGHEST, strongest, sweetest wom-
 an-soul!
 Thou holdest in the compass of
 thy grace
 All the strange fate and passion of
 thy race;
 Of the old, primal curse thou
 knowest the whole:
 Thine eyes, too wise, are heavy with
 the dole,
 The doubt, the dread of all this
 human maze;

Thou in the virgin morning of thy
 days
 Hast felt the bitter waters o'er thee
 roll.
 Yet thou knowest, too, the terrible
 delight,
 The still content, and solemn
 ecstasy;
 Whatever sharp, sweet bliss thy
 kind may know.
 Thy spirit is deep for pleasure as for
 woe —
 Deep as the rich, dark-caverned,
 awful sea
 That the keen-winded, glimmering
 dawn makes white.

TWO LOVE QUATRAINS.

Not from the whole wide world I
 choose thee —
 Sweetheart, light of the land and
 the sea!
 The wide, wide world could not en-
 close thee,
 For thou art the whole wide world
 to me.

YEARS have flown since I knew thee
 first,
 And I know thee as water is known
 of thirst:
 Yet I knew thee of old at the first
 sweet sight,
 And thou art strange to me, love, to-
 night.

*WHAT WOULD I SAVE THEE
 FROM.*

WHAT would I save thee from, dear
 heart, dear heart?
 Not from what heaven may send
 thee of its pain;
 Not from fierce sunshine or the
 scathing rain:
 The pang of pleasure; passion's
 wound and smart;
 Not from the scorn and sorrow of
 thine art;

Nor loss of faithful friends, nor
 any gain
 Of growth by grief. I would not
 thee restrain
 From needful death. But oh, thou
 other part
 Of me!—through whom the whole
 world I behold,
 As through the blue I see the stars
 above!
 In whom the world I find, hid
 fold on fold!
 Thee would I save from this — nay, do
 not move!
 Fear not, it may not flash, the air
 is cold;
 Save thee from this — the lightning
 of my love.

*I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES
 THAT I MEET THEE.*

I COUNT my time by times that I
 meet thee;
 These are my yesterdays, my mor-
 rows, noons,
 And nights; these my old moons
 and my new moons.
 Slow fly the hours, or fast the
 hours do flee,
 If thou art far from or art near to
 me:
 If thou art far, the birds' tunes
 are no tunes;
 If thou art near, the wintry days
 are Junes,—
 Darkness is light, and sorrow can
 not be.
 Thou art my dream come true, and
 thou my dream,
 The air I breathe, the world where-
 in I dwell;
 My journey's end thou art, and
 thou the way;
 Thou art what I would be, yet only
 seem;
 Thou art my heaven and thou art
 my hell;
 Thou art my ever-living judgment-
 day.

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

OF other men I know no jealousy,
 Nor of the maid who holds thee
 close, oh, close:
 But of the June-red, summer-
 scented rose,
 And of the orange-streakèd sunset
 sky
 That wins the soul of thee through
 thy deep eye;
 And of the breeze by thee beloved,
 that goes
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the
 song that flows
 Into thy heart of hearts, where it
 may die.
 I would I were one moment that
 sweet show
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that
 toucheth all;
 Or sky that through the summer
 eve doth burn.
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,
 At sound of me to have thine eye-
 lid fall:
 But I would then to something
 human turn.

A THOUGHT.

ONCE, looking from a window on a
 land
 That lay in silence underneath the
 sun;
 A land of broad, green meadows,
 through which poured
 Two rivers, slowly winding to the
 sea,—
 Thus, as I looked, I know not how
 or whence,
 Was borne into my unexpectant soul
 That thought, late learned by anx-
 ious-witted man,
 The infinite patience of the Eternal
 Mind.

AND WERE THAT BEST?

AND were that best, Love, dreamless,
 endless sleep?
 Gone all the fury of the mortal
 day;
 The daylight gone, and gone the
 starry ray!
 And were that best, Love, rest se-
 rene and deep?
 Gone labor and desire; no arduous
 steep
 To climb, no songs to sing, no
 prayers to pray,
 No help for those who perish by
 the way,
 No laughter 'midst our tears, no
 tears to weep!
 And were that best, Love, sleep with
 no dear dream,
 Nor memory of any thing in life?
 Stark death that neither help nor
 hurt can know!
 Oh, rather, Love, the sorrow-bring-
 ing gleam,
 The living day's long agony and
 strife!
 Rather strong love in pain,—the
 waking woe!

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonder-
 ful the way
 That leads from darkness to the per-
 fect day!
 From darkness and from sorrow of
 the night
 To morning that comes singing o'er
 the sea.
 Through love to light! Through
 light, O God, to thee,
 Who art the love of love, the eternal
 light of light!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[*From The Deserted Village.*]

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once
 the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower
 grows wild.
 There, where a few torn shrubs the
 place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest man-
 sion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds
 a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly
 race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to
 change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for
 power
 By doctrines fashioned to the vary-
 ing hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned
 to prize —
 More bent to raise the wretched than
 to rise.
 His house was known to all the va-
 grant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but re-
 lieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his
 aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no
 longer proud.
 Claimed kindred there, and had his
 claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to
 stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night
 away —
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of
 sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed
 how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their
 woe;

Careless their merits or their faults
 to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was
 his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to vir-
 tue's side;
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and
 felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment
 tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring
 to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull
 delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led
 the way.

Beside the bed where parting life
 was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns
 dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At
 his control
 Despair and anguish fled the strug-
 gling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling
 wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whis-
 pered praise.

At church, with meek and unaf-
 fected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable
 place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with
 double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, re-
 mained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious
 man, [ran;
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic
 E'en children followed, with endear-
 ing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the
 good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth
 exprest;

Their welfare pleased him, and their
cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his
griefs were given —
But all his serious thoughts had rest
in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful
form,
Swells from the vale, and midway
leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling
clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[From *The Deserted Village*.]

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that
skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably
gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled
to rule,
The village master taught his little
school.
A man severe he was, and stern to
view —
I knew him well, and every truant
knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned
to trace
The day's disasters in his morning
face;
Full well they laughed, with coun-
terfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had
he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling
round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned;
Yet he was kind — or, if severe in
aught,
The love he bore to learning was in
fault.
The village all declared how much he
knew;
'T was certain he could write, and
cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and
tides presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could
gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned
his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he
could argue still;
While words of learned length and
thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged
around;
And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
he knew.

[From *The Deserted Village*.]

**THE HAPPINESS 'OF PASSING ONE'S
AGE IN FAMILIAR PLACES.**

IN all my wanderings round this
world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given
my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to
crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay
me down;
To husband out life's taper at the
close,
And keep the flame from wasting by
repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends
us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to
draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and
horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at
first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations
past,
Here to return — and die at home at
last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's
decline!
Retreat from care, that never must
be mine!

How blest is he who crowns, in shades
 like these,
 A youth of labor, with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns
 to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work
 and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay.
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences, ere the world
 be past.

[From *The Traveller*.]

FRANCE.

GAY sprightly land of mirth and
 social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the
 world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive
 choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch,
 faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages: dames of ancient
 days

Have led their children through the
 mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in
 gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of
 threescore.
 So blest a life these thoughtless
 realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to
 mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper
 here:
 Honor, that praise which real merit
 gains
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand
 to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the
 land:
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it
 strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of
 praise;
 They please, are pleased, they give
 to get esteem.
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to
 what they seem.
 But while this softer art their bliss
 supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly
 sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of
 thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself un-
 blest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's
 breast.
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry
 art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which
 fools impart; [ace,
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grim-
 And trims her robe of frieze with
 copper lace;
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily
 cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once
 a year;
 The mind still turns where shifting
 fashion draws
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-
 applause.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

HOPE.

THE wretch condemned with life to
part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's
light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter day.

[From *the Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

THE PROPHETS' SONG.

OUR God is all we boast below,
To Him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe,
Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly dressed,
Nor sacrifice is here;
We'll make His temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain!

Then, like the world, the oppressed
oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's
woe;
And he who wants each other bless-
ing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

DORA READ GOODALE.

RIPE GRAIN.

O STILL, white face of perfect
peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from
pain,—
He who ordained that work should
cease,
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,
The high celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

ELAINE GOODALE.

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOFT on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts then linger yet
Ashes of roses.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL.

It must be so, poor, fading, mortal
thing!

And now we part, thou pallid form
of clay!

Thy hold is broken — I unfurl my
wing;

And from the dust the spirit must
away!

As thou at night, hast thrown thy
vesture by,

Tired with the day, to seek thy
wonted rest,

Fatigued with time's vain round, 't is
thus that I

Of thee, frail covering, myself di-
vest.

Thou knowest, while journeying in
this thorny road,

How oft we've sighed and strug-
gled to be twain;

How I have longed to drop my earth-
ly load,

And thou, to rest thee from thy
toil and pain.

Then he, who severs our mysterious
tie,

Is a kind angel, granting each re-
lease;

He'll seal thy quivering lip and
sunken eye,

And stamp thy brow with ever-
lasting peace.

When thou hast lost the beauty that I
gave,

And life's gay scenes no more will
give thee place,

Thou may'st retire within the secret
grave,

Where none shall look upon thine
altered face.

But I am summoned to the eternal
throne,

To meet the presence of the King
most high;

I go to stand unshrouded and alone,
Full in the light of God's all-search-
ing eye.

There must the deeds which we to-
gether wrought,

Be all remembered — each a wit-
ness made;

The outward action and the secret
thought

Before the silent soul must there
be weighed.

Lo! I behold the seraph throng de-
scend

To waft me up where love and
mercy dwell;

Away, vain fears! the Judge will be
my friend;

It is my Father calls — pale clay,
farewell!

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:

I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name — the year — the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:

A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:

A wave of dark oblivion's sea

Will sweep across the place

Where I have trod the sandy shore

Of time, and been to be no more,

Of me — my day — the name I bore,

To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the
sands,

And holds the waters in his hands,

I know a lasting record stands,

Inscribed against my name,

Of all this mortal part has wrought;

Of all this thinking soul has thought,

And from these fleeting moments
caught

For glory or for shame.

JAMES GRAHAME.

[From *The Sabbath.*]*SABBATH MORNING.*

How still the morning of the hal-
lowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor,
hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the
milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy
wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading
flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving
in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the
ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the
dew,
The distant bleating midway up the
hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon un-
moving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland
leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow
from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the glad-
some lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the
lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the
deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose
curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at in-
tervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song
of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er
yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the
anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quiet-
ness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping
hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and
looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn
horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at
large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he
rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the
morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest
enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor
man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is
doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the
ground
Both seat and board, screened from
the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring
hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his
home,
He shares the frugal meal with those
he loves;
With those he loves he shares the
heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God, — not
thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward ear-
nest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor
man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to
breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's
smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-
side,
He meditates on Him whose power
he marks
In each green tree that proudly
spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that
bloom
Around the roots.

ELINOR GRAY.

ISOLATION.

WE walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow,
joy, and change;
And greeting each to each, through
passing days,
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm,
strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their
eyes;
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging
clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot *know their hearts*, how-
e'er we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and
prayer;

We cannot reach them, and in vain
essay
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hid-
den deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest,
best,
With closest care our purest thoughts
we keep,
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not
always so
In darkness and in sadness walk
alone;
There comes a glorious day when we
shall know
As we are known.

THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er
the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his
weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness
and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape
on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness
holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his
droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
tower,
The moping owl does to the moon
complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a
mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
morn,
The swallow twittering from the
straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, [care:
Or busy housewife ply her evening
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure! [smile
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of luxury and
pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's igno-
ble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to
stray;—
Along the cool, sequestered vale of
life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to
protect
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the
unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she
strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a
prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
signed,
Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
ful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of
Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted
fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-
honored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate; [led,
If chance, by lonely contemplation
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew
away,
To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would
he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bab-
bles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as
in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one
forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in
hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'cus-
tomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favor-
ite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the
rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood
was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon
aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of
earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame un-
known;
Fair Science frowned not on his hum-
ble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 't was all he
wished, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their
dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope
repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue
sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches
stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown
beech
O'er canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and
think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great;

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows:
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough mis-
chance
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets.
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone,—
We frolic while 'tis May.

THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

SMILES on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier
hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse
below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose
flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood
strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome
wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
straint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare de-
sery,
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black misfortune's baleful
train!
Ah, show them where in ambush
stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous
band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their
youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter scorn a sacrifice
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall
try,
And hard unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to
flow;
And keen remorse with blood defiled,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the
veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand;
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;

The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their
fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their para-
dise!
No more,—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.

ONE reads to me Macaulay's "Lays"
With fervid voice, intoning well
The poet's fire, the vocal grace;
They hold me like a spell.

'Twere marvel if in human veins
Could beat a pulse so cold
It would not quicken to the strains,
The flying, fiery strains, that tell
How Romans "kept the bridge so
well
In the brave days of old."

The while I listened, till my blood,
Plunged in the poet's martial mood,
Rushed in my veins like wine,
I prayed,—to One who hears, I wis;
"Give me one breath of power like
this
To sing of Pittston mine!"

A child looks up the ragged shaft,
A boy whose meagre frame
Shrinks as he hears the roaring
draught
That feeds the eager flame.

He has a single chance; the stakes
Of life show death at bay
One moment; then his comrade takes
The hope he casts away.

For while his trembling hand is raised,
And while his sweet eyes shine,
There swells above the love of life
The rush of love divine,—

The thought of those unwarned, to
whom
Death steals along the mine.

O little Martin Craghan!
I reck not if you swore,
Like Porsena of Clusium,
By gods of mythic lore;
But well I ween as great a heart
Beat your small bosom sore.

And that your bare brown feet scarce
felt
The way they bounded o'er.
I know you were a hero then,
Whate'er you were before;
And in God's sight your flying feet
Made white the cavern floor.

The while he speeds that darksome
way,
Hope paints upon his fears
Soft visions of the light of day;
Faint songs of birds he hears;
In summer breeze his tangled curls
Are blown about his ears.

He sees the men; he warns; and now,
His duty bravely done,
Sweet hope may paint the fairest
scene
That spreads beneath the sun.

Back to the burning shaft he flies;
There bounding pulses fail;
The light forsakes his lifted eyes;
The glowing cheek is pale.

With wheeling, whirling, hungry
flame,

The seething shaft is rife:
Where solid chains drip liquid fire,
What chance for human life?

To die with those he hoped to save,
Back, back, through heat and
gloom,
To find a wall,— and Death and he
Shut in the larger tomb!

He pleaded to be taken in
As closer rolled the smoke;
In deathful vapors they could hear
His piteous accents choke.
And they, with shaking voice, re-
fused;
And then the young heart broke.

Oh love of life! God made it strong,
And knows how close it pressed;
And death to those who love life
least
Is scarce a welcome guest.

One thought of the poor wife, whose
head
Last night lay on his breast:
A quiver runs through lips that morn
By children's lips caressed.

These things the sweet strong
thoughts of home,—
Though but a wretched place,
To which the sad-eyed miners come
With Labor's laggard pace,—
Remembered in the cavern gloom,
Illume the haggard face,—

Illumed their faces, steeled each
heart.

O God! what mysteries
Of brave and base make sum and part
Of human histories!

What will not thy poor creatures do
To buy an hour of breath!
Well for us all some souls are true
Above the fear of death!

He wept a little,— for they heard
The sound of sobs, the sighs
That breathed of martyrdom complete
Unseen of mortal eyes,—

And then, no longer swift, his feet
Passed down the galleries.

He crept and crouched beside his
mule,
Led by its dying moan;
He touched it feebly with a hand
That shook like palsy's own.
God grant the touch had power to
make
The child feel less alone!

Who knoweth every heart, He knows
What moved the boyish mind;
What longings grew to passion-throes
For dear ones left behind;
How hardly youth and youth's de-
sires
Their hold of life resigned.

Perhaps the little fellow felt
As brave Horatius thought,
When for those dearer Roman lives
He held his own as nought.

For how could boy die better
Than facing fearful fires
To save poor women's husbands
And helpless children's sires?

Death leaned upon him heavily;
But Love, more mighty still,—
She lent him slender lease of life
To work her tender will.

He felt with sightless, sentient hand
Along the wall and ground,
And there the rude and simple page
For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,
Clasped to his little side,
Dim eyes the wooden record read
Hours after he had died.

Thus from all knowledge of his kind,
In darkness lone and vast,
From life to death, from death to life,
The little hero passed.

And, while they listened for the feet
That would return no more,
Far off they fell in music sweet
Upon another shore.

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.

ONLY.

ONLY a little child,
Crushed to death to-day in the mart;
But the whole unhorizoned kingdom
of heaven
Was in that little heart.

Only a grain of sand,
Swirled up where the sea lies spent;
But it holds wherever it be in space
The poise of a continent.

Only a minute gone,
That to think of now is vain;
Ah! that was the minute without
whose link
Had dropped Eternity's chain.

THE TWO GREAT CITIES.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
Afar on the traveller's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.
Apart, and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is — Death

Apart, and yet together,
Together, and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.
So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet.
And out on the glassy ocean,
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace
Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guerdon
So welcome to all to give,
In the land where the living are dy-
ing,
As the land where the dead may
live.

O silent city of refuge
On the way to the city o'erhead!
The gleam of thy marble milestones
Tells the distance we are from the
dead.
Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,
Full of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the
palace,
They dream not they ever have
died:
God be thanked they never will know
it
Till they live on the other side!
From the doors that death shut coldly
On the face of their last lone woe:
They came to thy glades for shelter
Who had nowhere else to go.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the
 hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance
 bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court
 he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph
 heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne
 —a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of
 wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands
 stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their
 blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted
 air
 The sons of sires who conquered
 there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk
 awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek!
 the Greek!"
 He woke — to die midst flame and
 smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-
 stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and
 fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-
 cloud;

And heard, with voice as trumpet
 loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band.
 "Strike — till the last armed foe ex-
 pires;
 Strike — for your altars and your
 fires;
 Strike — for the green graves of your
 sires:
 God, and your native land!"

They fought, — like brave men, long
 and well;
 They piled that ground with Mos-
 lem slain;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hur-
 rah,
 And the red field was won:
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she
 feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's
 breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption's ghastly
 form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean
 storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and
 warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance,
 and wine;
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the
 bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;

And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.

Come, when his task of fame is wrought —

Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —

Come in her crowning hour — and then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand

Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry

That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,

When the land-wind, from woods of palm,

And orange-groves, and fields of balm,

Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,

Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb:

But she remembers thee as one

Long loved and for a season gone.

For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,

Her marble wrought, her music breathed:

For thee she rings the birthday bells;

Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:

For thine her evening prayer is said

At palace couch, and cottage bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,

Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears

For him, the joy of her young years,

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek

Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,

And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh:

For thou art Freedom's now, and

Fame's,

One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die.

BURNS.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks;

Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon

When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,

My sunny hour was glad and brief
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou

Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine —

The doom of all things wrought of clay?

And withered my life's leaf like thine,

Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake

My bosom bore thee far and long,

His, who a humbler flower could make

Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name

That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,

A nation's glory and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest

Forgot — she's canonized his mind,

And it is joy to speak the best

We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed

Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;

A straw-thatched roof above his
head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that
spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming
hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power;

The pride that lifted Burns from
earth,
The power that gave a child of
song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than
his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not
death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are
there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would
speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm
tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps
time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, not
knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and
storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its
showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and
warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or
do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's
mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers
woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the
tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace
bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of
praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and
love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and
glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he
ran,
Though rough and dark the path
he trod—
Lived, died, in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want,
and woe,
With wounds that only death could
heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions
strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not
bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are
driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds
sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch
around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of
one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed con-
fined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland
wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests
of power,
And warriors with their bright swords
sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour.

And lowlier names, whose humble
home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there — o'er wave and mountain
come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have
pressed [sand,
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and
sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His field and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded
Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dum-
fries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and
urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD
MAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and wo were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee
 Nor thoughts nor words are free
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

TO A SEA-BIRD.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,
 Careless vagabond of the sea,
 Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
 The bar that thunders, the shale
 that rings,—
 Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's
 new;
 Storms and wrecks are old things
 to thee;
 Sick am I of these changes too;
 Little to care for, little to rue,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
 Bring thee at last to shore and me;
 All of my journeyings end them here,
 This our tether must be our cheer,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
 Something in common, old friend,
 have we;
 Thou on the shingle seekest thy nest,
 I to the waters look for rest,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETER

THIS is that hill of awe
 That Persian Sindbad saw,—
 The mount magnetic;
 And on its seaward face,
 Scattered along its base,
 The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies
 Blown by each idle breeze,
 To and fro shifting;
 Yet to the hill of Fate
 All drawing, soon or late,—
 Day by day drifting,—

Drifting forever here
 Barks that for many a year
 Braved wind and weather;
 Shallops but yesterday
 Launched on yon shining bay,
 Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:
 Sun thyself by the wall,
 O poorer Hindbad!
 Envy not Sindbad's fame:
 Here come alike the same,
 Hindbad and Sindbad.

JOHN HAY.

THE PRAIRIE.

THE skies are blue above my head,
 The prairie green below,
 And flickering o'er the tufted grass
 The shifting shadows go,
 Vague-sailing, where the feathery
 clouds

Fleck white the tranquil skies,
 Black javelins darting where aloft
 The whirling pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance
 The dim horizon bounds,
 Where all the air is resonant
 With sleepy summer sounds,
 The life that sings among the flowers,
 The lisping of the breeze,
 The hot cicada's sultry cry.
 The murmurous dreamy bees.

The butterfly, — a flying flower —
 Wheels swift in flashing rings,
 And flutters round his quiet kin,
 With brave flame-mottled wings.
 The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,
 The phlox' bright clusters shine,
 And prairie-cups are swinging free
 To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,
 In liberal splendor rolled,
 The fennel fills the dipping plain
 With floods of flowery gold:
 And widely weaves the iron-weed
 A woof of purple dyes
 Where Autumn's royal feet may tread
 When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away
 The prairie-billows gleam,
 Upon their crests in blessing rests.
 The noontide's gracious beam.
 Low quivering vapors steaming dim,
 The level splendors break
 Where languid lilies deck the rim
 Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds
 The waving woodlands lie;

Far in the West the glowing plain
 Melts warmly in the sky.
 No accent wounds the reverent air,
 No footprint dints the sod, —
 Low in the light the prairie lies
 Rapt in a dream of God.

IN A GRAVEYARD.

IN the dewy depths of the graveyard
 I lie in the tangled grass,
 And watch in the sea of azure,
 The white cloud-islands pass.

The birds in the rustling branches
 Sing gaily overhead;
 Gray stones like sentinel spectres
 Are guarding the silent dead.

The early flowers sleep shaded
 In the cool green noonday glooms;
 The broken light falls shuddering
 On the cold white face of the tombs.

Without, the world is smiling
 In the infinite love of God,
 But the sunlight fails and falters
 When it falls on the churchyard
 sod.

On me the joyous rapture
 Of a heart's first love is shed,
 But it falls on my heart as coldly
 As sunlight on the dead.

REMORSE.

SAD is the thought of sunniest days
 Of love and rapture perished,
 And shine through memory's tearful
 haze

The eyes once fondest cherished.
 Reproachful is the ghost of toys
 That charmed while life was
 wasted.

But saddest is the thought of joys
 That never yet were tasted.

Sad is the vague and tender dream
 Of dead love's lingering kisses,
 To crushed hearts haloed by the
 gleam
 Of unreturning blisses;
 Deep mourns the soul in anguished
 pride
 For the pitiless death that won
 them, —
 But the saddest wail is for lips that
 died
 With the virgin dew upon them.

ON THE BLUFF.

O GRANDLY flowing River!
 O silver-gliding River!
 Thy springing willows shiver
 In the sunset as of old;
 They shiver in the silence
 Of the willow-whitened islands,
 While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
 Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious River!
 O sunset-kindled River!
 Do you remember ever
 The eyes and skies so blue
 On a summer day that shone here,
 When we were all alone here,
 And the blue eyes were too wise
 To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive River!
 O still unanswering River!
 The shivering willows quiver
 As the night-winds moan and rave.
 From the past a voice is calling,
 From heaven a star is falling,
 And dew swells in the bluebells
 Above her hillside grave.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in
 glory
 Heard this shrill wail ring out from
 Purgatory:
 "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my
 story!

"I loved, — and, blind with passion-
 ate love, I fell.
 Love brought me down to death, and
 death to Hell.
 For God is just, and death for sin is
 well.

"I do not rage against his high de-
 cree,
 Nor for myself do ask that grace shall
 be:
 But for my love on earth who mourns
 for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love
 again
 And comfort him one hour, and I
 were fain
 To pay a thousand years of fire and
 pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay,
 repent
 That wild vow! Look, the dial fin-
 ger's bent
 Down to the last hour of thy punish-
 ment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let
 me go!
 I cannot rise to peace and leave him
 so.
 O, let me soothe him in his bitter
 woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
 And upward, joyous, like a rising
 star,
 She rose and vanished in the ether
 far.

But soon adown the dying sunset
 sailing,
 And like a wounded bird her pinions
 trailing,
 She fluttered back, with broken-
 hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the
 summer sea
 Reclined, his head upon a maiden's
 knee, —
 She curled his hair and kissed him.
 Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

LAGRIMAS.

God send me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years,
And let me weep again!

Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching field
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass;
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;
I shall not weep again.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A SUMMER MOOD.

Ah me! for evermore, for evermore
These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore
Nature renews her immortality.

The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,
June roses blush with tints of orient skies,
But we, by graves of joy, desire, and love,
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise!

The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
The breezes — tricky couriers of the air, —

Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by —
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care;

And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher!

The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beamlike up the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:

Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
To edge our cares, while we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,
Man's soul and Nature's — each a separate sphere —
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,
And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist, —
There cometh a dream of the past to me,
On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill northwest,
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
And above the gleam of her topmost spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

Oh, sky-enshadowed and yearning main,
Your gloom but deepens this *human* pain;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

THE WOODLAND.

YON woodland, like a human mind
Has many a phase of dark and light;
Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light;

They softly come, they softly go,
Capricious as the vagrant wind, —
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,
That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace; yet wherefore thus
Do shade and beam our spirits stir?
Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
But we are strangely moved by her!

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,

Hint more than all the sages say,
Or poets sing, of death or life!

For, truth half drawn from Nature's
breast,
Through subtlest types of form and
tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath
guessed,
While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway betwixt heaven and us
Stands Nature, in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
His glory on her mystic face!

WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless, and solemn, and chill!
How it drips on the misty pane,
How it drenches the darkened sill!
O scene of sorrow and dearth!
I would that the wind awaking
To a fierce and gusty birth
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain:
For the heart of heaven seems
breaking
In tears o'er the fallen earth,
And again, again, again,
We list to the sombre strain,
The faint, cold, monotone —
Whose soul is a mystic moan —
Of the rain, the mournful rain,
The soft, despairing rain!

The rain, the murmurous rain!
Weary, passionless, slow,
'T is the rhythm of settled sorrow,
'T is the sobbing of cureless woe!
And all the tragic life,
The pathos of Long-Ago,
Comes back on the sad refrain
Of the rain, the dreary rain,
Till the graves in my heart uncloze
And the dead who are buried there
From a solemn and weird repose
Awake, — but with eyeballs drear,
And voices that melt in pain
On the tide of the plaintive rain,
The yearning, hopeless rain,
The long, low, whispering rain?

THE STING OF DEATH.

I FEAR thee not, O Death! nay, oft
I pine
To clasp thy passionless bosom to
mine own, —
And on thy heart sob out my latest
moan,
Ere lapped and lost in thy strange
sleep divine;
But much I fear lest that chill breath
of thine
Should freeze all tender memories
into stone, —
Lest ruthless and malign Oblivion
Quench the last spark that lingers on
love's shrine: —
O God! to moulder through dark,
dateless years, —
The while all loving ministries shall
cease,
And Time assuage the fondest mourn-
er's tears! —
Here lies the sting! — this, *this* it is
to die! —
And yet great Nature rounds all strife
with peace,
And life or death, — each rests in
mystery!

JASMINE.

OF all the woodland flowers of earlier
spring,
These golden jasmines, each an air-
hung bower,
Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring
hour,
Seem loveliest and most fair in blos-
soming; —
How yonder mock-bird thrills his
fervid wing
And long, lithe throat, where twink-
ling flower on flower
Rains the globed dewdrops down, a
diamond shower,
O'er his brown head, poised as in act
to sing; —
Lo! the swift sunshine floods the
flowery urns.
Girding their delicate gold with
matchless light,

Till the blent life of bough, leaf,
 blossom, burns;
 Then, then outbursts the mock-bird
 clear and loud,

Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by
 radiance bright, —
 A star of music in a fiery
 cloud!

REGINALD HEBER.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
 When on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale
 beam
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still;
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain;
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,
 they say,
 Across the dark-blue sea;
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee!

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

MIDDLE LIFE.

FAIR time of calm resolve — of sober
 thought!
 Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long
 road,
 In which to rest and readjust our
 load!
 High table-land, to which we have
 been brought
 By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
 Season when not to achieve is to de-
 spair!

Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
 Only spring-tide our freighted aims
 to bear
 Onward to all our yearning dreams
 have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our
 youthful eyes
 Thin silvering locks and thought's
 imprinted lines
 On sloping age gave weird and
 wintry signs:

But now these trophies ours, we recognize
 Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
 And a weak tottering step as marks of old.
 None are so far but some are on before;
 Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
 And to improve the way is truly wise.
 Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep

Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
 The languid autumn mellows round us now:
 Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
 Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
 To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
 And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
 Is all that poor humanity demands
 To lull its meaner fears to easy sleep.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world without me wrought
 Other substance than my thought?
 Lives it by my sense alone,
 Or by essence of its own?
 Will its life, with mine begun,
 Cease to be when that is done?
 Or another consciousness
 With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
 Hang by my permission there?
 Are the clouds that wander by
 But the offspring of mine eye,
 Born with every glance I cast,
 Perishing when that is past?
 And those thousand, thousand eyes,
 Scattered through the twinkling skies,
 Do they draw their life from mine,
 Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
 And creation disappears;
 Yet if I but speak the word,
 All creation is restored.
 Or — more wonderful — within,
 New creations do begin;
 Hues more bright and forms more rare
 Than reality doth wear,

Flash across my inward sense
 Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
 Shall these glories pass away?
 Will those planets cease to blaze
 When these eyes no longer gaze?
 And the life of things be o'er
 When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and lives, —
 Life to all things living gives, —
 Art thou not thyself, perchance,
 But the universe in trance?
 A reflection inly flung
 By that world thou fanciedst sprung
 From thyself, — thyself a dream, —
 Of the world's thinking, thou one theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
 From a source above the earth, —
 Be thou matter, be thou mind,
 In thee alone myself I find,
 And through thee, alone, for me,
 Hath this world reality.
 Therefore, in thee will I live,
 To thee all myself will give,
 Losing still that I may find
 This bounded self in boundless mind.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring? Sweet
 voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have
 long been mute;
 Thou bringest back, to fill the soli-
 tudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's
 viewless flute,
 Whose tone seems breathing mourn-
 fulness or glee,
 Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—
 the joyous leaves,
 Whose tremblings gladden many a
 copse and glade,
 Where each young spray a rosy flush
 receives,
 When thy south wind hath pierced
 the whispery shade,
 And happy murmurs, running
 through the grass,
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters,—they, too,
 hear thy call,
 Spring, the awakener! thou hast
 burst their sleep!
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their
 fall
 Makes melody, and in the forests
 deep,
 Where sudden sparkles and blue
 gleams betray
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers,—the fairy-peopled
 world of flowers!
 Thou from the dust hast set that
 glory free,
 Coloring the cowslip with the sunny
 hours,
 And pencilling the wood-anemone:
 Silent they seem; yet each to thought-
 ful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart,
 O Spring!—
 The human heart, with all its
 dreams and sighs?
 Thou that givest back so many a
 buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
 Fresh songs and scents break forth
 where'er thou art:
 What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh, there, too much!—
 we know not well
 Wherefore it should be thus; yet,
 roused by thee,
 What fond, strange yearnings, from
 the soul's deep cell,
 Gush for the faces we no more may
 see!
 How are we haunted, in thy wind's
 low tone,
 By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never
 more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes
 shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our house-
 hold door,
 And vanished smiles, and sounds
 of parted feet,—
 Spring, midst the murmurs of thy
 flowering trees,
 Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why
 come they back
 With thy young birds, and leaves,
 and living blooms?
 Oh, is it not that from thine earthly
 track
 Hope to thy world may look be-
 yond the tombs?
 Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims
 thine air,
 Breathed by our loved ones
 there.

THE INVOCATION.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown?
And the stars answered me,—“We
roll

In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!”

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmured in reply,
“The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!”

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered,—“We
depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die!”

Speak, then, thou voice of God
within!

Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered, “Be thou
still!

Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task
fulfil;
Thine is to trust in Heaven!”

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-
wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joy-
ous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the
voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of
the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song,
and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'er-
whelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all are
thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for
decay,
And smile at thee,—but thou art
not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize
their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-
wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall
cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the
golden grain,—
But who shall teach us when to look
for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the
violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow
pale?
They have *one* season,—*all* are ours
to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the
air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful
home,
And the world calls us forth,—and
thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to
rest,—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and
trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the
princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-
wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
oh! Death.

*EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS'
SCHOOL.*

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour,—the quiet
room
Seems like a temple, while yon
soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through
the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on
bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, un-
touched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed
with night,—in prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely!—childhood's
lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow
of thought,
Gaze,—yet what seest thou in those
fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sun-
shine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture
for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink
to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons
are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew
oppressed,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set
of sun,—

Lift up your hearts!—though yet no
sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those
clear eyes;

Though fresh within your breasts the
untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye
tread;
And o'er your sleep bright shadows,
from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be
spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, ming-
ling low,
Is woman's tenderness,—how soon
her woe.

Her lot is on you,—silent tears to
weep,
And patient smiles to wear through
suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's
deep,
To pour on broken reeds,—a wasted
shower! [clay,
And to make idols, and to find them
And to bewail that worship,—there-
fore pray!

Her lot is on you,—to be found un-
tired,
Watching the stars out by the bed
of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow
inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though
hope be vain. [decay,
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer
And oh! to love through all things,—
therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm
vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds
and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from
their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls
from blight.
Earth will forsake,—oh! happy to
have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance
unto Heaven!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring
drums,
And the trumpet that sings of
fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of
war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there
they found —
Freedom to worship God.

CALM ON THE BOSOM OF OUR GOD.

CALM on the bosom of our God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing
by:
Let us (said he) pour on him all we
can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd
lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom,
honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made
a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his
treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my crea-
ture,
He would adore my gifts instead of
me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of
Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restless-
ness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at
least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

[*From the Church Porch*]

ADVICE ON CHURCH BEHAVIOR.

WHEN once thy foot enters the
church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou
art there
Only by his permission. Then be-
ware,
And make thyself all reverence and
fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stock-
ings: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's
gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers
most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O
be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou
hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell
doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely
flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul
loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine
eyes,
And send them to thine heart; that
spying sin,

They may weep out the stains by
them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the
ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time other
symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his de-
formity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there
no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy
pleasure thither
Christ purged the temple; so must
thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but these
met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy ac-
tions well:
For churches either are our heaven
or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy
judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest
him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not
grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen
pot.
The worst speak something good:
if all want sense,
God takes a text and preaches pa-
tience.

[*From the Church Porch*]

SUM UP AT NIGHT.

SUM up at night, what thou hast
done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast
to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark
the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch
that too
Be down, then wind up both, since
we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy ac-
counts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the
man,
Look not on pleasures as they come,
but go.
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor
span
Make not an eli, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the
pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy
remains.

BOSOM SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou be-
girt us round!
Parents first season us: then school-
masters
Deliver us to laws: they send us
bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging
sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all
sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch
us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of sur-
prises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of grate-
fulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our
ears;

Without, our shame; within, our
consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and
fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole
array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite
away.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so
bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and
brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
roses.
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal,
Then chiefly lives.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to
see
Me, day by day, to steal away from
thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray
hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal
home;

'T will not be long, Perilla, after this
That I must give thee the supremest
kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt,
and bring [spring,
Part of the cream from that religious
With which, Perilla, wash my hands
and feet;
That done, then wind me in that
very sheet

Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when
 thou didst implore
 The gods' protection, but the night
 before;
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and
 there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a
 tear.
 Then lastly, let some weekly strew-
 ings be
 Devoted to the memory of me ;
 Then shall my ghost not walk about,
 but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of
 sleep.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet infant of the year ?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearled with
 dew ?

I will whisper to your ears,
 The sweets of love are mixed with
 tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow green and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THREE EPITAPHS.

UPON A CHILD

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood;
 Who so soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir,
 The earth that lightly covers her!

UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promised when I died,
 That they would, each primrose-tide,
 Duly morn and evening come,
 And with flowers dress my tomb:
 Having promised, pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON A MAID.

HERE she lies, in beds of spice,
 Fair as Eve in paradise;
 For her beauty it was such,
 Poets could not praise too much.
 Virgins, come, and in a ring
 Her supremest requiem sing;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

*HOW THE HEART'S EASE FIRST
 CAME.*

FROLIC virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, living here;
 Being here their ends denied,
 Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
 Love, in pity of their tears,
 And their loss of blooming years,
 For their restless here-spent hours,
 Gave them heart's-ease turned to
 flowers.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick at heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomforted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When his potion and his pill,
 His or none or little skill,
 Meet for nothing, but to kill —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few.
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what he said
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th.
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine
eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed —
When to Thee I have appealed.
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour —
Or ragged go —
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate —
To circumcise thy life,

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin —
And that's to keep thy Lent.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

FLUTES in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry
halls!
And a low, deep hum like a people's
prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and
falls!
And an echo like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple heard through
all,
As it plays with the silver oars! —

The sky is a gleam of gold,
And the amber breezes float
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but
never told,
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand;
And the thousand tongues are
mute,
And the Syrian strikes with a trem-
bling hand
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud
and high
Beneath his white symar,

And the Libyan kneels, as he meets
her eye,
Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-
plumed bird,
Away down the golden river!

.

Away by the lofty mount,
And away by the lonely shore,
And away by the gushing of many a
fount,
Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh, for some warning vision there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare
And glad young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

EPITAPH.

FAREWELL! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our earthly skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sun-
shine be | eyes.
To some fond hearts and saddened

There are who, for thy last long sleep,
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,
Must weep because thou canst not
weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love!—the ioving breast,
Whereon thine aching head was
thrown,
Gave up the weary head, to rest,
But kept the aching for its own,

Till pain shall find the same low bed
That pillows now thy painless head,
And following darkly through the
night, | light.
Love reach thee by the founts of

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

GOOD-MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks,
aloft,
To give my love good-morrow,
Wings from the wind to please her
mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-
breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every
bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

'MID the flower-wreathed tombs I
stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?
Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.
One lone grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory:

Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,
Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried — here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found re-
lease.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

LAKE GEORGE.

How oft in visions of the night,
How oft in noonday dreaming,
I've seen, fair lake, thy forest wave,—
Have seen thy waters gleaming;
Have heard the blowing of the winds
That sweep along thy highlands,
And the light laughter of the waves
That dance around thine islands.

It was a landscape of the mind,
With forms and hues ideal,
But still those hues and forms ap-
peared

More lovely than aught real.
I feared to see the breathing scene,
And brooded o'er the vision,
Lest the hard touch of truth should
mar
A picture so Elysian.

But now I break the cold distrust
Whose spells so long had bound me;
The shadows of the night are past,—
The morning shines around me.

And in the sober light of day,
I see, with eyes enchanted,
The glorious vision that so long
My day and night dreams haunted.

I see the green, translucent wave,
The purest of earth's fountains:
I see the many-winding shore,—
The double range of mountains:
One, neighbor to the flying clouds,
And crowned with leaf and blossom,
And one, more lovely, borne within
The lake's unruffled bosom.

O timid heart! with thy glad throbs
Some self-reproach is blended.
At the long years that died before
The sight of scene so splendid.
The mind has pictures of its own,
Fair trees and waters flowing—
But not a magic whole like this,
So living, breathing, glowing;

Strength imaged in the wooded hills,
A grand, primeval nature,

And beauty mirrored in the lake,
A gentler, softer feature;
A perfect union, — where no want
Upon the soul is pressing;
Like manly power and female grace
Made one by bridal blessing.

Nor is the stately scene without
Its sweet, secluded treasures,
Where hearts that shun the crowd
 may find
Their own exclusive pleasures;
Deep chasms of shade for pensive
 thought,
The hours to wear away in;
And vaulted aisles, of whispering pine,
For lovers' feet to stray in;

Clear streams that from the uplands
 run,
A course of sunless shadow;
Isles all unfurrowed by the plough,
And strips of fertile meadow;
And rounded coves of silver sand,
Where moonlight plays and glances,—
A sheltered hall for elfin horns,
A floor for elfin dances.

No tame monotony is here,
But beauty ever changing;

With clouds, and shadows of the
 clouds,
And mists the hillsides ranging.
Where morning's gold, and noon's
 hot sun,
Their changing glories render;
Pour round the shores a varying
 light,
Now glowing and now tender.

But purer than the shifting gleams
By liberal sunshine given,
Is the deep spirit of that hour, —
An effluence breathed from heaven;
When the unclouded, yellow moon
Hangs o'er the eastern ridges,
And the long shaft of trembling
 gold,
The trembling crystal bridges.

Farewell, sweet lake! brief were the
 hours
Along thy banks for straying;
But not farewell what memory
 takes, —
An image undecaying.
I hold secure beyond all change
One lovely recollection,
To cheer the hours of lonely toil.
And chase away dejection.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it
 hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them
 wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its wither-
 ing way;
Where fell the dead, the living
 stept,
Still charging on the guns which
 swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest
 lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries
 past,

And, braving full their murderous
blast,
Stormed home the towers of Mon-
terey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their
grave

Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that
day:

But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

JAMES HOGG.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland
and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on
earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of
love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

A SONG OF DOUBT.

THE day is quenched, and the sun is
fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are
dead;
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the horrid feud
Of ages with The Throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;
And Faith is a heartless cheat
Who bares the back for the Devil's rod,
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are prayers in the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?

[fled;
The day is quenched, and the sun is
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are
dead;
God has forgotten the world!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

A SONG OF FAITH.

DAY will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world !
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world !

Evil is only the slave of Good;
Sorrow the servant of Joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of
sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest
fears
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping
storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the
snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never
warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world !
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world !

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

*WHAT IS THE LITTLE ONE
THINKING ABOUT?*

WHAT is the little one thinking
about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and
drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods
and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by
fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great un-
known,

Blind, and wailing, and all alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown
sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and
rolls,
Specked with the barks of little
souls,—

Barks that were launched on the
other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebb-
ing tide!

What does he think of his mother's
eyes?

What does he think of his moth-
er's hair?

What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through
the air?

What does he think of his moth-
er's breast,—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,—

Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick
embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink
and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—

Words she has learned to murmur
well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips;
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet re-
pose!

[From Bitter-Sweet.]

**STRENGTH THROUGH RESISTED
TEMPTATION.**

GOD loves not sin, nor I; but in the
throng
Of evils that assail us, there are none
That yield their strength to Virtue's
struggling arm
With such munificent reward of
power
As great temptations. We may win
by toil
Endurance; saintly fortitude by pain;
By sickness, patience; faith and trust
by fear;
But the great stimulus that spurs to
life,
And crowds to generous development
Each chastened power and passion of
the soul,
Is the temptation of the soul to sin,
Resisted, and reconquered, evermore.

[From Bitter-Sweet.]

THE PRESS OF SORROW.

HEARTS, like apples, are hard and
sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless
power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.
The first are turbidest and meanest;
The last are sweetest and serenest.

[From Bitter-Sweet.]

LIFE FROM DEATH.

LIFE evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky;
And, that a rose may breathe its
breath,
Something must die.

Earth is a sepulchre of flowers,
Whose vitalizing mould
Through boundless transmutation
towers,
In green and gold.

The oak-tree, struggling with the
blast,
Devours its father-tree,
And sheds its leaves and drops its
mast,
That more may be.

The falcon preys upon the finch,
The finch upon the fly,
And nought will loose the hunger-
pinch
But death's wild cry.

The milk-haired heifer's life must
pass
That it may fill your own,
As passed the sweet life of the
grass
She fed upon.

The power enslaved by yonder cask
Shall many burdens bear;
Shall nerve the toiler at his task,
The soul at prayer.

From lowly woe springs lordly joy;
From humbler good diviner;
The greater life must aye destroy
And drink the minor.

From hand to hand life's cup is
passed
Up Being's piled gradation,
Till men to angels yield at last
The rich collation.

[From Bitter-Sweet.]

WORTH AND COST.

THUS is it over all the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
And gluts the laggard forges:
But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide within the sand
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river,
But pearls come singly from the brine,
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
And Cost, of Worth, has ever been
The closest neighbor.

Wide is the gate and broad the way
That opens to perdition,
And countless multitudes are they
Who seek admission.

But strait the gate, the path unkind,
That leads to life immortal,
And few the careful feet that find,
The hidden portal.

All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place
Upon its hills of pleasure,
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

CRADLE SONG.

HITHER, Sleep! a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms!
Fold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms!

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers!
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers!
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low!

I will guard thy spell unbroken
If thou hear my call;
Come, then, Sleep! I wait the token
Of thy downy thrall.

Now I see his sweet lips moving;
He is in thy keep;
Other milk the babe is proving
At the breast of Sleep!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SLEEP, babe, the honeyed sleep of
innocence!
Sleep like a bud; for soon the sun of
life
With ardors quick and passionate
shall rise,
And with hot kisses, part the fra-
grant lips —
The folded petals of thy soul! Alas!
What feverish winds shall tease and
toss thee, then!
What pride and pain, ambition and
despair,
Desire, satiety, and all that fill
With misery, life's fretful enterprise,
Shall wrench and blanch thee, till
thou fall at last,
Joy after joy down-fluttering to the
earth,
To be apportioned to the elements!
I marvel, baby, whether it were ill
That he who planted thee should
pluck thee now,
And save thee from the blight that
comes on all.
I marvel whether it would not be well
That the frail bud should burst in
Paradise,
On the full throbbing of an angel's
heart!

[From the Marble Prophecy.]

THE TYPE OF STRUGGLING
HUMANITY.

LAOCOÖN! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou proph-
ecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like
to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the
dreams
Of old mythologies — alone — alone!
The beautiful Apollo at thy side
Is but a marble dream, and dreams
are all
The gods and goddesses and fauns
and fates
That populate these wondrous halls;
but thou,
Standing among them, liftest up thy-
self
In majesty of meaning, till they sink
Far from the sight, no more signifi-
cant
Than the poor toys of children. For
thou art
A voice from out the world's experi-
ence,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come
Of the long struggle, the sublime de-
spair,
The wild and weary agony of man!

ON THE RIGHI.

On the Righi Kulm we stood,
Lovely Floribel and I,
While the morning's crimson flood
Streamed along the eastern sky.
Reddened every mountain-peak
Into rose from twilight dun;

But the blush upon her cheek
Was not lighted by the sun!

On the Righi Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking bluebells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed
nigh.

"We are near to heaven," she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell.

"Nearer," softly I replied,
"Than the mountain's height may
tell."

Down the Righi's side we sped,
Lovely Floribel and I,
But her morning blush had fled
And the bluebells all were dry.
Of the height the dream was born;
Of the lower air it died;
And the passion of the morn
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne,
Lovely Floribel and I
Saw the brand of sunset burn
On the Righi Kulm, and die.
And we wondered, gazing thus,
If our dream would still remain
On the height, and wait for us
Till we climb to heaven again!

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of
peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,—

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the
ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

SAXE HOLME.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

THREE, only three, my darling,
 Separate, solemn, slow;
 Not like the swift and joyous ones,
 We used to know
 When we kissed because we loved
 each other
 Simply to taste love's sweet,
 And lavished our kisses as the sum-
 mer
 Lavishes heat; —
 But as they kiss whose hearts are
 wrung,
 When hope and fear are spent,
 And nothing is left to give except
 A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
 Is sacred unto pain;
 We have hurt each other often:
 We shall again,
 When we pine because we miss each
 other,
 And do not understand.
 How the written words are so much
 colder
 Than eye and hand.
 I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
 Which we may give or take;

Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
 For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
 Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
 We have blessed each other always;
 We always will.
 We shall reach till we feel each other,
 Past all of time and space;
 We shall listen till we hear each
 other
 In every place;
 The earth is full of messengers
 Which love sends to and fro;
 I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
 Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
 My love — I cannot see
 Through my tears, as I remember
 What it may be.
 We may die and never see each other,
 Die with no time to give
 Any sign that our hearts are faithful
 To die, as live.
 Token of what they will not see
 Who see our parting breath,
 This one last kiss, my darling, seals
 The seal of death!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers
 slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to
 number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy fame is proud to win
 them: —
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in
 them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts'
 sad story, —
 Weep for the voiceless, who have
 known
 The cross without the crown of
 glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted
 billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews
 weep
 On nameless Sorrow's churchyard
 pillow.

Hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading
 tresses,
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crush-
 ing presses, —
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age I
 guess,
 Thirteen summers, or something less;
 Girlish bust, but womanly air:
 Smooth, square forehead with up-
 rolled hair.
 Lips that lover has never kissed;
 Taper fingers and slender wrist;
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.
 Hold up the canvas full in view, —
 Look! there's a rent the light shines
 through,
 Dark with a century's fringe of
 dust, —
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
 Such is the tale the lady old,
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
 One whose best was not over well;
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
 Flat as a rose that has long been
 pressed:
 Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
 Dainty colors of red and white,
 And in her slender shape are seen
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
 Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
 Ay! since the galloping Normans
 came,
 England's annals have known her
 name;

And still to the three-hilled rebel
 town
 Dear is that ancient name's renown,
 For many a civic wreath they won,
 The youthful sire and the gray-haired
 son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
 Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
 Such a gift as never a king
 Save to daughter or son might
 bring,
 All my tenure of heart and hand,
 All my title to house and land;
 Mother and sister and child and wife
 And joy and sorrow and death and
 life!

What if a hundred years ago
 Those close-shut lips had answered
 No.
 When forth the tremulous question
 came
 That cost the maiden her Norman
 name,
 And under the folds that look so still
 The bodice swelled with the bosom's
 thrill?
 Should I be I, or would it be
 One tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
 Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
 But never a cable that holds so fast
 Through all the battles of wave and
 blast,
 And never an echo of speech or song
 That lives in the babbling air so long!
 There were tones in the voice that
 whispered then
 You may hear to-day in a hundred
 men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
 Your images hover, — and here we
 are,
 Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their
 own, —
 A goodly record for time to show
 Of a syllable spoken so long ago: —
 Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
 For the tender whisper that bade me
 live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
 I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's
 blade,
 And freshen the gold of the tarnished
 frame,
 And gild with a rhyme your house-
 hold name:
 So you shall smile on us brave and
 bright
 As first you greeted the morning's
 light,
 And live untroubled by woes and
 fears
 Through a second youth of a hun-
 dred years.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold; her face is
 white;
 No more her pulses come and go;
 Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
 Fold the white vesture, snow on
 snow,
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes;
 A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies,
 In peace beneath the peaceful
 skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
 Shall wheel their circling shadows
 round
 To make the scorching sunlight dim
 That drinks the greenness from the
 ground,
 And drop their dead leaves on her
 mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels
 run,
 And through their leaves the robins
 call,
 And ripening in the autumn sun.
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
 Doubt not that she will heed them
 all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
 Its matins from the branches high,
 And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
 That trills beneath the April sky,
 Shall greet her with its earliest
 cry.

When turning round their dial track,
 Eastward the lengthening shadows
 pass,
 Her little mourners, clad in black,
 The crickets, sliding through the
 grass,
 Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
 Shall find the prison where she lies,
 And bear the buried dust they seize.
 In leaves and blossoms to the skies
 So may the soul that warmed it
 rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
 Should ask, What maiden lies be-
 low?
 Say only this: A tender bud,
 That tried to blossom in the snow,
 Lies withered where the violets
 blow.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty
 vale,
 I leave the bright enamelled zones
 below;
 No more for me their beauteous
 bloom shall glow,
 Their lingering sweetness load the
 morning gale;
 Few are the slender flowerets, scent-
 less, pale,
 That on their ice-clad stems, all
 trembling blow
 Along the margin of unmelting
 snow;
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge
 I hail.

White realm of peace above the
flowering line,
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky
spires!

O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt
planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain
desires,
And all the unclouded blue of
heaven is thine!

THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending
as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled
braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender
rill,
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen
tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stoopedst to
share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art
near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering
year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou
art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to
grief,
And trembling faith is changed to
fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering
leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

THOMAS HOOD.

MELANCHOLY.

[From the Ode thereon.]

Lo! here the best, the worst, the
world

Doth now remember or forget
Are in one common ruin hurled;
And love and hate are calmly met —
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.

Is 't not enough to vex our souls
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And, sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret.
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art
mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as
this.

Forgive, if somehow I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss,
As frightened Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis.
E'en so the dark and bright will
kiss;

The sunniest things throw sternest
shade;

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!
Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orbed moon to grieve our
eyes;

Not bright, not bright — but with a
cloud

Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest.
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.

The moon! she is the source of
sighs,

The very face to make us sad,
If but to think in other times
The same calm, quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Or vile and mean, or fierce and
bad —

The same fair light that shone in
streams,

The fairy lamp that charmed the
lad;

For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes
them mad

All things are touched with melan-
choly,

Born of the secret soul's mistrust
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile, degraded
dust.

Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust —
Like the sweet blossoms of the
May,

Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her then her tribute just,

Her sighs and tears, and musings
holy!

There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter
solely;

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

*TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS
MOTHER.*

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again, —
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee, —
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,
Hereafter thou mayest press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold,
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray —
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke
defer, —
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon;

Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through
the night
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and
sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous
pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the
roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to
save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam —
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt —
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death —
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —

It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of
straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked
floor;
A table, a broken chair;
And a wall so blank my shadow I
thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band —
Till the heart is sick and the brain
benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work — work — work
In the dull December light!
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and
bright! —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling.
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“O! but for one short hour —
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous
pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the
rich! —
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly —
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly —
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb —

Her fair auburn tresses —
 Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh! it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed —
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver:
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled —
 Any where, any where
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly —
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran —
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it — think of it!
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly —
 Lift her with care!
 Fashioned so slenderly —
 Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly.
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity
 Burning insanity
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

FAREWELL, LIFE!

FAREWELL, Life! my senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim:
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night —
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upwards steals a vapor chill;
 Strong the earthy odor grows —
 I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:
 Strength returns, and hope revives;
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn —
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapor cold —
 I smell the rose above the mould!

BALLAD.

It was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast;
 It was the time of roses —
 We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
 On early lovers yet!
 O, no — the world was newly crowned
 With flowers when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go —
 But still you held me fast;
 It was the time of roses, —
 We plucked them as we passed!

TRUE DEATH.

It is not death, that some time in a
 sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its
 speechless flight;
 That some time these bright stars,
 that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in
 night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall
 perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to
 flow;
 That thought shall cease, and the
 immortal sprite
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid be-
 low;
 It is not death to know this — but to
 know

That pious thoughts, which visit at
 new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft, — and when grass
 waves
 Over the past-away, there may be
 then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

LOVE BETTERED BY TIME.

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would
 speak,
 Lives not within the humor of the
 eye;
 Not being but an outward phantasy
 That skims the surface of a tinted
 cheek, —
 Else it would wane with beauty, and
 grow weak,
 As if the rose made summer — and
 so lie
 Amongst the perishable things that
 die,
 Unlike the love which I would give
 and seek;
 Whose health is of no hue — to feel
 decay
 With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy
 prime.
 Love is its own great loveliness al-
 way,
 And takes new beauties from the
 touch of time;
 Its bough owns no December and no
 May,
 But bears its blossoms into winter's
 clime.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

[From *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.*]

VALBORG WATCHING AXEL'S DEPARTURE.

AT kirk knelt Valborg, the cold altar-stone
 Reeling beneath her. Filled with choking grief
 She could not say good-bye, but by a page
 Her rosary sent him; and when he had climbed
 His horse, and on the far-off bridge she heard

The dull tramp of his troopers, up she fared
 By stair and ladder to old Steindor's post, —
 For he was mute, and could not nettle her
 With words' cheap guise of sympathy. There perched
 Beside him up among the dusty bells,
 She pushed her face between the mullions, looked
 Across the world of snow, lighted like day
 By moon and moor-ild; saw with misty eyes
 A gleam of steel, an eagle's feather tall;
 And through the clear air watched it, tossing, pass
 Across the sea-line; saw the ship lift sail
 And blow to southward, catching light and shade
 As 'mong the sheers and skerries it picked out
 A crooked pathway; saw it round the ness,
 And, catching one last flicker of the moon,
 Fade into nothingness. With desolate steps
 She left the bellman and crept down the stairs;
 Heard all the air re-echoing: "He is gone!" —
 Felt a great sob behind her lips, and tears
 Flooding the sluices of her eyes; turned toward
 The empty town, and for the first time saw
 That Nidaros was small and irksome, felt
 First time her tether galling, and, by heaven!
 Wished she'd been born a man-child, free to fare
 Unhindered through the world's wide pastures, free
 To stand this hour with Axel as his squire.
 And with him brave the sea-breeze. Aimlessly
 She sought the scattered gold-threads that had formed
 Life's glowing texture: but how dull they seemed!
 How bootless the long waste of lagging weeks,
 With dull do-over of mean drudgeries,
 And miserable cheer of pitying mouths
 Whistling and whipping through small round of change
 Their cowering pack of saw and circumstance!
 How slow the crutches of the limping years!

[Six Quatrains from *Album-Leaves*.]

COURAGE.

DARKNESS before, all joy behind!
 Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
 He soonest reads the lesson right
 Who reads with back against the
 light!

AMBITION.

THE palace with its splendid dome,
 That nearest to the sky aspires,
 Is first to challenge storms that roam
 Above it, and call down their fires.

THIS NAME OF MINE.

THIS name of mine the sun may steal
 away,
 Fierce fire consume it, moths eat
 name and day;
 Or mildew's hand may smooch it with
 decay, —
 But not my love, for that shall live
 always.

REGRET.

I'VE regretted most sincerely,
 I've repented deeply, long;
 But to those I've loved most dearly,
 I've oftenest done wrong.

PURITY.

LET your truth stand sure,
And the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure—
And the world will, too.

—

CHARITY.

HE erred, no doubt, perhaps he
sinned;
Shall I then dare to cast a stone?
Perhaps this blotch, on a garment
white,
Counts less than the dingy robes I
own.

[From *Album-Leaves*.]

DAISY.

I GAVE my little girl back to the
daisies,
From them it was that she took her
name;
I gave my precious one back to the
daisies,
From where they caught their color
she came;
And now, when I look in the face of
a daisy,
My little girl's face I see, I see!
My tears, down dropping, with theirs
commingle,
And they give my precious one
back to me.

LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

SINCE YESTERDAY.

I'M not where I was yesterday,
Though my home be still the same,
For I have lost the veriest friend
Whomever a friend could name;
I'm not where I was yesterday,
Though change there be little to see,
For a part of myself has lapsed away
From Time to Eternity.

I have lost a thought that many a
year
Was most familiar food
To my inmost mind, by night or day,
In merry or plaintive mood;
I have lost a hope, that many a year
Looked far on a gleaming way,
When the walls of Life were closing
round,
And the sky was sombre gray.

I thought, how should I see him first,
How should our hands first meet,
Within his room, — upon the stair, —
At the corner of the street?
I thought, where should I hear him
first,

How catch his greeting tone, —
And thus I went up to his door,
And they told me he was gone!

Oh! what is Life but a sum of love,
And Death but to lose it all?
Weeds be for those that are left be-
hind,
And not for those that fall!
And now how mighty a sum of love
Is lost for ever to me
No, I'm not what I was yesterday,
Though change there be little to see.

LABOR.

HEART of the people! Working men!
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain
Through streaming time this world
of ours;
Hold by that title, — which pro-
claims,
That ye are undismayed and strong,
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

And he who still and silent sits
 In closed room or shady nook,
 And seems to nurse his idle wits
 With folded arms or open book: —
 To things now working in *that* mind,
 Your children's children well may
 owe
 Blessings that hope has ne'er defined
 Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work — with head or
 hand,
 For self or others, good or ill:
 Life is ordained to bear, like land,
 Some fruit, be fallow as it will;
 Evil has force itself to sow
 Where we deny the healthy seed, —
 And all our choice is this, — to grow
 Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
 Unenvious of each other's lot, —
 For those which seem the easiest parts
 Have travail which ye reckon not:
 And he is bravest, happiest, best,
 Who, from the task within his span
 Earns for himself his evening rest,
 And an increase of good for man.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
 I wandered by the mill, —
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word, —
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
 The night came on alone, —
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening air passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred;
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind,
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind:
 It drew me nearer — nearer,
 We did not speak one word;
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
 Can ever in just measure try
 The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
 Makes him to see them, while they
 pass,
 As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
 Mete out to each its part of good,
 Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
 That leave your spirit bowed and
 bent
 In sad unrest and ill-content:

And more, — though free from seem-
 ing harm,
 You rest from toil of mind or arm,
 Or slow retire from Pleasure's
 charm, —

If then a painful sense comes on
 Of something wholly lost and gone,
 Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done, —

Of something from your being's
 chain,
 Broke off, nor to be linked again
 By all mere memory can retain. —

Upon your heart this truth may
rise,—

Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need:

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop not destroy.
Far better than a barren joy.

FOREVER UNCONFESSED.

THEY seemed to those who saw them
meet

The worldly friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturbed and
sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and
tame,
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears,—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and
years!

Alas, that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delayed too long
The goal of mutual bliss beside.

Yet what no chance could then re-
veal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse
alone.

DIVORCED.

WE that were friends, yet are not
now,

We that must daily meet
With ready words and courteous
bow,

Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past,
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till
death,

Through every fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldst say the same of me.

No, no, 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs,
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs!
Let our dead friendship be to us
A desecrated name,
Unutterable, mysterious,
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two souls which
grew

Encased in mutual bliss,
Should wander, callous strangers,
through

So cold a world as this!
A shame that we, whose hearts had
earned

For life an early heaven,
Should be like angels self-turned
To Death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
Where they that run may read
Pain and disgrace in many lines,
As of a loss indeed;
That of our fellows any who
The prize of love have won
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

**ALL THINGS ONCE ARE THINGS
FOR EVER.**

ALL things once are things for ever;
Soul, once living, lives for ever;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures for ever;
Love, once felt, though soon forgot
Moulds the heart to good for ever;

Once betrayed from childly faith,
Man is conscious man for ever;
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on for ever,
Unless God fill up the heart
With himself for once and ever:
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one for ever.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of
a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by
the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in bur-
nished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so
with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush
the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on!”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
fore his judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that trans-
figures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

[From *Thoughts in Père la Chaise.*]

**IMAGINED REPLY OF ELOISA TO
THE POET'S QUESTIONING.**

“WHAT was I cannot tell — thou
know'st our story,
Know'st how we stole God's treasure
from on high;
Without heaven's virtue we had heav-
en's glory,
Too justly our delights were doomed
to die.

“Intense as were our blisses, e'en so
painful
The keen privation it was ours to
share;
All states, all places barren proved
and baneful,
Dead stones grew pitiful at our de-
spair;

“Till, to the cloister's solitude re-
pairing,
Our feet the way of holier sorrows
trod,
Hid from each other, yet together
sharing
The labor of the Providence of God

"Often at midnight, on the cold stone
lying,
My passionate sobs have rent the pas-
sive air,
While my crisped fingers clutched the
pavement, trying
To hold him fast, as he had still been
there.

"I called, I shrieked, till my spent
breath came faintly,
I sank, in pain Christ's martyrs could
not bear;
Then dreamed I saw him, beautiful
and saintly,
As his far convent tolled the hour of
prayer.

"Solemn and deep that vision of re-
union —
He passed in robe, and cowl, and san-
dall'd feet,
But our dissever'd lips held no com-
munion,
Our long divorcèd glances could not
meet.

"Then slowly, from that hunger of
sensation,
That rage for happiness, which makes
it sin,
I rose to calmer, wider contemplation,
And knew the Holiest, and his disci-
pline.

"O thou who call'st on me! if that
thou bearest
A wounded heart beneath thy wom-
an's vest,
If thou my mournful earthly fortune
sharest,
Share the high hopes that calmed my
fever'd breast.

"Not vainly do I boast Religion's
power,
Faith dawned upon the eyes with Sor-
row dim;
I tolled and trusted, till there came
an hour
That saw me sleep in God, and wake
with *him*.

"Seek comfort thus, for all life's
painful losing,
Compel from Sorrow merit and re-
ward,
And sometimes wile a mournful hour
in musing
How Eloïsa loved her Abelard."

The voice fled heav'nward ere its
spell was broken, —
I stretched a tremulous hand within
the grate,
And bore away a ravished rose, in
token
Of woman's highest love and hard-
est fate.

*STANZAS FROM THE "TRIBUTE
TO A SERVANT."*

OH! grief that wring'st mine eyes
with tears,
Demand not from my lips a song;
That fated gift of early years
I've loved too well, I've nursed too
long.

What boot my verses to the heart
That breath of mine no more shall
stir?
Where were the piety of Art,
If thou wert silent over her?

This was a maiden, light of foot,
Whose bloom and laughter, fresh and
free,
Flitted like sunshine, in and out
Among my little ones and me.

Hers was the power to quell and
charm;
The ready wit that children love;
The faithful breast, the shielding
arm
Pillowed in sleep my tenderest dove.

She played in all the nursery plays,
She ruled in all its little strife;
A thousand genial ways endeared
Her presence to my daily life.

She ranged my hair with gem or
flower,
Careful, the festal draperies hung,
Or plied her needle, hour by hour
In cadence with the song I sung.

My highest joy she could not share,
Nor fathom sorrow's deep abyss;
For *that*, she wore a smiling air,
She hung her head and pined for *this*.

"And she shall live with me," I said,
"Till all my pretty ones be grown;
I'll give my girls my little maid,
The gayest thing I call my own."

Or else, methought, some farmer bold
Should woo and win my gentle Liz-
zie,
And I should stock her house four-
fold,
Be with her wedding blithely busy.

But lo! Consumption's spectral form
Sucks from her lips the flickering
breath;
In these pale flowers, these tear-drops
warm,
I bring the mournful dower of Death.

I could but say, with faltering voice
And eyes that glanced aside to weep,
"Be strong in faith and hope, my
child;
He giveth his beloved sleep.

"And though thou walk the shadowy
vale,
Whose end we know not, He will aid;
His rod and staff shall stay thy steps;"
"I know it well," she smiled and said.

She knew it well, and knew yet more
My deepest hope, though unexpressed,
The hope that God's appointed sleep
But heightens ravishment with rest.

My children, living flowers, shall come
And strew with seed this grave of
thine,
And bid the blushing growths of
spring
Thy dreary painted cross entwine.

Thus Faith, cast out of barren creeds,
Shall rest in emblems of her own;
Beauty, still springing from Decay,
The cross-wood budding to the crown.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber,
The Christ I brought from Rome;
Over all the tossing ocean,
He has reached his western home;
Bear him as in procession,
And lay him solemnly
Where, through weary night and
morning,
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
Than that I bore by birth,
And I've given life to children
Who'll grow and dwell on earth;
But the time comes swiftly towards
me
(Nor do I bid it stay),
When the dead Christ will be more
to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me,
Oh, press him on my heart,
I would hold him long and painfully
Till the weary tears should start;
Till the divine contagion
Heal me of self and sin,
And the cold weight press wholly
down
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me,
Towards the free, the sunny lands,
From the chaos of existence
I stretch these feeble hands;
And, penitential, kneeling,
Pray God would not be wroth,
Who gave not the strength of feeling,
And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,
Defaced of worms, and old;
Yet more to me thou couldst not be
Wert thou all wrapt in gold.

Like the gem-bedizened baby
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
They show from the Ara Coeli's steps,
To a merry dancing-tune.

I ask of thee no wonders,
No changing white or red;

I dream not thou art living,
I love and prize thee dead.
That salutary deadness
I seek, through want and pain,
From which God's own high power
can bid
Our virtue rise again.

WILLIAM DEANE HOWELLS.

THE MYSTERIES.

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child,
I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering,
and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all
unrest,
Spent with the strife. —
O mother, let me weep upon thy
breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

CONVENTION.

HE falters on the threshold,
She lingers on the stair;
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-
beats,
But a wooden door is between.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath
Sedate and grave with great brown
eyes
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things;
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings.

THE MULBERRIES.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes
no sound;
But, with bargains shrieked on every
hand,
The noisy market rings around.

"Mulberries, fine mulberries, here!"
A tuneful voice, — and light, light
measure;
Though I hardly should count these
mulberries dear,
If I paid three times the price for
my pleasure.

Brown hands splashed with mulberry
blood,
The basket wreathed with mulber-
ry leaves
Hiding the berries beneath them;—
good!
Let us take whatever the young
rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I haven 't
eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could
sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow
stood
By the road near the hill: where I
climbed aloof
On its branches, this side of the gir-
dled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin
roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep
the shores
Of the river where we used to swim,
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and
dim;

And eastward athwart the pasture-
lot
And over the milk-white buck-
wheat field
I could see the stately elm, where I
shot
The first black squirrel I ever
killed.

And southward over the bottom-land
I could see the mellow breadth of
farm
From the river-shores to the hills
expand,
Clasped in the curving river's
arm.

In the fields we set our guileless
snares
For rabbits and pigeons and wary
quails,

Content with vaguest feathers and
hairs
From doubtful wings and vanished
tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree;
The breaths of wind that remem-
bered June
Shook the leaves and glittering
berries free;

And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river, along the road,
To the mill above, or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the
heavy load,

We told old stories and made new
plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within
us again,
For we did not dream that this life of
a man's
Could ever be what we know as
men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers
came
And pillaged the berries overhead;
From his log the chipmonk, waxen
tame,
Peered and listened to what we
said.

One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the
tree;
One is a farmer there, and married;
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know
Whether I'd be the dead or the
clown, —
The clod above or the clay below. —
Or this listless dust by fortune
blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life;
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in
this strife.

But if I could turn from the long de-
 feat
 Of the little successes once more,
 and be
 A boy, with the whole wide world
 at my feet
 Under the shade of the mulberry
 tree, —

From the shame of the squandered
 chances, the sleep
 Of the will that cannot itself
 awaken,
 From the promise the future can
 never keep,
 From the fitful purposes vague and
 shaken, —

Then, while the grasshopper sung out
 shrill
 In the grass beneath the blanching
 thistle,
 And the afternoon air, with a tender
 thrill,
 Harked to the quail's complaining
 whistle, —

Ah me! should I paint the morrows
 again
 In quite the colors so faint to-
 day,
 And with the imperial mulberry's
 stain
 Re-purple life's doublet of hodden-
 gray?

Know again the losses of disillu-
 sion?
 For the sake of the hope, have the
 old deceit? —
 In spite of the question's bitter in-
 fusion,
 Don't you find these mulberries
 over-sweet?

All our atoms are changed, they
 say;
 And the taste is so different since
 then:
 We live, but a world has passed
 away,
 With the years that perished to
 make us men.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

OH, the broom, the yellow broom!
 The ancient poet sung it,
 And dear it is on summer days
 To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
 The flowers have not their fellow;
 I know where they shine out like
 suns,
 The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
 In luxury's silken fetters,
 And flowers as bright as glittering
 gems
 Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
 In modern days or olden;

It groweth on its nodding stem
 Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
 Shine out its glittering bushes,
 And down the glen, where clear as
 light
 The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me
 this,
 And the bird that nestles in it;
 I love it, for it loves the broom —
 The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flow-
 ers,
 And boast of that of Sharon,
 Of lilies like to marble cups,
 And the golden rod of Aaron;

I care not how these flowers may be
 Beloved of man and woman;
 The broom it is the flower for me,
 That groweth on the common.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom!
 The ancient poet sung it,
 And dear it is on summer days
 To lie and rest among it.

TIBBIE INGLIS.

BONNIE Tibbie Inglis!
 Through sun and stormy weather,
 She kept upon the broomy hills
 Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen, —
 A rosebud just unsealing;
 Without sorrow, without fear,
 In her mountain shealing.

She was made for happy thoughts,
 For playful wit and laughter;
 Singing on the hills alone,
 With echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black
 As the cloud of thunder;
 She had brows so beautiful,
 And dark eyes flashing under.

Bright and witty shepherd girl,
 Beside a mountain water,
 I found her, whom a king himself
 Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,
 Wild and mossed and hoary,
 Reading in an ancient book
 Some old martyr story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,
 Solemn thought was o'er her;
 When she saw in that lone place
 A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,
 And her lips seemed moving
 With the beatings of her heart; —
 How could I help loving?

On a crag I sat me down.
 Upon the mountain hoary,
 And made her read again to me
 That old pathetic story.

Then she sang me mountain songs,
 Till the air was ringing
 With her clear and warbling voice,
 Like a skylark singing.

And when eve came on at length,
 Among the blooming heather,
 We herded on the mountain-side
 Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house
 I said "Good night!" with sorrow,
 And inly wished that I might say,
 "We'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;
 I saw her meet her mother;
 "Among a thousand maids," I cried,
 "There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home,
 It lonesome looked and dreary;
 I took my books, but could not read,
 Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 My heart with sadness laden;
 I dreamed but of the mountain world,
 And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her of the ancient book
 The pages turning slowly;
 I saw her lovely crimson cheek
 And dark eyes drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,
 A life of pain's o'erpayment:
 I rose, and with unwonted care,
 Put on my Sabbath raiment.

To none I told my secret thoughts,
 Not even to my mother,
 Nor to the friend who, from my youth,
 Was dear as is a brother.

I got me to the hills again;
 The little flock was feeding:
 And there young Tibbie Inglis sat,
 But not the old book reading.

She sat as if absorbing thought
 With heavy spells had bound her,
 As silent as the mossy crags
 Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my Sabbath dress;
 I thought not of my learning:
 I thought but of the gentle maid
 Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonnie Tibbie Inglis!
 How her beauty brightened
 Looking at me, half-abashed,
 With eyes that flamed and light-
 ened!

There was no sorrow, then I saw,
 There was no thought of sadness:

O life! what after-joy hast thou
 Like love's first certain gladness?

I sat me down among the crags,
 Upon the mountain hoary;
 But read not then the ancient book,—
 Love was our pleasant story.

And then she sang me songs again.
 Old songs of love and sorrow;
 For our sufficient happiness
 Great charms from woe could bor-
 row.

And many hours we talked in joy,
 Yet too much blessed for laughter:
 I was a happy man that day,
 And happy ever after!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone?
 Who beheld it?
 Which way sailed it?
 Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
 But who doth hear
 Its summer cheer
 As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
 From its surrounding clay
 It steals away.
 Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
 'Tis all unknown;
 We feel alone
 What a void is left below.

RALPH HOYT.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly mus-
 ing;
 Oft I marked him sitting there
 alone,
 All the landscape like a page perus-
 ing;
 Poor, unknown —
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-
 rimmed hat;
 Coat as ancient as the form 'twas
 folding;
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimp
 cravat;
 Oaken staff, his feeble hand up-
 holding —
 There he sat!
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-
 rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
 No one sympathizing, no one heed-
 ing—
 None to love him for his thin gray
 hair,
 And the furrows all so mutely
 pleading
 Age and care—
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to
 school—
 Dapper country lads, and little
 maidens;
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's
 stool,"
 Its grave import still my fancy
 ladens—
 "Here's a fool!"
 It was summer, and we went to
 school.

When the stranger seemed to mark
 our play,
 Some of us were joyous, some sad-
 hearted;
 I remember well—too well that day!
 Oftentimes the tears unbidden
 started,
 Would not stay,
 When the stranger seemed to mark
 our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent
 spell—
 Ah, to me her name was always
 heaven!
 She besought him all his grief to tell,
 (I was then thirteen, and she
 eleven,)—
 Isabel!
 One sweet spirit broke the silent
 spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old—
 Earthly hope no longer hath a
 morrow;
 Yet why I sit here thou shalt be
 told,"
 Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sor-
 row;
 Down it rolled.
 "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

"I have tottered here to look once
 more
 On the pleasant scene where I de-
 lighted
 In the careless happy days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was
 blighted
 To the core—
 I have tottered here to look once
 more!

"All the picture now to me how
 dear!
 E'en this gray old rock where I am
 seated
 Is a jewel worth my journey here;
 Ah, that such a scene must be
 completed
 With a tear!
 All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still
 the same!
 There's the very step I so oft
 mounted;
 There's the window creaking in its
 frame,
 And the notches that I cut and
 counted
 For the game;
 Old stone school-house!—it is still
 the same!

"In the cottage yonder, I was born;
 Long my happy home—that hum-
 ble dwelling;
 There the fields of clover, wheat, and
 corn—
 There the spring, with limpid nec-
 tar swelling;
 Ah, forlorn!
 In the cottage yonder, I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you
 see
 Then were planted just so far
 as under
 That long well-pole from the path to
 free,
 And the wagon to pass safely under:
 Ninety-three!
 Those two gateway sycamores you
 see.

"There's the orchard where we used
to climb

When my mates and I were boys
together —

Thinking nothing of the flight of
time,

Fearing naught but work and rainy
weather;

Past its prime!

There's the orchard where we used to
climb!

"There the rude, three-cornered
chestnut rails,

Round the pasture where the flocks
were grazing,

Where, so sly, I used to watch for
quails

In the crops of buckwheat we were
raising —

Traps and trails;

There the rude, three-cornered chest-
nut rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yel-
low grain —

Pond, and river, still serenely flow-
ing;

Cot, there nestling in the shaded
lane

Where the lily of my heart was
blowing —

Mary Jane!

There's the mill that ground our yel-
low grain!

"There's the gate on which I used to
swing —

Brook, and bridge, and barn, and
old red stable;

But alas! no more the morn shall
bring

That dear group around my father's
table —

Taken wing!

There's the gate on which I used to
swing!

"I am fleeing — all I loved have
fled.

Yon green meadow was our place
for playing;

That old tree can tell of sweet things
said

When around it Jane and I were
straying —

She is dead!

I am fleeing — all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful
story,

So familiar to my dim old eye,

Points me to seven that are now in
glory

There on high —

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we
trod,

Guided thither by an angel mother;

Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;

Sire and sisters, and my little
brother

Gone to God!

Oft the aisle of that old church we
trod.

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant
ways —

Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah!
never

Shall I hear again those songs of
praise,

Those sweet voices — silent now
forever!

Peaceful days!

There I heard of wisdom's pleasant
ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her
hand

When our souls drank in the nup-
tial blessing,

Ere she hastened to the spirit-land —

Yonder turf her gentle bosom
pressing;

Broken band!

There my Mary blessed me with her
hand.

"I have come to see that grave once
more,

And the sacred place where we de-
lighted,

Where we worshipped, in the days of
yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was
blighted
To the core;
I have come to see that grave once
more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old —
Earthly hope no longer hath a
morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been
told,"

In his eye another pearl of sorrow;
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim sadly mus-
ing;
Still I marked him sitting there
alone,
All the landscape like a page
perusing —
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe in-
crease!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in
his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in
bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Ad-
hem bold,
And to the presence in the room he
said,
"What writest thou?" The vision
raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet
accord,
Answered, "The names of those who
love the Lord."
"And, is mine one?" said Abou.
"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray
thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-
men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The
next night
It came again, with a great wakening
light,

And showed the names whom love of
God had blessed, —
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all
the rest!

STANZAS FROM SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us what our
beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our
simple breath:
All who see us love us —
We befit all places,
Unto sorrow we give smiles — and
unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make
our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells
Nor is known the moment green when
our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence
In silence build our bowers —
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till
we laugh a-top, sweet flowers!

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red
and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made
solely to be seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose,
the woman of the flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end
of use;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we
give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than
Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the
balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to
give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though
death to the presuming.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures
Every one a marvel, more than
thought can say;
Then think in what bright show-
ers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness
half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains lone
lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours:
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blos-
soms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with
darksome antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace
—a thought for meek devotion.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—
or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there —
And came not down, that Love might
bring one piece of heaven the
more?
Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down
'twixt their golden pinions.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny
grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of
June, —
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy
noon,
When even the bees lag at the sum-
moning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper,
who class
With those who think the candles
come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your trick-
some tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they
pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins that be-
long,
One to the fields, the other to the
hearth,

Both have your sunshine ; both,
 though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem
 given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this nat-
 ural song, —
 In doors and out, summer and winter,
 mirth.

MAY AND THE POETS.

THERE is May in books forever ;
 May will part from Spenser never ;
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;
 May's in all the Italian books : —
 She has old and modern nooks,
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and
 elves,
 In happy places they call shelves,
 And will rise and dress your rooms
 With a drapery thick with blooms.
 Come, ye rains, then if ye will,
 May's at home, and with me still ;
 But come rather, thou, good weather,
 And find us in the fields together.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends
 have gone ;
 Why with such leaders, fear to say,
 "Lead on ?"
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be
 tried,
 But turns in balm on the immortal
 side.
 Mothers have passed it : fathers, chil-
 dren ; men
 Whose like we look not to behold
 again ;
 Women that smiled away their lov-
 ing breath ;
 Soft is the travelling on the road to
 death !
 But guilt has passed it ? men not fit to
 die ?
 Oh, hush — for He that made us all
 is by !
 Human we're all — all men, all born
 of mothers ;
 All our own selves in the worn-out
 shape of others ;
 Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be
ill-used brothers !

JEAN INGELow.

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. — EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven ;
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
 My birthday lessons are done :
 The lambs play always, they know no better ;
 They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low ;
 You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing, —
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell?
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. — ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh! children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story,— the birds cannot sing it,
 Not one, as he sits on the tree;
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it!
 Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. — LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
 “Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover,—
 Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
 Till I listen and hear
 If a step draweth near,
 For my love he is late!

“The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
 Let the star-clusters grow,
 Let the sweet waters flow,
 And cross quickly to me.

“You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
 You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,
 For the time runs to waste,
 And my love lieth deep,—

“Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
 I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
 Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
 But I’ll love him more, more
 Than e’er wife loved before,
 Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. — MATERNITY.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
 Here’s two bonny boys, and here’s mother’s own lasses,
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups;
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
 Sing, “Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow,” —
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks of you now.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. — WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
“Let me bleed! O let me alone,
Since I must not break!”

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and at head:
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
But a world happy and fair!
I have not wished it to mourn with me,—
Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
But a waste of reedy rills!
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore,—
How bitter it is to part!
Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
Oh, that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear;
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an entering angel trod,
But once,—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. — GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
 To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews,—
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
 This have I done when God drew near
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 And with thy lord depart
 In tears that he, as soon as shed,
 Will let no longer smart,—
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 This while thou didst I smiled,
 For now it was not God who said,
 “Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind!
 To God I gave with tears;
 But when a man like grace would find,
 My soul put by her fears,—
 O fond, O fool, and blind!
 God guards in happier spheres;
 That man will guard where he did bind
 Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 Fair lot that maidens choose,
 Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
 Thy face no more she views;
 Thy mother's lot, my dear,
 She doth in naught accuse;
 Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To love,—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. — LONGING FOR HOME.

A song of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow:
 Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
 And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
 And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
 And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
 Went curtsying over the billow,
 I marked her course till a dancing mote,
 She faded out on the moonlit foam,
 And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home;
 And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
 And my dreams upon the pillow.

INGELOW.

I pray you hear my song of a boat
For it is but short: —
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah me!

A song of a nest: —
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm and full to the brim —
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long: —
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly —
Oh, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me —
Ah me!

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
 All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
 Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love!— what can it do?
 I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
 If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
 For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
 Take a kiss from me, thy man, now the song begins:
 "All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
 It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
 The lights began to gleam,
 No wave the land-locked water
 stirred,
 The crags were white as cream;
 And I marked my love by candle-
 light
 Sewing her long white seam.
 It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
 Watch and steer at sea,
 It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
 Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
 Oh, sweetly my love sings!
 Like a shaft of light her voice breaks
 forth,
 My soul to meet it springs,
 As the shining water leaped of old,
 When stirred by angel wings.

Aye longing to list anew,
 Awake and in my dream,
 But never a song she sang like this,
 Sewing her long white seam.
 Fair fall the lights, the harbor
 lights,
 That brought me in to thee,
 And peace drop down on that low
 roof
 For the sight that I did see,
 And the voice, my dear, that rang so
 clear
 All for the love of me.
 For oh, for oh, with brows bent
 low
 By the candle's flickering gleam,
 Her wedding-gown it was she
 wrought,
 Sewing the long white seam.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]*ENVIABLE AGE.*

BUT grant, the virtues of a temperate
prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn
or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived
decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day, benevolence en-
dears,
Whose night congratulating con-
science cheers;
The general favorite as the general
friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish
its end?

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]*WISDOM'S PRAYER.*

WHERE then shall Hope and Fear
their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stag-
nant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance se-
date,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his
fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes
rise;
No cries invoke the mercies of the
skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem
religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating
voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and
the choice,
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern
afar
The secret ambush of a specious
prayer;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives
the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred pres-
ence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies as-
pires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful
mind,
Obedient passions, and a will re-
signed:
For love, which scarce collective man
can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er trans-
muted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier
seat,
Counts death, kind Nature's signal of
retreat:
These goods for man the laws of
Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants
the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms
the mind,
And makes the happiness she does
not find.

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]*CHARLES XII.*

ON what foundation stands the
warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish
Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors
tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide
domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of
pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to
the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow-
ers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads
her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries.
"till naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic stand-
ards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar
sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended,
wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary
coast
And Winter barricades the realms of
frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his
course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's
day!
The vanquished hero leaves his
broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant
lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to
wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves de-
bate.
But did not Chance at length her
error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his
end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal
wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the
ground?
His fall was destined to a barren
strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious
hand;
He left a name at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

[From London.]

THE FATE OF POVERTY.

By numbers here from shame or
censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty,
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling
muse.
The sober trader at a tattered cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labor
for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers
gaze, [ways.
And turn the varied taunt a thousand
Of all the griefs that harass the
distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the
generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult
points the dart.
Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the
poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered
shore?
No secret island in the boundless
main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by
Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats ex-
plore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no
more.
This mournful truth is everywhere
confessed,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY
DEPRESSED.

BEN JONSON.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth
rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I
swear,
Not of itself but thee!

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose:
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close:
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver:
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast:
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not
 found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all the adulteries of art,
 That strike mine eyes, but not my
 heart.

EPITAPH.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can
 say
 In a little? — reader, stay!
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die,—
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,—
 The other, let it sleep with death.
 Fitter where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hun-
 dred year.
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and
 sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions, we just beauties
 see;
 And in short measures, life may per-
 fect be.

JOHN KEATS.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease
 to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teem-
 ing brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charact-
 ery
 Hold like rich garners the full-
 ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's
 starred face,
 Huge, cloudy symbols of a high ro-
 mance,
 And think that I may never live to
 trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand
 of Chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an
hour!
That I shall never look upon thee
more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love,—then on the
shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and
think
Till love and fame to nothingness
do sink.

*SONNET COMPOSED ON LEAVING
ENGLAND.*

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast
as thou art,—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the
night,
And watching, with eternal lids
apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless ere-
mite,
The moving waters at their priestlike
task
Of pure ablution, round earth's hu-
man shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the
moors:—
No, — yet still steadfast, still un-
changeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripen-
ing breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken
breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to
death.

ODE ON THE POETS.

BARDS of passion and of mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wonder-
ous
And the parle of voices thunderous;

With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what
maim:—

Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

FANCY.

EVER let the fancy roam;
Pleasure never is at home;
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingèd fancy wander
Through the thought still spread be-
yond her;
Open wide the mind's cage-door,—
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet fancy! let her loose!
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring
Fades as does its blossoming.
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,

Cloys with tasting. What do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear faggot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the caked snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed, [her.
 Fancy, high-commissioned: — send
 She has vassals to attend her;
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped autumn's wealth;
 With a still, mysterious stealth;
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt
 hear

Distant harvest-carols clear,—
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn;
 And, in the same moment,—hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,—
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath
 burst;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearlèd with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its cellèd sleep;
 And the snake, all winter-thin,
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering
 While the autumn breezes sing.

[From *Endymion*.]

BEAUTY'S IMMORTALITY.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will
 keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
 quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we
 wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the
 earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
 dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-
 ened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite
 of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away
 the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
 the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a
 shady boon [dils
 For simple sheep; and such are daffo-
 With the green world they live in;
 and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert
 make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
 brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-
 rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the
 dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty
 dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or
 read:
 An endless fountain of immortal
 drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's
 brink.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-
 ness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I
 had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the
drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards
had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy
lot,
But being too happy in thy happi-
ness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of
the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows num-
berless,
Singest of summer in full-throated
ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage, that
hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-
delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-
green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and
sunburnt mirth!
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm
South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hip-
pocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at
the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the
world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the
forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite
forget
What thou among the leaves hast
never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each
other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last
gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spec-
tre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lus-
trous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his
pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes
and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the
night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on
her throne, [fays;
Clustered around by all her starry
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the
breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and
winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my
feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon
the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess
each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month
endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-
tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral
eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in
leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on
summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a
time
I have been half in love with ease-
ful Death,
Called him soft names in many a
mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet
breath; [die,
Now more than ever seems it rich to
To cease upon the midnight with
no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy
soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have
ears in vain,—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, im-
mortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee
down;

The voice I hear this passing night
was heard

In ancient days by emperor and
clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that
found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth,
when sick for home

She stood in tears amid the alien
corn;

The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening
on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
lorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my
sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so
well

As she is fabled to do, deceiving
elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem
fades

Past the near meadows, over the
still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis
buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

ON READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the
of gold,

And many goodly states and
doms seen;

Round many western islands
I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo
Oft of one wide expanse had
told

That deep-browed Homer ruled
his demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its
serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out
and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies

When a new planet swims into
ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with
eyes

He stared at the Pacific,—a
his men

Looked at each other with
surmise,—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien

JOHN KEBLE.

WHERE IS THY FAVORED HAUNT?

WHERE is thy favored haunt, eter-
nal voice,

The region of thy choice,
Where undisturbed by sin and earth,
the soul

Owens thy entire control?

'Tis on the mountain's summit dark
and high,

When storms are hurrying by:

'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of
the earth,

Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascend
there,

Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may
ly breathe,

And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones: the
ful sweep

Of winds across the steep,
Through withered bents — rattle
note and clear,

Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild 'solitary
cry,

And scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is
still,

From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the
shaggy fell.

Tracked by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in
the heart,

For Thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God
within,

Pleading with care and sin;
"Child of my love! how have I wear-
ied thee?

Why wilt thou err from me?
Have I not brought thee from the
house of slaves;

Parted the drowning waves,
And sent my saints before thee in
the way,

Lest thou should'st faint or
stray?

"What was the promise made to thee
alone?

Art thou the excepted one?
An heir of glory without grief or
pain?

O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; beneath it
meekly bow,

It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted
eye,

'Twill crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take
true measure

Of thine eternal treasure;
The father of thy Lord can grudge
thee nought,

The world for thee was bought,
And as this landscape broad — earth,
sea, and sky,—

All centres in thine eye,
So all God does if rightly under-
stood,

Shall work thy final good."

WHY SHOULD WE FAINT AND FEAR TO LIVE ALONE?

WHY should we faint and fear to
live alone,

Since all alone, so heaven has
willed, we die?

Not even the tenderest heart, and
next our own,

Knows half the reasons why we
smile and sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or
woe

Our hermit spirits dwell, and range
apart,

Our eyes see all around in gloom or
glow —

Hues of their own, fresh borrowed
from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should
feel

Alone our secret throbbings: so our
prayer

May readier spring to heaven, nor
spend its zeal

On cloud-born idols of this lower
air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love
for love,

Weak mortals all entranced on earth
would lie;

Nor listen for those purer strains
above.

Or what if heaven for once its search-
ing light

Lent to some partial eye, disclosing
The rude bad thoughts, that in our
bosom's night

Wander at large, nor heed Love's
gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary un-
couth place?

As if, fond leaning where her in-
fant slept,

A mother's arm a serpent should em-
brace:

So might we friendless live, and
die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
 Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true,
 As on the bosom of the aerial lawn
 Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle hue.

So too may soothing hope thy leave enjoy
 Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame:
 Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,
 Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

*SINCE ALL THAT IS NOT HEAVEN
 MUST FADE.*

SINCE all that is not heaven must fade,
 Light be the hand of ruin laid
 Upon the home I love:
 With lulling spell let soft decay
 Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
 The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
 In their own quiet dale should sleep
 The relics dear to thought,
 And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
 Their waving tracery hang, to hide
 What ruthless time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet
 That o'er the wistful fancy fleet
 In Asia's sea-like plain,
 Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
 Euphrates through the lonely land
 Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;
 There her forlorn and weary nest
 The famished hawk has found,
 The wild dog howls at fall of night,
 The serpent's rustling coils affright
 The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,
 Half seen against the evening sky,
 Seems like a ghost to glide,
 And watch from Babel's crumbling heap,
 Where in her shadow, fast asleep,
 Lies fallen imperial pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there
 Is basking in his noontide lair
 Or prowls in twilight gloom.
 The golden city's king he seems,
 Such as in old prophetic dreams
 Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,
 That sheltered erst a thousand kings,
 Hiding the glorious sky
 From half the nations, till they own
 No holier name, no mightier throne?
 That vision is gone by.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,
 The breath of heaven has blown away
 What toiling earth had piled,
 Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
 As breezes strew on ocean's sand,
 The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age
 Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,
 And hoarse and jarring all
 Mount up their heaven-assailing cries
 To thy bright watchman in the skies
 From Babel's shattered wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might
 The nations on that haughty height
 Have met to scale the heaven:
 Thrice only might a seraph's look
 A moment's shade of sadness brook;
 Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen
 Are perished as they ne'er had been,
 Oblivion is their home:
 Ambition's boldest dream and last
 Must melt before the clarion blast
 That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and kings, obey the charm,
Withdraw the proud high-reaching
arm;

There is an oath on high,
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth
Shall blend again the crowns of
earth,
Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own
One tyrant lord, one idol throne:
But to His triumph soon

He shall descend who rules above,
And the pure language of his love
All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let ambition heartless mourn;
When Babel's very ruins burn,
Her high desires may breathe;—
O'ercome thyself, and thou may'st
share

With Christ his Father's throne, and
wear
The world's imperial wreath.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days
and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy
face?

How shall I charm the interval that
lowers

Between this time and that sweet
time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary
sense—

Weary with longing? Shall I flee
away

Into past days, and with some fond
pretence

Cheat myself to forget the present
day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the
sin

Of casting from me God's great gift
of time? [within,

Shall I, these mists of memory locked
Leave and forget life's purposes
sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I
contrive

To bring the hour that brings thee
back more near?

How may I teach my drooping hopes
to live

Until that blessed time, and thou
art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay
hold

Of all good aims, and consecrate to
thee,

In worthy deeds, each moment that
is told

While thou, beloved one! art far
from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts
to try

All heavenward flights, all high and
holy strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk pa-
tiently

Through these long hours, nor call
their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence
make

A noble task-time; and will therein
strive

To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since
yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in
me

A thousand graces, which shall
thus be thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed
be,

And thy dear thought an influence
divine.

FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiv-
ing,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true be-
lieving.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our
youth:
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of
truth.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH! say, can you see by the dawn's
early light
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming,—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that
our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled ban-
ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through
the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in
dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er
the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals,
now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the
morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on
the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh,
long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave!

And where is that band who so
vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the bat-
tle's confusion
A home and a country should leave
us no more?
Their blood has washed out their
foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the
gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen
shall stand
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause
it is just;
And this be our motto,—“In God is
our trust,”—
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

GOOD NEWS.

A BEE flew in at my window,
And circled around my head;
He came like a herald of summer-
time.

And what do you think he said?

“As sure as the roses shall blossom” —

These are the words he said,—

“As sure as the gardens shall laugh
in pride,
And the meadows blush clover-red;

“As sure as the golden robin
Shall build her a swinging nest,
And the captured sunbeam lie fast-
locked

In the marigold’s burning breast;

“As sure as the water-lilies
Shall float like a fairy fleet;
As sure as the torrent shall leap the
rocks
With foamy, fantastic feet;

“As sure as the bobolink’s carol
And the plaint of the whippoorwill
Shall gladden the morning, and sad-
den the night,
And the crickets pipe loud and
shrill;

“So sure to the heart of the maiden
Who hath loved and sorrowed long,
Glad tidings shall bring the summer
of joy
With bursting of blossom and
song!”

A seer as well as a herald!
For while I sat weeping to-day,
The tenderest, cheeriest letter came
From Lionel far away.

Good news! O little bee-prophet,
Your words I will never forget!
It may be foolish,—that dear, old
sign,—
But Lionel’s true to me yet!

TROUBLE TO LEND.

To-morrow has trouble to lend
To all who lack to-day;
Go, borrow it,—borrow, griefless
heart,
And thou with thy peace wilt pay!

To-morrow has trouble to lend,—
An endless, endless store;
But I have as much as heart can
hold,—
Why should I borrow more!

HELIOTROPE.

SWEETEST, sweetest, Heliotrope!
In the sunset’s dying splendor.
In the trance of twilight tender,
All my senses I surrender,
To the subtle spells that bind me:
The dim air swimmeth in my sight
With visions vague of soft delight;
Shadowy hands with endless chain
Of purple-clustered bloom enwind
me;—
Garlands drenched in dreamy rain
Of perfume passionate as sorrow
And sad as Love’s to-morrow!
Bewildering music fills mine ears,—
Faint laughter and commingling
tears,—

Flowing like delicious pain
Through my drowsy brain.
Bosomed in the blissful gloom,—
Meseems I sink on slumberous
slope
Buried deep in purple bloom,
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!
Undulates the earth beneath me;
Still the shadow-hands enwreath
me,
And clouds of faces half defined,
Lovely and fantastical,
Sweet,—O sweet!—and strange
withal,
Sweeping like a desert wind
Across my vision leave me blind!
Subtler grows the spell and stronger;

What enchantments weird possess
me,—

Now uplift me, now oppress me?

Do I feast, or do I hunger?

Is it bliss, or is it anguish?

Is it Auster's treacherous breath

Kissing me with honeyed death,

While I sicken, droop, and languish?

Still I feel my blood's dull beat

In my head and hands and feet;

Struggling faintly with thy sweet-
ness,

Heliotrope! Heliotrope!

Give me back my strength's com-
pleteness.

Must I pine and languish ever!

Wilt thou loose my senses never!

Wilt thou bloom and bloom for ever,

Oh, Lethean Heliotrope?

Ah, the night-wind, freshly blowing,
Sets the languid blood a-flowing!

I revive!—

I escape thy spells alive!

Flower! I love and do not love thee!

Hold my breath, but bend above thee;

Crush thy buds, yet bid them ope;

Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!

DAY-DREAMING.

How better am I

Than a butterfly?

Here, as the noiseless hours go by,

Hour by hour,

I cling to my fancy's half-blown
flower:

Over its sweetness I brood and brood,

And scarcely stir, though sounds in-
trude

That would trouble and fret another
mood

Less divine

Than mine!

Who cares for the bees?

I will take my ease,

Dream and dream as long as I
please;

Hour by hour,

With love-wings fanning my sweet,
sweet flower!

Gather your honey, and hoard your
gold,

Through spring and summer, and
hive through cold!

I will cling to my flower till it is
mould,

Breathe one sigh

And die!

THE LAST APPEAL.

THE room is swept and garnished for
thy sake;

The table spread with Love's most
liberal cheer;

The fire is blazing brightly on the
hearth;

Faith lingers yet to give thee wel-
come here.

When wilt thou come?

Daily I weave the airy web of
hope;

Frail as the spider's, wrought with
beads of dew,—

That, like Penelope's, each night un-
done,

Each morn in patience I begin
anew.

When wilt thou come?

Not yet! To-morrow Faith will take
her flight,

The fire die out, the banquet dis-
appear;

Forever will these fingers drop the
web,

And only desolation wait thee here.

Oh, come to-day!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to
 give you,
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull
 and gray;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
 leave you
 For every day:—

Be good, my dear, and let who will,
 be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them,
 all day long;
 And so make life, death, and the vast
 forever
 One grand, sweet song.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to
 the West—
 Away to the West as the sun went
 down;
 Each thought on the woman who
 loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching
 them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must
 weep;
 And there's little to earn and many
 to keep,
 Though the harbor-bar be moan-
 ing.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
 tower
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun
 went down;
 They looked at the squall, and they
 looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling
 up, ragged and brown.
 But men must work and women must
 weep,
 Though storms be sudden and waters
 deep,
 And the harbor-bar be moan-
 ing.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
 sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide
 went down,
 And the women are weeping and
 wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come back
 to the town;
 For men must work, and women must
 weep—
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner
 to sleep—
 And good-bye to the bar and its
 moaning.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world
 goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the
 rain;
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's
 frown
 Can never come over again,
 Sweet wife;
 No, never come over again.
 For woman is warm, though man be
 cold,
 And the night will hallow the
 day;
 Till the heart which at eve was weary
 and old
 Can rise in the morning gay,
 Sweet wife;
 To its work in the morning gay.

SANDS OF DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle
 home,
 And call the cattle home
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee!”
 The western wind was wild and dank
 with foam
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the
 sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid
 the land
 And never home came she.
 ' Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating
 hair —
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair —

Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so
 fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling
 foam —
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam —
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call
 the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

WILLIAM KNOX.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

OH ! why should the spirit of mortal
 be proud ?
 Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-
 flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of
 the wave,
 He passeth from life to his rest in the
 grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow
 shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be
 laid;
 As the young and the old, the low
 and the high,
 Shall crumble to dust and together
 shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and
 loved,
 The mother, that infant's affection
 who proved,
 The father, that mother and infant
 who blest,
 Each, all, are away to that dwelling
 of rest.

The maid, on whose brow, on whose
 cheek, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure, — her tri-
 umphs are by;

And alike from the minds of the liv-
 ing erased
 Are the memories of mortals who
 loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre
 hath borne;
 The brow of the priest, that the mitre
 hath worn;
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of
 the brave, —
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of
 the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow
 and to reap;
 The herdsman, who climbed with his
 goats up the steep;
 The beggar, who wandered in search
 of his bread, —
 Have faded away like the grass that
 we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower
 or weed,
 That withers away to let others suc-
 ceed;
 So the multitude comes, even those
 we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often
 been told.

For we are the same that our fathers
have been;
We see the same sights that our
fathers have seen:
We drink the same stream, and we
feel the same sun.
And run the same course that our
fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our
fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our
fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fa-
thers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird
on the wing.

They loved, — but the story we can-
not unfold;
They scorned, — but the heart of the
haughty is cold;
They grieved, — but no wail from
their slumbers will come;
They joyed, — but the tongue of their
gladness is dumb.

They died, — ah! they died; — we
things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over
their brow,
And make in their dwelling a tran-
sient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their
pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure
and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and
rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the
song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge
upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the
draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the
paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier
and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal
be proud?

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed
walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and
balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one
day —
Somebody's darling, so young, and so
brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the
grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of
gold, [brow;
Kissing the snow of that fair young
Pale are the lips of delicate mould —
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful, blue-veined
brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of
gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and
cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates
take,
They were somebody's pride, you
know:

Somebody's hand has rested there, —
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of
light?

God knows best — he was somebody's
 love;
 Somebody's heart enshrined him
 there;
 Somebody wafted his name above
 Night and morn on the wings of
 prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched
 away
 Looking so handsome, brave, and
 grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead
 lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting
 hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
 him —
 Yearning to hold him again to the
 heart;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes
 dim,
 And the smiling, childlike lips
 apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a
 tear;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his
 head, —
 "Somebody's darling slumbers
 here."

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

OFt have I walked these woodland
 paths,
 Without the blest foreknowing
 That underneath the withered leaves
 The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
 The types of autumn's splendor,
 And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
 Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! — with lips of
 bloom,
 Outvying in your beauty
 The pearly tints of ocean shells, —
 Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to
 say,
 "With love's divine foreknowing,
 That where man sees but withered
 leaves,
 God sees sweet flowers growing."

BY THE DEAD.

SWEET winter roses, stainless as the
 snow,
 As was thy life, O tender heart and
 true!
 A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,
 A garland of the fairest flowers that
 grow,
 And filled with fragrance as the
 thought of thee,
 We lay, with loving hand, upon thy
 breast,
 Wrapt in the calm of Death's great
 mystery;
 Ours still to feel the pain, the unlan-
 guaged woe,
 The bitter sense of loss, the vague
 unrest,
 And wear unseen the cypress-leaf
 and rue,
 Thinking, the while, of lovelier flow-
 ers that blow
 In everlasting gardens of the blest,
 That wither not like these, and never
 shed
 Their rare and heavenly odors for the
 dead.

CHARLES LAMB.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had
companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joy-
ful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I have been laughing, I have been
carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my
bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among
women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must
not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has
no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend ab-
ruptly —
Left him to muse on the old familiar
faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts
of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound
to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar
faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than
a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my fa-
ther's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar
faces —

How some they have died, and some
they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are
departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces!

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more has she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; — if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feelings cool;
But she was trained in nature's
school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot
blind, —
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning;

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —
A bliss that would not go away, —
A sweet forewarning?

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of re-
pose,
Carries his house with him where'er
he goes;

Peeps out, — and if there comes a
 shower of rain,
 Retreats to his small domicile
 again.
 Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—’tis
 well, —
 He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
 He’s his own landlord, his own ten-
 ant; stay
 Long as he will, he dreads no quar-
 ter-day.

Himself he boards and lodges; both
 invites
 And feasts himself; sleeps with him-
 self o’ nights.
 He spares the upholsterer trouble to
 procure [ture,
 Chattels; himself is his own furni-
 And his sole riches. Wheresoe’er he
 roam, —
 Knock when you will, — he’s sure to
 be at home.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

SUCCESS ALONE SEEN.

Few know of life’s beginnings —
 men behold
 The goal achieved; — the warrior,
 when his sword
 Flashes red triumph in the noonday
 sun;
 The poet, when his lyre hangs on the
 palm;
 The statesman, when the crowd pro-
 claim his voice,
 And mould opinion on his gifted
 tongue:
 They count not life’s first steps, and
 never think
 Upon the many miserable hours
 When hope deferred was sickness to
 the heart.
 They reckon not the battle and the
 march,
 The long privations of a wasted
 youth;
 They never see the banner till un-
 furled.
 What are to them the solitary nights
 Passed pale and anxiously by the
 sickly lamp,
 Till the young poet wins the world at
 last
 To listen to the music long his own?
 The crowd attend the statesman’s
 fiery mind
 That makes their destiny; but they
 do not trace
 Its struggle, or its long expectancy.

Hard are life’s early steps; and, but
 that youth
 Is buoyant, confident, and strong in
 hope,
 Men would behold its threshold, and
 despair.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE had lost many children — now
 The last of them was gone:
 And day and night she sat and wept
 Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant
 tears

Were falling with the dew,
 She heard a voice, and lo! her child
 Stood by her, weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was
 white;

He said — “I cannot sleep,
 Your tears have made my shroud so
 wet;

O mother, do not weep!”

Oh, love is strong! — the mother’s
 heart

Was filled with tender fears;

Oh, love is strong! — and for her
 child

Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand —
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!”
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

The mother went her household
ways —
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

THE POET.

AH, deeply the minstrel has felt all
he sings,
Every passion he paints his own
bosom has known;
No note of wild music is swept from
the strings,
But first his own feelings have
echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive
fire,
That the heart can be ice while the
lip is of flame:
Oh, say not that truth does not dwell
with the lyre:
For the pulse of the heart and the
harp are the same.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT POMPEII.

I SEE the ancient master pale and
worn,
Though on him shines the lovely
southern heaven,
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The dying by the dead: for his great
sake
They have laid bare the city of the
lost:
His own creations fill the silent
streets;
The Roman pavement rings with
golden spurs,
The Highland plaid shades dark Ital-
ian eyes,
And the young king himself is
Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits, — majes-
tic, wan,
Himself a mighty vision of the past;
The glorious mind has bowed beneath
its toil;
He does not hear his name on foreign
lips
That thank him for a thousand happy
hours:
He does not see the glittering groups
that press
In wonder and in homage to his side;
Death is beside his triumph.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

RUBIES.

OFTEN I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,

And less bright were those which
shone
In the palace of the sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kissed by other men.

IN NO HASTE.

NAY, thank me not again for those
Camellias, that untimely rose;
But if, whence you might please the
more,

And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you love to wear,
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you set
One primrose or one violet.
... Stay ... I can wait a little yet.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful
eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

DEATH OF THE DAY.

My pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on,
And youthful maids and wrinkled
dames
Are now all one.

Death of the Day! a sterner Death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,
Away he bore.

I WILL NOT LOVE.

I WILL *not* love! These sounds
have often
Burst from a troubled breast;
Rarely from one no sighs could soften,
Rarely from one at rest.

A REQUEST.

THE place where soon I think to lie
In its old creviced nook hard by,
Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slyly in a grain or two
Of wallflower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there;
But the rich odor some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

SIDNEY LANIER.

EVENING SONG.

Look off, dear Love, across the sal-
low sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun
and sea;
How long they kiss in sight of all the
lands!
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts
the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy
wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis
done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort
heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else un-
lighted sands;
O Night, divorce our sun and moon
apart,—
Never our lips, our hands.

FROM THE FLATS.

WHAT heartache,—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague and chill,
The drear sand-levels drain my spirit
low,
With one poor word they tell me all
they know;

Whereat their stupid tongues, to
tease my pain,
Do draw it o'er again and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I
cannot name:
Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambushade of beauty, 'gainst
mine eyes
From brake, or lurking dell, or deep
defile;
No humors, frolic forms,—this mile,
that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley
hopes
Beyond the bends of roads, the dis-
tant slopes.
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run
tame:
Ever the same, the same.

Oh! might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia
high uprears,
Where white the quartz, and pink
the pebbles shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the
muscadine
Swings o'er the slope; the oak's far-
falling shade
Darkens the dog-wood in the bottom
glade,

And down the hollow from a ferny
nook
Bright leaps a living brook!

BETRAYAL.

THE sun has kissed the violet sea,
And turned the violet to a rose.
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be
Mere violet still? Who knows?
who knows?
Well hides the violet in the wood:
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
And winter's ill is violet's good;
But the bold glory of the rose,
It quickly comes and quickly goes;
Red petals whirling in white snows,
Ah me!

The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:
The rose is turned to ashes gray.
O Sea! O Sea! mightst thou but be
The violet thou hast been to-day!
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,
The sun is lord of love and light;
But after him it cometh night.
O anguish of the lonesome dark!
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,
Was laid in a tomb without a mark.
Ah me!

LUCY LARCOM.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful
muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse,

To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any
news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her
shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos,
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief
brews.

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek be-
dews.

From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of
Ben?"

Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she
views

Twenty seasons,—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

[From Hints.]

THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK.

THE curtain of the dark
Is pierced by many a rent:
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent
Wherethrough God's light doth
shine.
Who glances up, at every rent
Shall catch a ray divine.

UNWEDDED.

BEHOLD her there in the evening
sun,
That kindles the Indian summer
trees
To a separate burning bush, one by
one,
Wherein the Glory Divine she sees!

Mate and nestlings she never had:
Kith and kindred have passed
away;
Yet the sunset is not more gently
glad,
That follows her shadow, and fain
would stay.

For out of her life goes a breath of
bliss,
And a sunlike charm from her
cheerful eye,
That the cloud and the loitering
breeze would miss;
A balm that refreshes the passer-
by.

"Did she choose it, this single life?"
Gossip, she saith not, and who can
tell?
But many a mother, and many a
wife,
Draws a lot more lonely, we all
know well.

Doubtless she had her romantic
dream,
Like other maidens, in May-time
sweet,
That flushes the air with a lingering
gleam,
And goldens the grass beneath her
feet:—

A dream unmoulded to visible form,
That keeps the world rosy with
mists of youth,
And holds her in loyalty close and
warm,
To her fine ideal of manly truth.

"But is she happy, a woman alone?"
Gossip, alone in this crowded
earth,

With a voice to quiet its hourly
moan,
And a smile to heighten its rarer
mirth!

There are ends more worthy than
happiness:
Who seeks it, is digging joy's
grave, we know.
The blessed are they who but live to
bless;
She found out that mystery, long
ago.

To her motherly, sheltering atmos-
phere,
The children hasten from icy
homes:
The outcast is welcome to share her
cheer;
And the saint with a fervent ben-
ison comes.

For the heart of woman is large as
man's;
God gave her his orphaned world
to hold,
And whispered through her His
deeper plans
To save it alive from the outer
cold.

And here is a woman who under-
stood
Herself, her work, and God's will
with her,
To gather and scatter His sheaves of
good,
And was meekly thankful, though
men demur.

Would she have walked more nobly,
think,
With a man beside her, to point
the way,
Hand joining hand in the marriage-
link?
Possibly, Yes; it is likelier, Nay.

For all men have not wisdom and
might:
Love's eyes are tender, and blur
the map;

And a wife will follow by faith, not
sight,
In the chosen footprint, at any
hap.

In the comfort of home who is glad-
der than she?
Yet, stirred by no murmur of
"might have been,"
Her heart as a carolling bird soars
free,
With the song of each nest she has
glanced within.

Having the whole, she covets no
part:
Hers is the bliss of all blessed
things.
The tears that unto her eyelids
start,
Are those which a generous pity
brings;

Or the sympathy of heroic faith
With a holy purpose, achieved or
lost.
To stifle the truth is to stop her
breath,
For she rates a lie at its deadly
cost.

Her friends are good women and
faithful men,
Who seek for the true, and uphold
the right;
And who shall proclaim her the
weaker, when
Her very presence puts sin to flight?

"And dreads she never the coming
years?"
Gossip, what are the years to
her?
All winds are fair, and the harbor
nears,
And every breeze a delight will
stir.

Transfigured under the sunset trees,
That wreath her with shadowy
gold and red,
She looks away to the purple seas,
Whereon her shallop will soon be
sped.

She reads the hereafter by the here:
 A beautiful Now, and a better To
 Be:
 In life is all sweetness, in death no
 fear,—
 You waste your pity on such as
 she.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

HAND in hand with angels,
 Through the world we go;
 Brighter eyes are on us
 Than we blind ones know;
 Tenderer voices cheer us
 Than we deaf will own;
 Never, walking heavenward,
 Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
 In the busy street,
 By the winter hearth-fires,—
 Everywhere,— we meet,
 Though unfledged and songless,
 Birds of Paradise;
 Heaven looks at us daily
 Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels;
 Oft in menial guise;
 By the same strait pathway
 Prince and beggar rise.
 If we drop the fingers,
 Toil-imbrowned and worn,
 Then one link with heaven
 From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels:
 Some are fallen,— alas!
 Soiled wings trail pollution
 Over all they pass.
 Lift them into sunshine!
 Bid them seek the sky!
 Weaker is your soaring,
 When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels;
 Some are out of sight,
 Leading us, unknowing,
 Into paths of light.
 Some dear hands are loosened
 From our earthly clasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us
 With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,—
 'Tis a twisted chain,
 Winding heavenward, earthward,
 Linking joy and pain.
 There's a mournful jarring,
 There's a clank of doubt,
 If a heart grows heavy,
 Or a hand's left out.

Hand in hand with angels
 Walking every day;—
 How the chain may lengthen,
 None of us can say.
 But we know it reaches
 From earth's lowliest one,
 To the shining seraph,
 Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels!
 Blessed so to be!
 Helped are all the helpers;
 Giving light, they see.
 He who aids another
 Strengthens more than one;
 Sinking earth he grapples
 To the Great White Throne.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I DO not own an inch of land,
 But all I see is mine,—
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,
 The lawns and gardens fine.
 The winds my tax-collectors are,
 They bring me tithes divine,—
 Wild scents and subtle essences,
 A tribute rare and free:
 And more magnificent than all,
 My window keeps for me
 A glimpse of blue immensity,—
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
 Great fleets and argosies;
 I have a share in every ship
 Won by the inland breeze
 To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.
 I freight them with my untold
 dreams,

Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living
shapes,—

The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming
down

From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and
south,

Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity,—
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering
sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious
stones,—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.

Out through the utmost gates of
space,

Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

[From *Hints*.]

HEAVEN NEAR THE VIRTUOUS.

THEY whose hearts are whole and
strong,
Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress,—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb;
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye
Sees in common things,—
Gleams dropped daily from the sky;
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding through the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

TO MY SON.

Do you remember, my sweet, absent
son,
How in the soft June days forever
done
You loved the heavens so warm and
clear and high;
And when I lifted you, soft came
your cry —
“Put me ’way up — ’way up in the
blue sky?”

I laughed and said I could not; set
you down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath
that crown
Of bright hair gladdening me as you
raced by.
Another Father now, more strong
than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear
blue sky.

NEW WORLDS.

WITH my beloved I lingered late one
night.
At last the hour when I must leave
her came:
But, as I turned, a fear I could not
name
Possessed me that the long sweet
evening might
Prelude some sudden storm, whereby
delight
Should perish. What if Death, ere
dawn, should claim
One of us? What, though living,
not the same
Each should appear to each in morn-
ing light?
Changed did I find her, truly, the
next day:
Ne’er could I see her as of old
again,
That strange mood seemed to draw a
cloud away,

And let her beauty pour through
every vein
Sunlight and life, part of me. Thus
the lover
With each new morn a new world
may discover.

THE LILY-POND.

SOME fairy spirit with his wand,
I think, has hovered o’er the dell,
And spread this film upon the pond,
And touched it with this drowsy
spell,
For here the musing soul is merged
In moods no other scene can bring,
And sweeter seems the air when
scourged
With wandering wild-bees’ mur-
muring.

One ripple streaks the little lake,
Sharp purple-blue; the birches,
thin
And silvery, crowd the edge, yet
break
To let a straying sunbeam in.

How came we through the yielding
wood,
That day, to this sweet-rustling
shore?
Oh, there together while we stood,
A butterfly was wafted o’er,

In sleepy light; and even now
His glimmering beauty doth return
Upon me when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight
yearn.

The yielding wood? And yet ’twas
loth
To yield unto our happy march;
Doubtful it seemed, at times, if both
Could pass its green, elastic arch.

Yet there, at last, upon the marge
 We found ourselves, and there, be-
 hold,
 In hosts the lilies, white and large,
 Lay close with hearts of downy
 gold!

Deep in the weedy waters spread
 The rootlets of the placid bloom:
 So sprung my love's flower, that was
 bred
 In deep still waters of heart's-
 gloom.

So sprung; and so that morn was
 nursed
 To live in light, and on the pool
 Wherein its roots were deep immersed
 Burst into beauty broad and cool.

Few words were said; a moment
 passed;
 I know not how it came — that awe
 And ardor of a glance that cast
 Our love in universal law.

But all at once a bird sang loud,
 From dead twigs of the gleamy
 beech;
 His notes dropped dewy, as from a
 cloud,
 A blessing on our married speech.

Ah, Love! how fresh and rare, even
 now,
 That moment and that mood re-
 turn
 Upon me, when the soft winds blow,
 And lilies toward the sunlight
 yearn!

SAILOR'S SONG.

THE sea goes up, the sky comes
 down.
 Oh, can you spy the ancient town,—
 The granite hills so hard and gray,
 That rib the land behind the bay?
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

Three years? Is it so long that we
 Have lived upon the lonely sea?
 Oh, often I thought we'd see the
 town,
 When the sea went up, and the sky
 came down.
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

Even the winter winds would rouse
 A memory of my father's house;
 For round his windows and his door
 They made the same deep, mouthless
 roar.
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

And when the summer's breezes
 beat,
 Methought I saw the sunny street
 Where stood my Kate. Beneath her
 hand
 She gazed far out, far out from land.
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

Farthest away, I oftenest dreamed
 That I was with her. Then, it
 seemed
 A single stride the ocean wide
 Had bridged and brought me to her
 side.
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

But though so near we're drawing,
 now,
 'Tis farther off—I know not how.
 We sail and sail: we see no home.
 Would we into the port were come!
 O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
 Fair winds, boys: send her home!
 O ye ho!

At night, the same stars o'er the
 mast:
 The mast sways round—however fast

We fly—still sways and swings
around
One scanty circle's starry bound.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Ah, many a month those stars have
shone,
And many a golden morn has flown,
Since that so solemn happy morn,
When, I away, my babe was born.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

And, though so near we're drawing
now,
'Tis farther off—I know not how—
I would not aught amiss had come
To babe or mother there, at home!
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

'Tis but a seeming; swiftly rush
The seas, beneath. I hear the crush
Of foamy ridges 'gainst the prow.
Longing outspeeds the breeze, I know.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Patience, my mates! Though not
this eve,
We cast our anchor, yet believe,

If but the wind holds, short the run:
We'll sail in with to-morrow's sun.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

A FACE IN THE STREET.

POOR, withered face, that yet was
once so fair,
Grown ashen-old in the wild fires
of lust—
Thy star-like beauty, dimmed with
earthly dust,
Yet breathing of a purer native air;
They who, whilom, cursed vultures,
sought a share
Of thy dead womanhood, their
greed unjust
Have satisfied, have stripped and
left thee bare.
Still, like a leaf warped by the au-
tumn gust,
And driving to the end, thou wrapp'st
in flame
And perfume all thy hollow-eyed
decay,
Feigning on those gray cheeks the
blush that Shame
Took with her when she fled long
since away.
Ah God! rain fire upon this foul-
souled city
That gives such death, and spares its
men,—for pity!

EMMA LAZARUS.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by
Robert Schumann.]

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

HAIL, free, clear heavens! above our
heads again,
With white-winged clouds that melt
before the sun:
Hail, good green earth! with blos-
soms, grass and grain:
O'er the soft rye what silvery rip-
ples run!

What tawny shadows! Slowly we
have won
This high hill's top: on the wood's
edge we stand,
While like a sea below us rolls the
land.
The meadows blush with clover, and
the air
Is honeyed with its keen but spicy
smell;
In silence graze the kine, but every-
where

Pipe the glad birds that in the forest dwell;
Where hearths are set curled wreaths of vapor tell;
Life's grace and promise win the soul again;
Hope floods the heart like sunshine after rain.

The wood is past, and tranquil meadows wide,
Bathed in bright vapor, stretch on every side.

A MARCH VIOLET.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by Robert Schumann.]

NIGHT.

WHITE stars begin to prick the wan blue sky,
The trees arise, thick, black and tall: between
Their slim, dark boles, gray, film-winged gnats that fly
Against the failing western red are seen.
The footpaths dumb with moss have lost their green.
Mysterious shadows settle everywhere,
A passionate murmur trembles in the air.

Sweet scents wax richer, freshened with cool dews,
The whole vast forest seems to breathe, to sigh
With rustle, hum and whisper that confuse
The listening ear, blent with the fitful cry
Of some belated bird. In the far sky,
Throbbing with stars, there stirs a weird unrest,
Strange joy, akin to pain, fulfils the breast —

A longing born of fears and promises,
A wild desire, a hope that heeds no bound.
A ray of moonlight struggling through the trees
Startles us like a phantom; on the ground
Fall curious shades; white glory spreads around;

BLACK boughs against a pale clear sky,
Slight mists of cloud-wreaths floating by:
Soft sunlight, gray-blue smoky air,
Wet thawing snows on hillsides bare;
Loud streams, moist sodden earth; below
Quick seedlings stir, rich juices flow
Through frozen veins of rigid wood,
And the whole forest bestirs in bud.
No longer stark the branches spread
An iron network overhead.
Albeit naked still of green;
Through this soft, lustrous vapor seen
On budding boughs a warm flush glows,
With tints of purple and pale rose.
Breathing of spring, the delicate air
Lifts playfully the loosend hair
To kiss the cool brow. Let us rest
In this bright, sheltered nook, now blest
With broad noon sunshine over all,
Though here June's leafiest shadows fall.
Young grass sprouts here. Look up! the sky
Is veiled by woven greenery.
Fresh little folded leaves — the first,
And goldener than green, they burst
Their thick full buds and take the breeze.
Here, when November stripped the trees.
I came to wrestle with a grief:
Solace I sought not, nor relief.
I shed no tears, I craved no grace
I fain would see Grief face to face,
Fathom her awful eyes at length,
Measure my strength against her strength,
I wondered why the Preacher saith,
"Like as the grass that withereth."

The late, close blades still waved
around;

I clutched a handful from the ground.
"He mocks us cruelly," I said:
"The frail herb lives and she is
dead."

I lay dumb, sightless, deaf as she;
The long slow hours passed over me,
I saw Grief face to face; I know
The very form and traits of Woe.
I drained the galled dregs of the
draught

She offered me: I could have laughed
In irony of sheer despair,
Although I could not weep. The air
Thickened with twilight shadows
dim:

I rose and left. I knew each limb
Of these great trees, each gnarled,
rough root
Piercing the clay, each cone of fruit
They bear in autumn.

What blooms here,
Filling the honeyed atmosphere
With faint, delicious fragrances,
Freighted with blessed memories?
The earliest March violet,
Dear as the image of Regret,
And beautiful as Hope. Again
Past visions thrill and haunt my
brain,

Through tears I see the nodding head,
The purple and the green dispread.
Here, where I nursed despair that
morn,

The promise of fresh joy is born,
Arrayed in sober colors still,
But piercing the gray mould to fill
With vague sweet influence the air,
To lift the heart's dead weight of
care.

Longings and golden dreams to bring
With joyous phantasies of spring.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER Him, the only One,
Now, ere the years flow by, —
Now, while the smile is on thy lip,
The light within thine eye.
Now, ere for thee the sun have lost
Its glory and its light,
And earth rejoice thee not with
flowers,

Nor with the stars the night.
Now, while thou lovest earth, be-
cause

She is so wondrous fair
With daisies and with primroses,
And sunlit, waving air;
And not because her bosom holds
Thy dearest and thy best,
And some day will thyself infold
In calm and peaceful rest.

Now, while thou lovest violets,
Because mid grass they wave,
And not because they bloom upon
Some early-shapen grave.
Now, while thou lovest trembling
stars,

But just because they shine,
And not because they're nearer one
Who never can be thine.
Now, while thou lovest music's
strains,

Because they cheer thy heart,
And not because from aching eyes
They make the tear-drops start.
Now, whilst thou lovest all on earth
And deemest all will last,
Before thy hope is vanished quite,
And every joy has past;
Remember Him, the only One,
Before the days draw nigh
When thou shalt have no joy in
them,
And praying, yearn to die.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

MINE OWN.

AND oh, the longing, burning eyes!
 And oh, the gleaming hair
 Which waves around me, night and
 day,
 O'er chamber, hall, and stair!

And oh, the step, half-dreamt, half
 heard!
 And oh, the laughter low!
 And memories of merriment
 Which faded long ago!

Oh, art thou Sylph,—or truly Self,—
 Or either at thy choice?
 Oh, speak in breeze or beating heart,
 But let me hear thy voice!

“Oh, some do call me Laughter, love;
 And some do call me Sin:”

“And they may call thee what they
 will,
 So I thy love may win.”

“And some do call me Wantonness,
 And some do call me Play:”

“Oh, they might call thee what they
 would
 If thou wert mine alway!”

“And some do call me Sorrow, love,
 And some do call me Tears,
 And some there be who name me
 Hope,
 And some that name me Fears.

“And some do call me Gentle Heart,
 And some Forgetfulness:”

“And if thou com'st as one or all,
 Thou comest but to bless!”

“And some do call me Life, sweet-
 heart,
 And some do call me Death;
 And he to whom the two are one
 Has won my heart and faith.”

She twined her white arms round his
 neck:—

The tears fell down like rain.

“And if I live or if I die,
 We'll never part again.”

JOHN LEYDEN.

ODE TO AN INDIAN COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so
 dear?—

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine
 ear

Whom mirth and music went to
 charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the
 wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking
 dreams

Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friend-
 ship smiled,

Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from mem-
 ory fade!—

The perished bliss of youth's first
 prime,

That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared
sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave,

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire
drear.

A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to
mine:

Her fond heart throbs with many
a fear!

I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to
mock

A wanderer's banished heart for-
lorn,

Now that his frame the lightning
shock

Of sun-rays tipt with death has
borne?

From love, from friendship, coun-
try, torn,

To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

THOMAS LODGE.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing
cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth
grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor
nigh;

Within which bounds she balm en-
closes,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire
blue,

Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth
light.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the
grove!

Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through
the wood

To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the spring.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou
said,

That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame!

All common things, each day's
events,

That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may as-
cend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less:
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess:

The longing for ignoble things:
The strife for triumph more than
truth;
The hardening of the heart, that
brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill: all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of
ill:

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled
down

Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions
slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast
eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and
fears
Must ache and bleed beneath your
load ;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin.
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands ! that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine that so long has glowed and
burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires,

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again ;
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain ?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three ber-
ries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone ;
And we think, though we do not say
it,
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a happy New Year ;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-
tunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests ;
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

*STAY, STAY AT HOME, MY HEART,
AND REST.*

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and
rest ;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not
where
Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown
about
By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt ;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and
rest:
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky:
To stay at home is best.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is
o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child
to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be
led,
And leave his broken playthings on
the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
door;
Nor wholly reassured and com-
forted
By promises of others in their
stead,
Which, though more splendid, may
not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by
the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we
go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or
stay,
Being too full of sleep to under-
stand
How far the unknown transcends
the what we know.

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant
shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon
the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on
every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no
more.

Then heard I, more distinctly than
before,
The ocean breathe, and its great
breast expand;
And hurrying came on the defence-
less land
The insurgent waters with tumult-
uous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I
said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant
joy of song,
Have ebbed from me forever! Sud-
denly o'er me
They swept again from their deep
ocean-bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and
strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth,
upbore me.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village
spire,
With your golden feathers all on
fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your
perch
Above there over the tower of the
church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets be-
low,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or
street,
The great salt sea, and the fisher-
man's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of
Lynn,
And a young man standing on the
deck,
With a silken kerchief round his
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,

And now he is lifting and waving his
hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah! that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that
blow.
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous
strange,
If I, a weathercock, should not
change.

O pretty maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your
golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-
day
You will thank me for looking some
other way!

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

THE doors are all wide open; at the
gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a
blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a
dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows
like a fate;
And on their margin, with sea-tides
elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the hap-
pier days,
Writes the last letter of his name,
and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled
to wait.
I also wait; but they will come no
more,
Those friends of mine, whose pres-
ence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart
Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to
my door!
Something is gone from nature
since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor
can be.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of
Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morn-
ing broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and
beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the
same,
Alike their features and their robes
of white,
But one was crowned with amaranth
as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes
of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial
way:
Then said I, with deep fear and
doubt oppressed.
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest
thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of as-
phodels,
Descending, at my door began to
knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in
wells
The waters sink before an earth-
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the
pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly
 guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard
 God's voice;
 And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent
 was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to re-
 joice.

Then with a smile, that filled the
 house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but
 Life," he said;
 And ere he answered, passing out of
 sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not
 at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine
 wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and with voice
 divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound
 like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden
 gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair
 and thin;
 And softly from that hushed and
 darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one
 went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his
 hand.
 The mists collect, the rain falls
 thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and
 land,
 Lo! He looks back from the de-
 parting cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are
 His;
 Without His leave, they pass no
 threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, be-
 lieving this,
 Against His messengers to shut the
 door?

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
 Whereon shall no man work, but
 play
 Whereon it is enough for me,
 Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
 Through every nerve, through every
 vein,
 I feel the electric thrill, the touch
 Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
 Playing celestial symphonies;
 I see the branches downward bent,
 Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,
 Where through a sapphire sea, the
 sun
 Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-lands in the
 west,
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts
 Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all
 the rooms
 The snow-flakes of the cherry-
 blooms!
 Blow, winds! and bend within my
 reach
 The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is
 song!
 O heart of man! canst thou not be
 Blithe as the air is, and as free?

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

FROM MIRE TO BLOSSOM.

NOVEMBER.

THE dead leaves, their rich mosaics
 Of olive and gold and brown,
 Had laid on the rain-wet pavement,
 Through all the embowered town.
 They were washed by the autumn
 tempest,
 They were trod by hurrying feet,
 And the maids came out with their
 besoms
 And swept them into the street,
 To be crushed and lost forever,
 'Neath the wheels in the black
 mire lost;
 The Summer's precious darlings,
 She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
 O golden thoughts and true!
 Must I see in the leaves, a symbol
 Of the fate which awaiteth you?

APRIL.

Again has come the spring-time,
 With the crocus's golden bloom,
 With the smell of the fresh-turned
 earth-mould,
 And the violet's perfume.
 O gardener! tell me the secret
 Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!
 "I have only enriched my garden
 With the black mire from the
 street!"

RICHARD LOVELACE.

*TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND
THE SEAS.*

IF to be absent were to be
 Away from thee;
 Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
 Pity from blustering wind, or swal-
 lowing wave.
 Though seas and land betwixt us
 both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls:
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as an-
 gels greet.
 So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive in the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes

Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left
 behind.

*TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE
WARS.*

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore,
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAY-
LIGHT.*

OH! watch you well by daylight,
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness —
The angels then are near;
For Heaven the sense bestoweth,
Our waking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight.
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness —
The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure —
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch in sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays:
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven entrust the morrow.
For the angels then are near.
O watch you well by daylight,
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness —
The angels then are near.

*THE CHILD AND THE AUTUMN
LEAF.*

Down by the river's bank I strayed
Upon an autumn day;
Beside the fading forest there,
I saw a child at play.
She played among the yellow leaves —
The leaves that once were green,
And flung upon the passing stream
What once had blooming been:
Oh! deeply did it touch my heart
To see that child at play;
It was the sweet unconscious sport
Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you
stray,
When after years go by,
The scene that makes thy childhood's
sport,
May wake thy age's sigh:

When fast you see around you fall
The summer's leafy pride.
And mark the river hurrying on
Its ne'er returning tide;
Then may you feel in pensive mood
That life's a summer dream;
And man, at last, forgotten falls —
A leaf upon the stream.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

WHEN by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers.
They say, while in such tranquil
plight,
An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell, —
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing!

Thus, a musing minstrel strayed
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion: —
Yet this love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke; —
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fanned by the passing angel's wing!

"I have loved thee well and long,
With love of heaven's own mak-
ing! —

This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking, —
I will love thee, still, untired!"
He felt — he spoke — as one inspired,
The words did from Truth's foun-
tain spring.

Upwaken'd by the angel's wing.

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making; —
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part,
She spoke — and oh! — the lovely
thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

YIELD NOT, THOU SAD ONE, TO SIGHS.

OH! yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

Nor murmur at Destiny's will.
Behold, for each pleasure that flies,
Another replacing it still.

Time's wing, were it all of one feather,
Far slower would be in its flight:

The storm gives a charm to fine weather,

And day would seem dark without night.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

When we look on some lake that repeats

The loveliness bounding its shore,
A breeze o'er the soft surface fleets,
And the mirror-like beauty is o'er.

But the breeze, ere it ruffled the deep,
Pervading the odorous bowers,
Awaken'd the flowers from their sleep,

And wafted their sweets to be ours.
Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

Oh, blame not the change nor the flight

Of our joys as they're passing away,
'Tis the swiftness and change give delight — [stay.

They would pall if permitted to
More gaily they glitter in flying,
They perish in lustre still bright,
Like the hues of the dolphin, in dying,

Or the humming-bird's wing in its flight.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,

And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,

Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn

A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;

With sated heart, he hears the pants

Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,

And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,

A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By records of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

[From the Vision of Sir Launfal.]

THE GENEROSITY OF NATURE.

EARTH gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she
to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song
is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed
away

Comes flooding back with a ripply
cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and
bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop
overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills
it;

No matter how barren the past may
have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the
leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel
right well

How the sap creeps up and the blos-
soms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot
help knowing [ing;

That skies are clear and grass is grow-
The breeze comes whispering in our

ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that

streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house

hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news
back,

For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's

lowing,—

And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the
year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not
how;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be
true

As for grass to be green or skies to be
blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have
fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave
no wake;

And the eyes forget the tears they
have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and
ache.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled.
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the
world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and
ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret;
Immortal away from me!

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-
yard

Would scarce stay a child in his
race,

But to me and my thought, it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true;
But, since the earth clashed on *her*
 coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it;
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper pas-
 sion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me!
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from
 dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

[From *Under the Willows.*]

JUNE.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field
 and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading
 tree,
June is the pearl of our New England
 year.
Still a surprisal, though expected
 long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies
 in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth,
 draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush
 in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom
 storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The blue-bird shifting his light load
 of song
From post to post along the cheerless
 fence,

Was as a rhymers ere the poet come:
But now, O rapture! sunshine-winged
 and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm
 wild breath of the West,
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy
 cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters all
 in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the
 soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be*
 praised for June.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the
 stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely
 dare,
Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

'Tis thirteen years; once more I
 press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too
 fain,
But these—they drew us heart to
 heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

STORM AT APPLIEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm ?

I have seen it when its crags
seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap
enorme,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let
go

A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled un-
der;

And the island, whose rock-roots
pierce below
To where they are warmed with
the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibres
racked,
As it seemed to plunge with a
shudder and thrill

Right at the breast of the swooping
hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and
ledge,

While the sea drew its breath in
hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker curled its
edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs
and breakers

You would never dream of in
smooth weather,
That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and snarl-
ing together;

Look northward, where Duck Island
lies,

And over its crown you will see arise,
Against a background of slaty skies,
A row of pillars still and white,
That glimmer, and then are out of
sight,

As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
While you crossed the gusty desert
by night,

The long colonnades of Persepolis;
Look southward for White Island
light,

The lantern stands ninety feet o'er
the tide;

There is first a half-mile of tumult
and fight,

Of dash and roar and tumble and
fright,

And surging bewilderment wild and
wide,

Where the breakers struggle left and
right,

Then a mile or more of rushing
sea,

And then the lighthouse slim and
lone;

And whenever the weight of ocean is
thrown

Full and fair on White Island head,

A great mist-jotun you will see

Lifting himself up silently

High and huge o'er the lighthouse
top,

With hands of wavering spray out-
spread,

Groping after the little tower,

That seems to shrink and shorten
and cower,

Till the monster's arms of a sudden
drop,

And silently and fruitlessly

He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched
you stand,

Awaken once more to the rush and
roar,

And on the rock-point tighten your
hand,

As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment be-
fore,

Suck rattling down between you and a
heap [fall

Of toppling billow, whose instant
Must sink the whole island once
for all;

Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
Feeling their way to you more and
more;

If they once should clutch you high
as the knees,

They would whirl you down like a
sprig of kelp,

Beyond all reach of hope or help;—

And such in a storm is Appledore.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-
tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
me abide!
When other helpers fail, and com-
forts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with
me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with
me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing
word;
But as Thou dwelledst with Thy dis-
ciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient,
free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with
me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings;
But kind and good, with healing in
Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with
me!

I need Thy presence every passing
hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh,
abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-
terness:
Where is Death's sting? Where
Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me!

Hold, then, Thy cross before my
closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with
me!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold
me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran le-
gions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered gal-
leys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround
me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled
him, [blow:
'T was his own that struck the
His, who pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness —
Altars, augurs, circling wings —
That her blood, with mine commingled, [kings.
Yet shall mount the throne of

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches.
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's
cry.
They are coming — quick, my fal-
chion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra — Rome — farewell!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

FROM THE LAY OF "HORATIUS."

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the
crest
Of purple Apennine:

.
There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.

Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may
guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go
down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;

"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note
proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

“And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame, —
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?”

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —
A Ramnian proud was he:
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius, —
Of Titian blood was he:
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party —
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned!
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe.
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;

Wherefore men fight not as they
fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And fathers, mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below,

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday
light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured
tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns
spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s
head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords
they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and
flew
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow:
“Lie there,” he cried, “fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia’s walls the crowd shall
mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania’s hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail!”

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes:
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' length from the entrance,
 Halted that mighty mass,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
 And lo! the ranks divide;
 And the great lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stands savagely at bay;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet
 too nigh;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his
 thigh.
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space,
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with
 wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth and skull and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped, [out
 The good sword stood a handbreadth
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Avernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud:
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
 Thrice looked he at the dead;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread;
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all —
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius —
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their
 feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once
 more;

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free;
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind —
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 “Down with him!” cried false
 Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face;
 “Now yield thee,” cried Lars Por-
 sena,
 “Now yield thee to our grace!”

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see:
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!”
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank,
 But friends and foes in dumb sur-
 prise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging
 flood
 Safe to the landing-place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sex-
 tus —
 “Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!”
 “Heaven help him!” quoth Lars
 Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate.
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn til
 night;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high —
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see, —
 Horatius in his harness
 Halting upon one knee;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby
 dear?
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them spar-
 kle and spin?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
 and high?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
 white rose?
 I saw something better than any one
 knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
 bliss?
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
 hands?
 Love made itself into bonds and
 bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you dar-
 ling things?
 From the same box as the cherub's
 wings.

How did they all just come to be
 you?
 God thought about me, and so I grew,

But how did you come to us, you
 dear?
 God thought about you, and so I am
 here.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O LASSIE ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 For I want ye sair the nicht,
 I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
 A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht,—
 O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,
 And no a sel' ava!
 I'm sick o' my heid, and my han's
 and my face,
 An' my thochts and mysel' and a';
 I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
 The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;
 For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',
 But my weary heart they miss.
 O lassie ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
 Bident aye ayont the hill!

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
 And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
 The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun
 deid;
 I wad be mysel' nae mair.
 I wad be mysel' nae mair.
 Filled o' the sole remeid;
 Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer
 hair,
 Killed by yer body and heid.
 O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',
 For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
 Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed
 awa',
 I could bide my body and name,
 I micht bide by mysel, the weary
 same;
 Aye setting up its heid
 Till I turn frae the claes that cover
 my frame,
 As gin they war roun' the deid.
 O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
 I wad ring my ain deid knell;
 Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and
 through
 Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel',
 By the licht aneath yer broo,
 I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
 And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hlll,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 For I want ye sair the nicht,
 I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
 A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht,—
 O lassie, come ower the hill!

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

EASTER MORNING.

OPEN the gates of the Temple;
 Spread branches of palm and of
 bay;
 Let not the spirits of nature
 Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
 While Spring from her death-sleep
 arises,
 And joyous His presence awaits,
 While morning's smile lights up the
 heavens,
 Open the Beautiful Gates.

He is here! The long watches are
 over,
 The stone from the grave rolled
 away;
 "We shall sleep," was the sigh of the
 midnight,
 "We shall rise!" is the song of to-
 day.

O Music! no longer lamenting,
 On pinions of tremulous flame,
 Go soaring to meet the Belovèd,
 And swell the new song of His
 fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we
 utter,
 And far up the infinite height,
 Archangels the pæan re-echo,
 And crown Him with Lilies of
 Light!

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
 Till the night of earth is taded
 From this heart once full of day,
 Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home.
 For the summer-time hath faded,
 And the autumn winds are come.
 Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear their footsteps
 And their voices far away —
 If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown —
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.
 When from out the folded darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light, my soul will gladly
 Wing her passage to the skies.

THE HELIOTROPE.

SOMEWHERE 'tis told that in an Eastern land,
 Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand,
 A few light seeds were found; with wondering eyes
 And words of awe was lifted up the prize.

And much they marvelled what could be so dear
 Of herb or flower as to be treasured here;
 What sacred vow had made the dying keep
 So close this token for his last, long sleep.

None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth
 The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth,

And, eloquent once more with love and hope,
 Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope,

Embalmed perhaps with sorrow's fiery tears,
 Out of the silence of a thousand years
 It answered back the passion of the past
 With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well!
 The purple flower thy secret will not tell,
 But only to our eager quest reply —
 "Love, memory, hope, like me can never die!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree,
 Sat and chanted cheerily
 A little song, a pleasant song,
 Which was, — she sang it all day long, —
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
 But a good God reigns over all!"

There passed a lady by the way,
 Moaning in the face of day:
 There were tears upon her cheek,
 Grief in her heart too great to speak;
 Her husband died but yester-morn,
 And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child.
 That look'd to Heaven, and, singing, smiled;
 And saw not, for her own despair,
 Another lady, young and fair,
 Who, also passing, stopped to hear
 The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,
 Had lost the little babe she bore;
 And grief was heavy at her soul,
 As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
 And showed how bright had been the past,
 The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,
 Listening, soothed, and placidly,
 A youth came by, whose sunken eyes,
 Spoke of a load of miseries;
 And he, arrested like the twain,
 Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
 Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
 Her marriage robes were fitted on,
 Her fair young face with blushes shone,
 When the Destroyer smote her low,
 And left the lover to his woe.

And these three listened to the song
 Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,

Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
“When the wind blows, the blossoms
fall,
But a good God reigns over all.”

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unre-
proved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child — if child it
were,
And not a seraph sitting there —
Was seen no more, the sorrowing
three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears —
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
“When the wind blows, the blossoms
fall,
But a good God reigns over all.”

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath ten thousand acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny, I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian —
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come — he'll find me
ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
'Twixt the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants —
Who would change? — Not I.

CLEAR THE WAY!

MEN of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day:
Sow the seed — withdraw the cur-
tain —

Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness chang-
ing

Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper — aid it, type —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!
 With the Right, shall many more
 Enter, smiling, at the door;
 With the giant Wrong, shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the
 lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule man-
 kind,
 And be acknowledged stronger;
 The proper impulse has been given;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 War, in all men's eyes, shall be
 A monster of iniquity
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Hateful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed

In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help,
 To make his right arm stronger;
 The happier he, the more he has;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Little children shall not toil,
 Under or above the soil,
 In the good time coming;
 But shall play in healthful fields
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
 And every one shall read and write;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger.
 The reformation has begun;
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys.
 A good time coming:
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day;—
 Wait a little longer.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early, home returning,
 In the starlight or the rain,
 I beheld that lonely candle
 Shining from his window-pane.

Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
 Nightly looking, I could scan,
 Aye inditing,
 Writing — writing,
 The pale figure of a man;
 Still discern behind him fall
 The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
 By dim burning of my oil,
 Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
 I have watched him at his toil;
 Watched his broad and seamy fore-
 head,
 Watched his white industrious hand,
 Ever passing
 And repassing;
 Watched and strove to understand
 What impelled it — gold, or fame —
 Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
 In the silence of my mind,
 What the services he rendered
 To his country or his kind;
 Whether tones of ancient music,
 Or the sound of modern gong,
 Wisdom holy,
 Humors lowly,
 Sermon, essay, novel, song,
 Or philosophy sublime,
 Fill'd the measure of his time.

No one sought him; no one knew
 him,
 Undistinguished was his name:
 Never had his praise been uttered
 By the oracles of fame.
 Scanty fare and decent raiment,
 Humble lodging, and a fire —
 These he sought for,
 These he wrought for,
 And he gained his meek æsire;
 Teaching men by written word —
 Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him;
 Still might evening twilight fall,
 But no taper lit his lattice —
 Lay no shadow on his wall.
 In the winter of his seasons,
 In the midnight of his day,
 'Mid his writing,
 And inditing,

Death hath beckoned him away,
 Ere the sentence he had planned
 Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
 Left behind him projects large,
 Schemes of progress undeveloped,
 Worthy of a nation's charge;
 Noble fancies uncompleted,
 Germs of beauty immatured,
 Only needing
 Kindly feeding
 To have flourished and endured;
 Meet reward in golden store
 To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
 Perish in the active brain?
 What humanity is robbed of,
 Ne'er to be restored again?
 What we lose, because we honor
 Overmuch the mighty dead,
 And dispirit
 Living merit,
 Heaping scorn upon its head?
 Or perchance, when kinder grown,
 Leaving it to die — alone?

O YE TEARS!

O YE tears! O ye tears! that have long
 refused to flow,
 Ye are welcome to my heart — thaw-
 ing, thawing, like the snow;
 I feel the hard clod soften, and the
 early snowdrops spring,
 And the healing fountains gush, and
 the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-
 ful that ye run;
 Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye
 shall glitter in the sun.
 The rainbow cannot shine if the rain
 refuse to fall,
 And the eyes that cannot weep are
 the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you
 on my cheek,
 I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stub-
 born, I was weak.

Ye have given me strength to conquer,
and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the
light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me
of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been
stricken once again:
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid
Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make
gladness in the land.

There is light upon my path, there is
sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall
not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and
the bloom of long ago —
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thank-
ful that ye flow!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

WHAT to do to make thy fame
Live beyond thee in the tomb?
And thine honorable name
Shine, a star, through history's
gloom?

Seize the Spirit of thy Time,
Take the measure of his height,
Look into his eyes sublime,
And imbue thee with their light.

Know his words ere they are spoken,
And with utterance loud and clear,
Firm, persuasive, and unbroken,
Breathe them in the people's ear.

Think whate'er the Spirit thinks,
Feel thyself whate'er he feels,
Drink at fountains where he drinks,
And reveal what he reveals.

And whate'er thy medium be,
Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,
Fiction, or philosophy,
Or a ballad for the street; —

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
Spoken words, like lightnings
thrown,
Tell the people all thy thought,
And the world shall be thine own!

EXTRACT FROM "A REVERIE IN THE GRASS."

OH, beautiful green grass! Earth-
covering fair!
What shall be sung of thee, nor bright,
nor rare,
Nor highly thought of? Long green
grass that waves
By the wayside, over the ancient
graves,
Or shoulders of the mountain loom-
ing high, [esty,
Or skulls of rocks, bald in their maj-
Except for thee, that in the crevices
Liv'st on the nurture of the sun and
breeze;
Adorner of the nude rude breast of
hills,
Mantle of meadows, fringe of gush-
ing rills,
Humblest of all the humble, thou
shalt be,
If to none else, exalted unto me,
And for a time, a type of joy on
earth —
Joy unobtrusive, of perennial birth,
Common as light and air, and warmth
and rain,
And all the daily blessings that in vain
Woo us to gratitude: the earliest born
Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil;
Pleasant to eyes that ache and limbs
that toil.

Lo! as I muse, I see the bristling
spears
Of thy seed-bearing stalks, which
some, thy peers, [fro
Lift o'er their fellows, nodding to and
Their lofty foreheads as the wild
winds blow,
And think thy swarming multitudes
a host,
Drawn up embattled on their native
coast,
And officered for war: — the spearmen
free
Raising their weapons, and the mar-
tial bee
Blowing his clarion, while some pop-
py tall
Displays the blood-red banner over
all.

Pleased with the thought, I nurse
 it for a while,
 And then dismiss it with a faint half-
 smile.
 And next I fancy thee a multitude,
 Moved by one breath, obedient to the
 mood
 Of one strong thinker — the resistless
 wind,
 That, passing o'er thee, bends thee to
 its mind.
 See how thy blades, in myriads as
 they grow,
 Turn ever eastward as the west winds
 blow —
 Just as the human crowd is swayed
 and bent,
 By some great preacher, madly elo-
 quent,
 Who moves them at his will, and with
 a breath
 Gives them their bias both in life and
 death.
 Or by some wondrous actor, when he
 draws
 All eyes and hearts, amid a hushed
 applause,
 Not to be uttered, lest delight be
 marred;
 Or, greater still, by hymn of prophet-
 bard,
 Who moulds the lazy present by his
 rhyme,
 And sings the glories of a future time.

And ye are happy, green leaves,
 every one,
 Spread in your countless thousands
 to the sun!
 Unlike mankind, no solitary blade
 Of all your verdure ever disobeyed
 The law of nature: every stalk that
 lifts
 Its head above the mould, enjoys the
 gifts
 Of liberal heaven — the rain, the dew,
 the light;
 And points, though humbly, to the
 Infinite;
 And every leaf, a populous world,
 maintains
 Invisible nations on its wide-stretched
 plains.

So great is littleness! the mind at
 fault
 Betwixt the peopled leaf and starry
 vault,
 Doubts which is grandest, and, with
 holy awe,
 Adores the God who made them, and
 whose law
 Upholds them in Eternity or Time,
 Greatest and least, ineffably sublime.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper
 low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered,
 "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs, —
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual
 flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to
 answer, — "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
 That, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me, in all thy round
 Hast thou not seen some spot
 Where miserable man
 May find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew
 in woe,
 And a voice, sweet but sad, respond-
 ed, — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot
 Where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons
 to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whis-
 pered, — "Yes, in heaven."

ANDREW MARVELL.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 (Yet careless of its mansion new
 For the clear region where 'twas born)
 Round in itself incloses,
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the
 sphere.
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be
 seen,

Remembering still its former
 height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blos-
 soms green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts,
 express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away;
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day.
 Dark beneath, but bright above;
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go!
 How girt and ready to ascend!
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upward bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew dis-
 til,
 White and entire, although congealed
 and chill —
 Congealed on earth, but does, dis-
 solving, run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

GERALD MASSEY.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the Golden!
 I weary for one gleam
 Of all thy glory folden
 In distance and in dream!
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,
 Climb up to look and pray
 For a glimpse of thy dear country
 That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden!
 Methinks each flower that blows,
 And every bird a-singing
 Of thee, some secret knows;
 I know not what the flowers
 Can feel, or singers see;
 But all these summer raptures
 Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden!

When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the Golden!

When loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal —
God's palace for his poor!

Jerusalem the Golden!

There all our birds that flew —
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,
And all the glad life-music
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!

I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray,
That mid thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest;
Where the wicked cease from trou-
bling,
The weary are at rest!

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in the noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk
God's image bravely bear;
Ho! trouble-tried and torture torn,
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul ne'er soared the starry
seven,
But pain's fire-chariot rode.

They've battled best who've boldes:
borne;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from Love's torn
heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

As beauty in death's cerement
shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God's splendors live in dim heart-
clouds,
And suffering worketh might.
The mirkest hour is mother o' morn;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

*AND THOU HAST STOLEN A
JEWEL.*

AND thou hast stolen a jewel, Death,
Shall light thy dark up like a star.
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest
glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord
doth come;
And, ready for the harvest home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings —
Sang round us a few hoverings —
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her:
With heaven's white radiance robed
and crowned,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land,
serene
She walked betwixt us twain, like
love;

While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen, —

Till life's highway broke bleak and
wild;

Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage
fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward
rolled

To the great ocean; on whose
shore

We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of
old: —

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles —
spread

O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's
wild rents; [death

And through the open door of
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the belovèd going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken
bough; plough,

And in the wounds our sufferings
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting;
Waiting for the May. —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn bram-
bles,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, —
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May, —
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belong-
ing

To the summer's day.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May, —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burn-
ing,

Hopes and flowers that, dead or
dying,

All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throb-
bing,

Throbbing for the May, —

Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;

Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throb-
bing,

Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,

Waiting for the May:

Spring goes by with wasted warnings;
Moonlit evenings, sunbright morn-
ings, —

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;

Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PERSIA.

PERSIA! time-honored land! who
 looks on thee
 A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,
 Vast chains of hills where not a
 shrub appears,
 Wastes where the dews distil their
 diamond tears;
 The only living things foul birds of
 prey,
 That whet their beaks, or court the
 solar ray,
 And wolves that fill with howlings
 midnight's vale,
 Turning the cheek of far-off traveller
 pale;—
 Anon, the ravished eye delighted
 dwells
 On chinar-groves and brightly-
 watered dells.
 Blooming where man and art have
 nothing done,
 Pomegranates hang their rich fruit
 in the sun;
 Grapes turn to purple many a rock's
 tall brow,
 And globes of gold adorn the citron's
 bough;
 Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on
 some high palm.
 The bulbul sings through eve's deli-
 cious calm;
 While girt by planes, or washed by
 cooling streams,
 On some green flat the stately city
 gleams, —
 'Tis as a demon there had cast his
 frown,
 And here an angel breathed a bless-
 ing down;
 As if in nature as the human soul,
 The god of darkness spurned heaven's
 bright control,
 Good struggling hard with Evil's
 withering spell,
 A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.
 Immortal clime! where Zoroaster
 sprung,
 And light on Persia's earlier history
 hung;

Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,
 Who taught, reformed, and human-
 ized his age.
 In him one great as Mecca's prophet,
 see,
 But oh, more gentle, wise, and pure
 than he.

ALEXANDER AT PERSEPOLIS.

HERE, too, came one who bartered
 all for power,
 The dread Napoleon of earth's
 younger hour:
 Ay, the same spot we calmly muse
 on now
 Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander
 bow;
 A conqueror, — yes, men praise and
 bend the knee;
 Who spreads most woe, the greatest
 hero he.
 But lo! that night on fancy casts its
 gloom, [doom,
 That fearful night of revelry and
 When perished all things costly,
 bright, and fair,
 And left, as now, these pillars stern
 and bare.
 The feast is spread; around the mon-
 arch shine
 Those earth-born pomps weak mor-
 tals deem divine;
 High sits he on his throne of gems
 and gold,
 Bright-starred and purple robes his
 limbs enfold;
 No crown adorns his brow, for fes-
 tive hours
 Have wreathed his head with Bac-
 chus' bloomy flowers;
 Lamps, hung in silver chains, a soft-
 ened glow
 Shed on the warrior chiefs that group
 below.
 There prince and noble round the
 board are met,
 Who fought those fights embalmed
 in history yet;

But thoughts of slaughter past, and
 blood-stained fields,
 Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields;
 Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian wine,
 Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of Ora shine;
 Pears from fair Bactria vie with Kerman's peach,
 And fruit from climes e'en Greeks have failed to reach —
 Hot Indian Isles, to Scythia's mountain snows, —
 Each luscious orb on plates of crystal glows.
 Hark! in the gilded gallery, flute and lyre!
 Strains soft as sighs of streaming love respire;
 Then harp and sackbut bolder notes ring out,
 Like victory's pæan o'er some army's rout.
 And thus they revel; mirth and joy control
 The sterner thoughts, the high aspiring soul;
 And e'en the slaves, in sumptuous garments dressed,
 Forget their toils to see their lords so blessed.

But what young beauty leans beside the king,
 With form so graceful, air so languishing?
 While other maids are glittering down that hall,
 A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she dims them all.
 Her mask is off, unveiled her radiant head,
 A lovelier veil those flower-bound tresses spread;
 A spangled zone her Grecian robe confines,
 Bright on her breast a costly diamond shines,
 But oh, more bright, that eye's entrancing ray
 Melts where it falls, and steals the soul away!

Who looks must look again, and sighing own
 Earth boasts, than tyrant Love's, no mightier throne:
 Woman was born to vanquish, — he, the brave,
 The nation-trampler, bowed, her veriest slave;
 Yes, beauteous Thais, with Love's flag unfurled,
 Conquered the blood-stained conqueror of the world!

THE PARADISE OF CABUL.

OH, who Cabul's sweet region may behold,
 When spring laughs out, or autumn sows her gold,
 The meadows, orchards, streams that glide in light,
 Nor deem lost Irem charms again his sight;
 That wondrous garden rivalling Eden's bloom,
 Too blessed for man to view, this side the tomb?
 Flowers here, of every scent and form and dye,
 Lift their bright heads, and laugh upon the sky,
 From the tall tulip with her rich streaked bell,
 Where throned in state, Queen Mab is proud to dwell,
 To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants eclipse. |lips.
 And pensile harebells with their dewy
 There turns the heliotrope to court the sun,
 And up green stalks the starry jasmynes run:
 The hyacinth in tender pink outvies
 Beauty's soft cheek, and violets match her eyes;
 Sweet breathe the henna flowers that harem girls
 So love to twine among their glossy curls;
 And here the purple pansy springs to birth,
 Like some gay insect rising from the earth.

One sheet of bloom the level green-
sward yields,
And simple daisies speak of England's
fields;
Drawn by sweet odor's spell, in hum-
ming glee,
Flits round the gloomy stock, the rob-
ber-bee,
While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all
night long,
The love-sick bulbul pours his melt-
ing song;
Then, too, the fruits through months
that hang and glow.
Tempting as those which wrought
our mother's woe.
Soft shines the mango on its stem so
tall,
Rich gleams beneath, the melon's
golden ball;
How feasts the eye upon the bell-
shaped pear!
Bright cherries look like corals strung
in air;
The purple plum, the grape the hand
may reach,

Vie with the downy-skinned and
blushing peach;
Though small, its place the luscious
strawberry claims,
Mid snowy flowers the radiant orange
flames;
To quench the thirst the cooling
guava see,
And ripe pomegranates melting on
the tree.
And here, too, England's favorite
fruit is seen,
The red-cheeked apple, veiled by
leaves of green:
Ah! at the sight, sweet thoughts of
home awake,
And foreign lands are welcomed for
its sake.
Thrice genial clime! O favored
sweet Cabul!
Well art thou named the blessed, the
beautiful!
With snow-peaked hills around thee,
—guarding arms!
Ah! would thy sons were worthy of
thy charms!

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on
My stockin's pearly blue;

It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as
slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks
about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,

For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his
speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair, —
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
And gin I live to keep him sae
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

[From Consolation.]

REFUGE FROM DOUBT.

O LOVING God of Nature! who
through all
Hast never yet betrayed me to a
fall, —
While following creeds of men I went
astray,
And in distressing mazes lost my way;
But turning back to Thee, I found
Thee true,
And sweet as woman's love, and
fresh as dew, —
Henceforth on Thee, and Thee alone
I rest,
Nor warring sects shall tear me from
Thy breast.
While others doubt and wrangle o'er
their creeds,
I rest in Thee and satisfy my needs.

[From Consolation.]

TURN TO THE HELPER.

As when a little child returned from
play,
Finds the door closed and latched
across its way,
Against the door, with infant push
and strain,
It gathers all its strength and strives
in vain!
Unseen, within, a loving father stands
And lifts the iron latch with easy
hands;

Then, as he lightly draws the door
aside,
He hides behind it, while with baby
pride, —
And face aglow, in struts the little one,
Flushed and rejoiced to think what
it has done, —
So, when men find, across life's rug-
ged way,
Strong doors of trouble barred from
day to day,
And strive with all their power of
knees and hands,
Unseen within the heavenly Father
stands,
And lifts each iron latch, while men
pass through,
Flushed and rejoiced to think what
they can do!

Turn to the Helper, unto whom thou
art
More near and dear than to thy
mother's heart, —
Who is more near to thee than is the
blood
That warms thy bosom with its pur-
ple flood —
Who by a word can change the men-
tal state
And make a burden light, however
great!
O loving Power! that, dwelling deep
within,
Consoles our spirits in their woe and
sin, —

When days were dark and all the
 world went wrong,
 Nor any heart was left for prayer and
 song, —
 When bitter memory, o'er and o'er
 again,
 Revolved the wrongs endured from
 fellow-men;
 And showed how hopes decayed and
 bore no fruit,
 And He who placed us here was deaf
 and mute! —
 If then we turned on God in angry
 wise,
 And scorned his dealings with re-
 proachful eyes
 Questioned his goodness, and in fool-
 ish wrath,
 Called hope a lie and ridiculed our
 faith, —
 Did we not find, in such an evil hour,
 That far within us dwelt this loving
 Power?
 No wrathful God within, to smite us
 down, [frown;
 Or turn his face away with angry
 But in the bitter heart, a smile began,
 Grew, all at once, within, and up-
 ward ran,
 Broke out upon the face—and, for
 awhile,
 Despite all bitterness, we had to
 smile!
 Because God's spirit that within us
 lay, [away!
 Simply rose up, and smiled our wrath

This love endures through all things,
 without end,
 And every soul has one Almighty
 Friend,
 Whose angels watch and tend it from
 its birth,
 And heaven becomes the servant of
 the earth! [move
 Whate'er befall, our spirits live and
 In one vast ocean of Eternal Love!

[From Consolation.]

KEEP FAITH IN LOVE.

KEEP faith in Love, the cure of every
 curse —
 The strange, sweet wonder of the
 universe!
 God loves a lover, and while time
 shall roll,
 This wonder, Love, shall save the
 human soul.
 Love is the heart's condition: youth
 and age
 Alike are subject to its tender rage:
 Age crowns the head with venerable
 snow,
 But Life and Love forever mated go;
 Along life's far frontier, the aged
 move,
 One foot beyond, and nothing left
 but Love!
 And when the soul its mortal fears
 resigns, [shines!
 The perfect world of love around it

JOHN MILTON.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out
 thy race, [hours,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping
 Whose speed is but the heavy plum-
 met's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb
 devours,
 Which is no more than what is false
 and vain,

And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou
 hast entombed,
 And last of all thy greedy self con-
 sumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our
 bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,

When every thing that is sincerely
 good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall
 ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, to whose happy-making sight
 alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul
 shall climb,
 Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall forever
 sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance,
 and thee, O Time.

—
L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
 born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,
 and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads
 his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades and low-
 browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever
 dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the
 spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in
 dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with
 thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek,
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides,
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with
 thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door.
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and
 horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing
 shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries
 dight;

While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures

Whilst the landskip round it meas-
 ures;

Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis
 dresses:

And then in haste her bower, she
 leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to
 play

On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinched and pulled, she
 said,

And he by friar's lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,

His shadowy flail had threshed the
 corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber
 fiend,

And, stretched out all the chimney's
 length.

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they
 creep,

By whispering winds soon lulled
 asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs
 hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all com-
 mend.

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's
 child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-
 ning,

The melting voice through mazes
 running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his
 head

From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the
 ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly, without father
 bred!

How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your
 toys!

Dwell in some idle brain.

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
 possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the
 sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
 train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and
 holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's
 hue:
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might be-
 seem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen, that
 strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers
 offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the
 skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
 And join with thee calm peace and
 quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth
 diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;

And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleas-
 ure;
 But first and chiefest with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon
 yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
 folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods
 among,
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heavens' wide pathless
 way;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the
 room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen on some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or un-
 sphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions
 hold [sook
 The immortal mind, that hath for-
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did
seek;

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and
glass;

And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
'Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the
eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan
loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd
stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to
daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:
And let some strange mysterious
dream

Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through
mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's
harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and
leads with her
The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale
primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

STANZAS FROM "HYMN ON THE
 NATIVITY."

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
 She, crowned with olives green,
 Came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hookèd chariot stood,
 Unstained with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON REACHING TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle
thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-
twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full
career,
But my late spring no bud or blos-
som sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive
the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so
near,
And inward ripeness doth much less
appear,
That some more timely - happy
spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or
slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure
even
To that same lot, however mean or
high,
Toward which Time leads me, and
the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's
eye.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest
youth
Wisely hast shunned the broad
way and the green,
And with those few art eminently
seen,
That labor up the hill of heavenly
truth,
The better part with Mary and with
Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that
overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret
their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and
ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously at-
tends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds
of light,

And hope that reaps not shame.
Therefore be sure
'Thou, when the bridegroom with his
feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of
night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin
wise and pure.

[*From Paradise Lost.*]

THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THE roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher
grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either
side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy
shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each
beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads
between, and wrought
Mosaic: under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colored
than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature
here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst
enter none:
Such was their awe of man. In
shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, though
but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor
nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close
recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-
smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial
bed,
And heavenly choirs the Hymenæan
sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more
adorned,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the
gods

Endowed with all their gifts: and oh!
too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she
ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be
avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authen-
tic fire.

[*From Paradise Lost.*]

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven
first-born,
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? since
God is Light,
And never but in unapproachèd
light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in
thee, [create.
Bright effluence of bright essence in-
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal
stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Be-
fore the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at
the voice [vest
Of God, as with a mantle, didst in-
The rising world of waters dark and
deep,
Won from the void and formless in-
finite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though
long detained

In that obscure sojourn, while in
my flight
Through utter and through middle
darkness borne
With other notes than, to the Orphe-
an lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to ven-
ture down
The dark descent, and up to re-
ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp:
but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in
vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find
no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched
their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not
the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses
haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sun-
ny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song;
but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks
beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and
warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in
fate, [nown,
So were I equalled with them in re-
Blind 'Thamyris and blind Mæonides.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

STANZAS FROM "CASA WAPPY." *

THY bright brief day knew no de-
 cline —
 'T was cloudless joy;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Belovèd boy! [gay;
 This morn beheld thee blithe and
 That found thee prostrate in decay:
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our heart, our household pride.
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst
not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should
see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

*** The pet name of Moir's son.**

.
 Methinks thou smil'st before me
 now,
 With glance of stealth;
 The hair thrown back from thy full
 brow
 In buoyant health;
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed
 bright,
 Thy clasping arms so round and
 white,
 Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat, thy bow,
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and
 ball,
 But where art thou?
 A corner holds thine empty chair;
 Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word —
 To glad — to grieve —
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve;
 In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst
 fade,
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind,
 blank night
 The chamber fills;
 We pine for thee, when morn's first
 light
 Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All — to the wall-flower and wild-
 pea —
 Are changed; we saw the world
 through thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may
 gleam
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth;
 We miss thy small step on the stair;—
 We miss thee at thine evening
 prayer:
 All day we miss thee — everywhere—
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst
 go,
 In life's spring bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below—
 The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,
 The cuckoo, and the busy bee,
 Return — but with them bring not
 thee,
 Casa Wappy!

.
 Farewell then — for a while fare-
 well —
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell,
 Thus torn apart.
 'Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
 And, dark howe'er life's night may
 be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the
 pride,
 Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world
 beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener
 light,
 And milder moons emparadise the
 night:
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age and love-exalted
 youth:

The wandering mariner, whose eye
explores
The wealthiest isles, the most en-
chanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and
fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles
to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar
grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely
blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the
rest:
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts
aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
pride,
While in his softened looks benignly
blend
The sire, the son, the husband,
father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother,
daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow
way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful
eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces
lie;
Around her knees domestic duties
meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her
feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of*
earth be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look
around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy foot-
steps roam.
That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that
spot **THY HOME!**"

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that
reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hath
trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was
he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died un-
known:
His name has perished from the
earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and
fear,

Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and wo — a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid
limb,

The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no
more;

And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the
grave

Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but naught could
save

Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen:
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shall be.

The rolling seasons — day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and
main,

Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his
eye [threw,

That once their shades and glory
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this — there lived a man!

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through
time
In our country's story:

Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge:
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond this flight of time —
Beyond the reign of death, —
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown:
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying, here,
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own
light.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

"For ever with the Lord!"
 Amen! so let it be:
 Life from the dead is in that word:
 'T is immortality!

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!

"For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 't is Thy will,
 The promise of Thy gracious word,
 Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand:
 So shall I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me and I shall stand;
 Help, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing "as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord."

THOMAS MOORE.

[From *Lalla Rookh*.]

ESTRANGEMENT THROUGH TRIFLES.

ALAS — how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had
 tried
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves
 were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at
 sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity!
 A something light as air — a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken —
 Oh! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath
 shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words be-
 gin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the
 stream,

That smiling left the mountain's
 brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could
 sever,
 Yet e'er it reached the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound!
 As in the fields of bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fettered
 round;
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their
 light.
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
 Is found beneath far eastern skies,
 Whose wings, though radiant when
 at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies.

[From *Lalla Rookh*.]

RECOGNITION OF A CONGENIAL SPIRIT.

OH! there are looks and tones that
 dart
 An instant sunshine through the
 heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had
sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and
shone
New, as if brought from other
spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor
flies

Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and
light,

Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her
flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way;
Thy freedom in her wings!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound
me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

*O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURN-
ER'S TEAR.*

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's
tear!

How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine
live,

When winter comes, are flown:
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken
heart,

Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded
part,

Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or
cheers,

And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh! who would bear life's stormy
doom,

Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the
gloom

Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the
morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move glori-
ously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach
was declining,
The bark was still there, but the
waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's
early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy
we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at
morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely
adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve
of our night:—
Give me back, give me back the wild
freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth
evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that
moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new
life through his frame?
And his soul,—like the wood that
grows precious in burning;
Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-
quisite flame!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you
languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervent-
ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless
and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's
name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he
brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he
can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope
sings to us—
"Earth has no sorrow that God
cannot heal."

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening
bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet
time
When last I heard their soothing
chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening
bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these
dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening
bells.

THOU ART, O GOD.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from
Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, de-
lays

Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's de-
cline

So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry
gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and
skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird,
whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered
eyes;—

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are
Thine.

When youthful spring around us
breathes,

Thy spirit warms her fragrant
sigh;

And every flower the summer
wreathes

Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
Thine.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,

Her trembling pennant still looked
back

To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

So loth we part from all we love,

From all the links that bind us;

So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished
years

We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be
tears,

So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchan'ing,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and
sweet,

And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our
bliss,

If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough:

In youth it sheltered me

And I'll protect it now,

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down!

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

Cut not its earth-bound ties;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father press'd my hand:
 Forgive this foolish tear, —
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing;
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave that spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[*From the Earthly Paradise.*]

FEBRUARY.

NOON, — and the northwest sweeps
 the empty road,
 The rain-washed fields from hedge
 to hedge are bare;
 Beneath the leafless elms some hind's
 abode
 Looks small and void, and no smoke
 meets the air
 From its poor hearth: one lonely rook
 doth dare
 The gale, and beats about the unseen
 corn,
 Then turns, and whirling down the
 wind is borne.

Shall it not hap that on some dawn
 of May
 Thou shalt awake, and, thinking of
 days dead,
 See nothing clear but this same dreary
 day,
 Of all the days that have passed o'er
 thine head?
 Shalt thou not wonder, looking from
 thy bed,
 Through green leaves on the windless
 east a-fire,
 That this day, too, thine heart doth
 still desire.

Shalt thou not wonder that it liveth
 yet,
 The useless hope, the useless craving
 pain,
 That made thy face, that lonely noon-
 tide, wet

With more than beating of the chilly
 rain?
 Shalt thou not hope for joy new-born
 again,
 Since no grief ever born can ever die
 Through changeless change of sea-
 sons passing by?

[*From the Earthly Paradise.*]

MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here
 again?
 O welcome, thou that bring'st the
 summer nigh!
 The bitter wind makes not thy vic-
 tory vain,
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint
 blue sky.
 Welcome, O March! whose kindly
 days and dry
 Make April ready for the throstle's
 song,
 Thou first redresser of the winter's
 wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I
 die ere June,
 Yet for the hope of life I give thee
 praise, [tune
 Striving to swell the burden of the
 That even now I hear thy brown
 birds raise,
 Unmindful of the past or coming
 days; [gun!
 Who sing, "O joy! a new year is be-
 What happiness to look upon the
 sun!"

Oh, what begetteth all this storm of
 bliss,
 But Death himself, who, crying sol-
 emnly,
 Even from the heart of sweet forget-
 fulness,
 Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless
 ye die.
 Within a little time must ye go by.
 Stretch forth your open hands, and,
 while ye live,
 Take all the gifts that Death and
 Life may give?"

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

APRIL.

O FAIR midspring, besung so oft and
 oft,
 How can I praise thy loveliness
 enow?
 Thy sun that burns not and thy
 breezes soft
 That o'er the blossoms of the orchard
 blow,
 The thousand things that 'neath the
 young leaves grow,
 The hopes and chances of the grow-
 ing year,
 Winter forgotten long and summer
 near. [rose,
 When summer brings the lily and the
 She brings no fear; her very death
 she brings
 Hid in her anxious heart, the forge
 of woes;
 And dull with fear, no more the
 mavis sings.
 But thou! thou diest not, but thy
 fresh life clings
 About the fainting autumn's sweet
 decay,
 When in the earth the hopeful seed
 they lay.

Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,
 Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant
 drift,
 Still long for that which never draw-
 eth nigh,
 Striving my pleasure from my pain
 to sift,

Some weight from off my fluttering
 mirth to lift?
 — Now when far bells are ringing,
 "Come again,
 Come back, past years! why will ye
 pass in vain?"

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

DECEMBER.

DEAD lonely night, and all streets
 quiet now,
 Thin o'er the moon the hindmost
 cloud swims past
 Of that great rack that brought us up
 the snow;
 On earth, strange shadows o'er the
 snow are cast;
 Pale stars, bright moon, swift cloud,
 make heaven so vast,
 That earth, left silent by the wind of
 night,
 Seems shrunken 'neath the gray un-
 measured height.

Ah! through the hush the looked-for
 midnight clangs!
 And then, e'en while its last stroke's
 solemn drone
 In the cold air by unlit windows
 hangs,
 Out break the bells above the year
 foredone,
 Change, kindness lost, love left un-
 loved alone;
 Till their despairing sweetness makes
 thee deem
 Thou once wert loved, if but amidst
 a dream.

[love,
 Oh, thou who clingest still to life and
 Though naught of good, no God thou
 mayst discern,
 Though naught that is, thine utmost
 woe can move,
 Though no soul knows wherewith
 thine heart doth yearn,
 Yet, since thy weary lips no curse
 can learn, [away,
 Cast no least thing thou lovedst once
 Since yet, perchance, thine eyes shall
 see the day.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LAST VERSES.

[Given to a Friend a day or two before the
Writer's Death.]

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth
am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er.

Will there for me be any bright eye
weeping

That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory
keeping

Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leaf-
less forests rushing

Sad music make;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag
and gully gushing,

Like full hearts break, —

Will there then one, whose heart
despair is crushing,

Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot
is shining,

With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and
blossoms twining,

Burst through that clay, —

Will there be one still on that spot
repining

Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye
of glory

On that low mound,

And wintry storms have, with their
ruins hoary,

Its lonesess crowned, —

Will there be then one, versed in
misery's story,

Pacing it round?

It may be so, — but this is selfish
sorrow

To ask such meed, —

A weakness and a wickedness to
borrow,

From hearts that bleed,

The wailings of to-day for what to-
morrow

Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow
dwelling,

Thou gentle heart;

And though thy bosom should with
grief be swelling,

Let no tear start:

It were in vain, — for Time hath long
been knelling, —

“Sad one, depart!”

*MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND,
WILLIE.*

My heid is like to rend, Willie.

My heart is like to break;

I'm wearin' off my feet, Willie,

I'm dyin' for your sake!

O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,

Your hand on my brierst-bane, —

O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,

When I am dead and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,

Sair grief maun ha'e its will;

But let me rest upon your brierst

To sab and greet my fill,

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,

Let me shed by your hair,

And look into the face, Willie.

I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,

For the last time in my life, —

A puir heart-broken thing, Willie!

A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart

And press it mair and mair;

Or it will burst the silken twine,

Sae strang is its despair!

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,

When we thegither met, —

O, wae's me for the time, Willie,

That our first tryst was set!

O wae's me for the loanin' green

Where we were wont to gae, —

And wae's me for the destinie

That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame:
 But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a warld's shame!
 Hot tears are hailin' ower your
 cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin:
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see,
 I cannot live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine,
 And kiss ance mair the white, white
 cheek
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Wil-
 lie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart;
 Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we two pairt.
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon
 kirk-yard
 Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
 That lilt far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin'
 on,
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be;
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld
 mools
 That file my yellow hair,
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the
 chin
 Ye never shall kiss mair!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED,—a steed of matchless
 speed!
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And oh! the thundering press of
 knights,
 Whenas their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount! brave
 gallants all,
 And don your helms amain:
 Death's couriers, fame and honor,
 call
 Us to the field again.
 No shrewish tear shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand:
 Heart-whole, we'll part, and no whit
 sigh
 For the fairest of the land;
 Let piping swain and craven wight
 Thus weep, and puling cry,
 Our business is like men to fight;
 And hero-like to die!

JEANIE MORRISON.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered
 west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But neyer, never can forget
 The luve o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison.
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows ower my
 path,
 And blind my een with tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut
 tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,

As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at
scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh
bink
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were
shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in
loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ae buik o' our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
When'er the scule-weans laughin'
said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon)
When we ran off to speel the
braes, —
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush
back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh mornin' love!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang!
When hinnied hopes around our
hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

The simmer leaves hung o'er our
heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickle down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelin's forth,
Unsyllabled, unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me!
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wandered east, I've wandered
west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this
heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day,

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers,
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:
 And mark how with thine own thin locks — they now are silvery gray —
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from yonder wood it came!
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name; —
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again, — his notes are void of art;
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now — I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink: —
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart that hath waxed old!

LADY CAROLINE NAIRN.
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the Land o' the Leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day's aye fair
 I' the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean:
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the Land o' the Leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean —
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean, —
The joy that's aye to last
In the Land o' the Leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, dry your glistening e'e, Jean!
My soul lang's to be free, Jean;
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, Jean!
Your day it's wearin' through, Jean;
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the Leal.

Now, fare-ye-well, my ain Jean,
This world's cares are vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the Land o' the Leal.

WILLIAM NEWELL.

SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.

"SERVE God and be cheerful." The
motto
Shall be mine, as the bishop's of
old;
On my soul's coat-of-arms, I will
write it
In letters of azure and gold.

"Serve God and be cheerful," self-
balanced,
Whether Fortune smile sweetly or
frown.
Christ stood king before Pilate.
Within me
I carry the sceptre and crown.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Make
brighter
The brightness that falls to your
lot;
The rare or the daily-sent blessing,
Profane not with gloom and with
doubt.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Each
sorrow
Is — with your will in God's — for
the best,
O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow.
To-morrow
Will see the blue sky in the west.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
darkness
Only masks the surprises of dawn;
And the deeper and grimmer the
midnight,
The brighter and sweeter the morn.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
winter
Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
And in the green grave of the snow-
drift
The nest-building robins will sing.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Look
upward! [gloom;
God's countenance scatters the
And the soft summer light of His
heaven
Shines over the cross and the tomb.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
wrinkles
Of age we may take with a smile;
But the wrinkles of faithless fore-
boding [guile.
Are the crow's feet of Beelzebub's

"Serve God and be cheerful." Relig-
ion
Looks all the more lovely in white;
And God is best served by His servant
When, smiling, he serves in the
light;

And lives out the glad tidings of
Jesus
In the sunshine He came to im-
part,
For the fruit of His word and His
Spirit
"Is love, joy and peace" in the
heart.

**“Serve God and be cheerful.” Live
nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the
best
Of the gifts and the work put before
you,
And to God, without fear, leave the
rest.**

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

WEEP not for me;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with
 gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty
 lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;—
Watching the smiles I prized on
earth; mirth;
Your converse mild, your blameless
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale com-
plete,
Low prayers and music sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread: — its pure still
glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,

**Share, in the bosom of our rest.
God's knowledge, and are blessed.**

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts
control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be
done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor
bears,
When hearts and wills are weighed.
Than · highest transport's choicest
prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

ANDREWS NORTON.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

**THE rain is o'er. How dense and
bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue
sky!**

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;

The wind blows cool; the scented
ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous
pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
'Then turn to bathe and revel
there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the
scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is
hung.

Now gaze on nature, — yet the same;
Glowing with life, by breezes
fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own
hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below,
above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms
of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And mid this living light expire.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land:
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
 For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another, — not a sister: in the happy days gone by
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
 Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently, in mine, —
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —
 His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed, and ceased to speak;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead;
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
 Yet calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together
 In sunshine and in shade,
 Since first beneath the chestnut-
 trees,

In infancy we played.
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow;
 We have been friends together,
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
 We have laughed at little jests;
 For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts,

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow;
 We have been gay together,
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
 We have wept with bitter tears
 O'er the grass-grown graves where
 slumbered

The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;
 We have been sad together.
 Oh, what shall part us now?

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PEACE AND PAIN.

THE day and night are symbols of
creation,
And each has part in all that God
has made:
There is no ill without its compen-
sation,
And life and death are only light
and shade.
There never beat a heart so base and
sordid
But felt at times a sympathetic
glow; [ed,
There never lived a virtue unreward-
Nor died a vice without its meed of
woe.
In this brief life despair should never
reach us;
The sea looks wide because the
shores are dim;
The star that led the Magi still can
teach us
The way to go if we but look to Him.

And as we wade, the darkness clos-
ing o'er us,
The hungry waters surging to the
chin,
Our deeds will rise like stepping-
stones before us —
The good and bad — for we may
use the sin.
A sin of youth, atoned for and for-
given,
Takes on a virtue, if we choose to
find:
When clouds across our onward path
are driven,
We still may steer by its pale light
behind.
A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
A sin remembered is a constant
gain:
Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought
to pray for,
As next to peace we profit most
from pain.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester
town;
No song of a time that shook the
earth
With the nation's throe at a nation's
birth:
But the song of a brave man, free
from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free
from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay — his
life!
The peaceful valley has waked and
stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are
heard:
The dew still clings to the trees and
grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,

As they glance aside at the white-
walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond
rills
As the sun comes over the Hamp-
shire hills.
What was it that passed like an omi-
nous breath —
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of
death?
What was it? The valley is peace-
ful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the
hill.
It was not a sound — nor a thing of
sense —
But a pain, like the pang of the
short suspense [see
That thrills the being of those who
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:
 The workers pause at the door of the
 mill;
 The housewife, keen to the shiver-
 ing air
 Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
 Instinctive taught by the mother-
 love,
 And thinks of the sleeping ones
 above.
 Why start the listeners? Why does
 the course
 Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a
 horse—
 Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they
 say—
 That gallops so wildly Williamsburg
 way!

God! what was that, like a human
 shriek
 From the winding valley? Will no-
 body speak?
 Will nobody answer those women
 who cry
 As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And
 now they hear
 The sound of the galloping horse-
 hoofs near;
 They watch the trend of the vale,
 and see [ingly,
 The rider who thunders so menac-
 With waving arms and warning
 scream
 To the home-filled banks of the val-
 ley stream. [street
 He draws no rein, but he shakes the
 With a shout and the ring of the gal-
 loping feet;
 And this the cry he flings to the
 wind:
 "To the hills for your lives! The
 flood is behind!"

He cries and is gone: but they know
 the worst—
 The breast of the Williamsburg dam
 has burst!
 The basin that nourished their happy
 homes
 Is changed to a demon. It comes!
 it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy
 front,
 Of shattered dwellings, to take the
 brunt
 Of the homes they shatter—white-
 maned and hoarse,
 The merciless Terror fills the course
 Of the narrow valley, and rushing
 raves,
 With Death on the first of its hissing
 waves, [mill
 Till cottage and street and crowded
 Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
 In front of the roaring flood is heard
 The galloping horse and the warning
 word.
 Thank God! the brave man's life is
 spared!
 From Williamsburg town he nobly
 dared
 To race with the flood and take the
 road
 In front of the terrible swath it
 mowed.
 For miles it thundered and crashed
 behind,
 But he looked ahead with a steadfast
 mind;
 "They must be warned!" was all he
 said,
 As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the
 crown
 To this Yankee rider: send him down
 On the stream of time with the Cur-
 tius old;
 His deed as the Roman's was brave
 and bold,
 And the tale can as noble a thrill
 awake,
 For he offered his life for the people's
 sake.

FOREVER.

THOSE we love truly never die,
 Though year by year the sad memo-
 rial wreath,
 A ring and flowers, types of life and
 death,
 Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love
can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler
lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear
one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never
change —
A dear companion that will not grow
strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving
breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through
weary years,
For her who died long since, ah!
waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light
of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the
scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death!

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

THE kindly words that rise within
the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic
tone
But die ere spoken, fail to play their
part,
And claim a merit that is not their
own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,
A sin that wraps itself in purest
guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting,
looks within,
That not in speech, but thought,
the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may
thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in
the wild —

Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a wel'
might burst
From out the sand to save her
parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the
mind
Will watch the expected movement
of the lip:
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence
wind
Around that heart, and scathe it
like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the
mine,
Are valueless until we give them
birth:
Like unfound gold their hidden beau-
ties shine,
Which God has made to bless and
gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's
hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voice-
less lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's
own command,
A heartstring thrills with kind-
ness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the
soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with
kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry,—to hearts that
would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly
words
Sound for the poor, the friendless,
and the weak;
And He will bless you,—He who
struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn
you seek.

HIDDEN SINS.

FOR every sin that comes before the
light,
And leaves an outward blemish on
the soul,

How many, darker, cower out of
sight,
And burrow, blind and silent, like
the mole.
And like the mole, too, with its busy
feet

That dig and dig a never-ending
cave,
Our hidden sins gnaw through the
soul, and meet
And feast upon each other in its
grave.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future
before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares
that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical
chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into
heaven!

Never the ocean wave falters in flow-
ing;
Never the little seed stops in its
growing;
More and more richly the rose heart
keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is
riven.

"Labor is worship!" — the robin is
singing;

"Labor is worship!" — the wild bee
is ringing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper, up-
springing,

Speaks to thy soul from out Na-
ture's great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-
giving shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft-
breathing flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral
bower;

Only man shrinks, in the plan,
from his part.

Labor is life! — 'Tis the still water
faileth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark
rust assaileth!

Flowers droop and die in the still-
ness of noon.

Labor is glory! — the flying cloud
lightens;

Only the waving wing changes and
brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future
frightens;

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou
keep them in tune!

Labor is rest, — from the sorrows that
greet us;

Rest from all petty vexations that
meet us,

Rest from sin-promptings that ever
entreat us,

Rest from world-sirens that lure us
to ill.

Work, — and pure slumbers shall
wait on thy pillow;

Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's
coming billow:

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's
weeping-willow!

Work with a stout heart and reso-
lute will!

Labor is health, — lo! the husband-
man reaping,

How through his vein goes the life-
current leaping!

How his strong arm in his stalwart
pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle
guides.

Labor is wealth, — in the sea the
pearl groweth:

Rich the queen's robe from the frail
cocoon floweth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest
bloweth;

Temple and statue the marble
block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and
anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that
hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling be-
yond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness,
—a clod!

Work — for some good, be it ever so
slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so
lowly:
Labor! — all labor is noble and
holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer
to thy God.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

BEFORE THE PRIME.

You think you love me, Marguerite,
Because you find Love's fancy sweet;
So, zealously, you seek a sign
To prove your heart is wholly mine.

Ah, were it so! But listen, dear!
Bethink you how, this very year,
With fond impatience you were fain
To watch the earth grow green again;

When April's violets, here and there,
Surprised the unexpectant air,
You searched them out, and brought
me some,
To show, you said, that spring was
come.

But, sweetheart, when the lavish May
Rained flowers and fragrance round
your way,
You had no thought her bloom to
bring,
To prove the presence of the spring!

Believe me, when Love's April-time
Shall ripen to its perfect prime,
You will not need a sign to know
What every glance and breath will
show!

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars
again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober
pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sun-
ny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling
foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the
meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-
path damp.

Across the clover, and through the
wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose
grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hur-
rying feet, [him.
And the blind bat's flitting startled

Thrice since then had the lanes been
white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-
bloom;
And now, when the cows came back
at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely
farm
That three were lying where two
had lain;

And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
 Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
 He went for the cows when the work was done;
 But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
 He saw them coming one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
 Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, — hind?
 But who was it following close be-

Loosely swung in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue;

And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
 Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
 And yield their dead unto life again;
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone:
 My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was hewing stone;
 I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common street;
 And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker too,
 The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with you?
 For while I toil, great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,
 And when I form my perfect work, it lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,
 Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world grow warm;
 Until there comes the glorious voice and words that seem divine,
 And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

"And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never more,
 And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
 Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways,
 How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such thankless days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day
 Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the first ray,
 A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep had lain,
 The thousand labors of the world had grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too, —
 A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.
 I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began
 With man's gigantic strength to do the labor of one man.

"I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the pen, —
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap.
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

"Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that strove to rise
At sight of all those labors, and because that every one,
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were undone.

"They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days:
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the days wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too.

"Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each man can do and bear,
It did not wholly rattle my side as though no men were there.

"And so we toil together many a day from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;
For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

"And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs, I think of through the day,
But the great, eternal thing we make together, I and they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones.

"Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

"But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing:
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me.

REBECCA S. PALFREY.

WHITE UNDERNEATH.

<p>INTO a city street, Narrow and noisome, chance had led my feet; Poisonous to every sense; and the sun's rays Loved not the unclean place.</p>	<p>It seemed that no pure thing Its whiteness here would ever dare to bring; Yet even into this dark place and low, God had sent down his snow.</p>
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Here, too, a little child,
 Stood by the drift, now blackened
 and defiled; [play,
 And with his rosy hands, in earnest
 Scraped the dark crust away.

Checking my hurried pace,
 To watch the busy hands and earnest
 face, [light,
 I heard him laugh aloud in pure de-
 That underneath, 't was white.

Then, through a broken pane,
 A woman's voice summoned him in
 again,
 With softened mother-tones, that half
 excused
 The unclean words she used.

And as I lingered near,
 His baby accents fell upon my ear:
 "See, I can make the snow again for
 you,
 All clean and white and new!"

Ah! surely God knows best.
 Our sight is short: faith trusts to Him
 the rest.
 Sometimes, we know, He gives to hu-
 man hands
 To work out His commands.

Perhaps He holds apart,
 By baby fingers in that mother's heart,
 One fair, clean spot that yet may
 spread and grow,
 Till all be white as snow.

THEODORE PARKER.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

O THOU, great Friend to all the sons
 of men,
 Who once appeared in humblest
 guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's
 chain,
 And call Thy brethren forth from
 want and woe, —
 We look to thee! Thy truth is still the
 Light
 Which guides the nations, groping
 on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous
 night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect
 day.
 Yes; Thou art still the Life, Thou art
 the way
 The holiest known; Light, Life,
 the Way of heaven!
 And they who dearest hope and
 deepest pray
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way,
 which Thou hast given.

THE HIGHER GOOD.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or
 fame,
 Though once they would have
 joyed my carnal sense;
 I shudder not to bear a hated name,
 Wanting all wealth, myself my sole
 defence.
 But give me, Lord, eyes to behold
 the truth;
 A seeing sense that knows the
 eternal right;
 A heart with pity filled, and gen-
 tlest ruth;
 A manly faith that makes all dark-
 ness light. [kind;
 Give me the power to labor for man-
 Make me the mouth of such as
 cannot speak:
 Eyes let me be to groping men, and
 blind; [weak
 A conscience to the base; and to the
 Let me be hands and feet; and to
 the foolish, mind:
 And lead still further on such as
 Thy kingdom seek.

THOMAS PARNELL.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming
sea

To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the
vales,

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge
rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more per-
ceived

The branches whisper as they waved;

It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of her grace.
When thus she spoke — "Go rule thy
will,

Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God — and bring thy heart to
know

The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and
prayer;

Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my
sight,

With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature,
sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day:
The moon that shines with borrowed
light;

The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady
leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the
grain,

The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

HUDSON RIVER.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song
Are often lovely to the mind alone:
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles:

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home.

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old,
Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed;
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights;
Nor antique arches check the current's play;
Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,
Lifts a great landmark to the little craft, —
A summer cloud: that comes and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
And hold their savins to the upper storm,
While far below, the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,
Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
 Again the charming wilderness begins:
 From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
 Till some new hamlet's rise, the boscaje thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
 Touched by no axe, — by no proud owner nursed;
 As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh reigned,
 Lineal descendants of creation's first.

.

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
 In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim
 Have hung a history on every tree,
 And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
 Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
 No horrors feigned of giant or of god
 Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
 The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
 The cottage ruined and the shrine defaced,
 Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Yet, O Antiquity!" the stranger sighs;
 "Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
 The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
 Where all is fair indeed, — but all is new."

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
 To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
 Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
 More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
 That wears unchanged the same primeval face
 Which, when just dawning from its Maker's hand,
 Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
 Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,
 Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth.
 And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!
 Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
 Oh! had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,
 Till now perchance they had not flowed *unsung*.

*THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS
MISTRESS.*

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside
her;
One was dark, and one was fair;

But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair, I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the
bridal
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—
What if 't were both mine and
thine?

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[*From The Betrothal.*]

SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured before I asked.
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaimed graces basked
At leisure, till the time should
serve,—
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear;
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning
late,
Her laughing sisters lagged behind;
And ere we reached her father's gate,
We paused with one presentient
mind;
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,
Their coming stayed; who blithe
and free,

And very women, loved to assist
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling
word;
To faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I
stood;
The warmth of her confided arm;
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood;
Her pleasure in her power to charm;

Her look, her love, her form, her
touch!
The least seemed most by blissful
turn,—
Blissful but that it pleased too
much,
And taught the wayward soul to
yearn.

It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And oh, sweet meeting of desires!
She, answering, owned that she
loved too.

WOULD WISDOM FOR HERSELF
BE WOODED.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his
dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right;
And, knowing this, I wonder less.
That she's so scorned, when falsely
dight
In misery and ugliness.
What's that which Heaven to man
endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see

Than the heart says, with floods of
tears,
"Ah! that's the thing which I
would be?"
Not childhood, full of fears and frets:
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have
known.
Not these; but souls found here and
here,
Oases in our waste of sin,
When everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize;
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting and dies.
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings.
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds but
wings.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

[From *Prometheus, Part II.*]

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou
hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon
of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone;
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth
had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in
thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance,
which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending
worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash
as keen and bright.

Thy path is high in Heaven;—we
cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy
car;

There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bear thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of
star;
For thou, so vast to us, art in the
whole
One of the sparks of night, that fire
the air,
And as around thy centre planets
roll,
So thou too hast thy path around the
Central Soul.

Age o'er thee has no power;—thou
bring'st the same
Light to renew the morning, as when
first, [flame,
If not eternal, thou, with front of
On the dark face of earth in glory
burst,
And warmed the seas, and in their
bosom nursed
The earliest things of life, the worm
and shell;

Till through the sinking ocean, moun-
tains pierced,
And then came forth the land where-
on we dwell,
Reared like a magic fane above the
watery swell.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then
it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop
and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her bud-
ding isles,
When through their heaven thy
changing car is borne;
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the
woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms
awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is
torn
By the wild winds which plough the
lonely lake,
And in their maddening rush, the
crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a sbroud of
snow;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy
return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an
overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the
urn
Of their chilled frames, and then
they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and
give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty,
till they burn,
When on a dewy morn thou dartest
there
Rich waves of gold to wreathe with
fairer light the fair.

Thine are the mountains, where they
purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a
sky
Which hath no stain; below, the
storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust
roar by;

Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie
Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance
looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty
die
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they
bear
Into the high dark vault a brow that
still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their
magic hues
Are pencilled by thee; when thou
bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand
imbues
Their waving fold with such a per-
fect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures
throw
Shame on the proudest art; the ten-
der stain
Hung round the verge of Heaven,
that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their
blended chain
All tints to the deep gold, that flashes
in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou
bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold
twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on
its march;
And there the glories of thy light
combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted
line,
Striding the earth and air;—man
looks and tells
How peace and mercy in its beauty
shine,
And how the heavenly messenger
impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus
in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost
sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they
go,
Where thou in Heaven dost guide
them on their way,

Rising and falling in eternal flow;
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they
 glow,
 They take them wings and spring
 aloft in air,
 And change to clouds, and then,
 dissolving, throw
 Their treasures back to earth, and
 rushing, tear
 The mountain and the vale, as
 proudly on they bear.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-
 fish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its
 leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty
 shine, [brine.
 Far down in the green and glassy
 The floor is of sand, like the moun-
 tain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the
 flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and
 billows flow;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent
 there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars
 that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air:
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the si-
 lent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is
 seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in
 slaughter:
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the
 clear deep sea;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of
 ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland
 lea:
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of
 stone,

And is safe when the wrathful spirit
 of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his
 own;
 And when the ship from his fury
 flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean
 roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the
 murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck
 on shore;
 Then far below in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the
 coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 The wild swan spreads his snowy
 sail,
 And round his breast the ripples
 break,
 As down he bears before the gale.
 On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.
 The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their
 foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar;
 As late the boatman hies him home.
 How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's
 side.
 At midnight hour, as shines the
 moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest
 snow.
 On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us, toil is o'er.

NORA PERRY.

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful
hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by
one,
As they laughed and talked in the
chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and qua-
drille;
Idly they laughed like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place.
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of
white,
The prettiest nightgowns under
the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the
night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown
and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber
there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then, out of the gathering winter
chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes
weather,
While the fire is out and the house is
still,
Maud and Madge together, —

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the
sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done! —

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,

While a thousand lustres shimmering
stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of
laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk;
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk, —

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of
each,
And one voice sweeter than others
are,
Breaking into silvery speech, —

Telling, through lips of bearded
bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks be-
side,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on to-
gether,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for
the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden
tress,
There'll be only one of you left for
the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press, —

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal
white,
For you the revel has just begun:

But for her who sleeps in your arms
to-night
The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your
saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the
sun,
O beautiful Maud, you' ll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

IN AN HOUR.

I.

ANTICIPATION.

"I'LL take the orchard path," she
said,
Speaking lowly, smiling slowly:
The brook was dried within its bed,
The hot sun flung a flame of red
Low in the west as forth she sped.

Across the dried brook-course she
went,

Singing lowly, smiling slowly;
She scarcely felt the sun that spent
Its fiery force in swift descent,
She never saw the wheat was bent,

The grasses parched, the blossoms
dried;

Singing lowly, smiling slowly,
Her eyes amidst the drouth espied
A summer pleasance far and wide,
With roses and sweet violets pied.

II.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

But homeward coming all the way,
Sighing lowly, pacing slowly.
She knew the bent wheat withering
lay,

She saw the blossoms' dry decay,
She missed the little brooklet's play.

A breeze had sprung from out the
south,

But, sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
She only felt the burning drouth;
Her eyes were hot and parched her
mouth,
Yet sweet the wind blew from the
south.

And when the wind brought welcome
rain,

Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
She never saw the lifting grain,
But only — a lone orchard lane,
Where she had waited all in vain.

*TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER
CHIN.*

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the
hill,

Where the wind comes blowing merry
and chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome
race,

All over her happy peach-colored
face,

Till, scolding and laughing, she tied
them in,

Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the
bloom

Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing
plume,

All over the cheeks of the prettiest
girl

That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still

The western wind blew down, and
played

The wildest tricks with the little
maid,

As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was
fair,

To play such tricks with her floating
hair?

To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's
 breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dim-
 pled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her
 chin!

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

SOME day; some day of days, thread-
 ing the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus
 may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from
 skies of May,

Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on
 that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will
 all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will
 nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how
 't will be,—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to
 hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that
 meeting.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ALL THE RIVERS.

"ALL the rivers run into the sea."
Like the pulsing of a river,
The motion of a song,
Wind the olden words along
The tortuous turnings of my thoughts
 whenever
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
O you little leaping river
Laugh on beneath your breath!
With a heart as deep as death,
Strong stream, go patient, grave, and
 hasting never, —
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
Why the passion of a river?
The striving of a soul?

Calm the eternal waters roll
Upon the eternal shore. At last,
 whatever
Seeks it — finds the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
O thou bounding, burning river,
Hurrying heart! I seem
To know (so one knows in a dream)
That in the waiting heart of God
 forever,
Thou too shalt find the sea.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A LILY rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin
 nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the
 purple air,

Forever, in her gentle evening prayer,
Shall plead for her — what ear too
deaf to hear? —

“As if she spoke to some one very
near.”

And he of storied Florence, whose
great heart

Broke for its human error; wrapped
apart, [flame

And scorching in the swift, prophetic
Of passion for late holiness and
shame

Than untried glory grander, gladder,
higher —

Deathless, for her, he “testifies by
fire.”

A statue, fair and firm, on marble
feet,

Womanhood’s woman, Dorothea,
sweet

As strength, and strong as tender-
ness, to make

A “struggle with the dark” for
white light’s sake,

Immortal stands, unanswered speaks.
Shall they,

Of her great hand the moulded,
breathing clay,

Her fit, select, and proud survivors
be? —

Possess the life eternal, and not *she*?

DESERTED NESTS.

I’d rather see an empty bough, —

A dreary, weary bough that hung
As boughs will hang within whose

arms

No mated birds had ever sung;

Far rather than to see or touch

The sadness of an empty nest

Where joy has been, but is not now;

Where love has been, but is not blest.

There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there, —
The sadness of deserted homes
In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

A LETTER.

Two things love can do,

Only two:

Can distrust, or can believe;

It can die, or it can live,

There is no syncope

Possible to love or me,

Go your ways!

Two things you can do,

Only two:

Be the thing you used to be,

Or be nothing more to me.

I can but joy or grieve,

Can no more than die or live.

Go your ways!

So far I wrote, my darling, drearily,
But now my sad pen falls down wear-
ily

From out my trembling hand.

I did not, do not, cannot mean it,
dear!

Come life or death, joy, grief, or
hope, or fear,

I bless you where I stand!

I bless you where I stand, excusing
you,

No speech nor language for accusing
you

My laggard lips can learn.

To you — be what you are, or can, to
me, —

To you or blessedly or fatefully
My heart must turn!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

READING THE MILESTONE.

I STOPPED to read the milestone here,
 A laggard school-boy, long ago;
 I came not far — my home was near—
 But ah, how far I longed to go!

Behold a number and a name,
 A finger, westward, cut in stone:
 The vision of a city came,
 Across the dust and distance shown.

Around me lay the farms asleep
 In hazes of autumnal air,
 And sounds that quiet loves to keep
 Were heard, and heard not, every-
 where.

I read the milestone, day by day:
 I yearned to cross the barren bound,
 To know the golden Far-away,
 To walk the new Enchanted
 Ground!

TWO PATRONS.

“WHAT shall I sing?” I sighed,
 and said,
 “That men shall know me when
 my name
 Is lost with kindred lips, and dead
 Are laurels of familiar fame?”

Below, a violet in the dew
 Breathed through the dark its
 vague perfume;
 Above, a star in quiet blue
 Touched with a gracious ray the
 gloom.

“Sing, friend, of me,” the violet
 sighed,
 “That I may haunt your grave
 with love;”
 “Sing, friend, of me,” the star re-
 plied,
 “That I may light the dark above.”

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

THE angels come, the angels go,
 Through open doors of purer air;

Their moving presence oftentimes
 we know,
 It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them; lo! at night,
 Our eyes were shut, but opened
 seem:
 The darkness breathed a breath of
 wondrous light,
 And then it was a dream!

THE LOVE-LETTER.

I GREET thee, loving letter —
 Unopened, kiss thee free,
 And dream her lips within thee
 Give back the kiss to me!

The fragrant little rose-leaf,
 She sends by thee, is come:
 Ah, in her heart was blooming
 The rose she stole it from!

THE GOLDEN HAND.

Lo, from the city's heat and dust
 A golden hand forever thrust,
 Uplifting from a spire on high
 A shining finger in the sky!

I see it when the morning brings
 Fresh tides of life to living things,
 And the great world awakes: behold,
 That lifted hand in morning gold!

I see it when the noontide beats
 Pulses of fire in busy streets;
 The dust flies in the flaming air:
 Above, that quiet hand is there.

I see it when the twilight clings
 To the dark earth with hovering
 wings:
 Flashing with the last fluttering ray,
 That golden hand remembers day.

The midnight comes — the holy hour:
 The city like a giant flower
 Sleeps full of dew: that hand, in light
 Of moon and stars, how weirdly
 bright!

Below, in many a noisy street
Are toiling hands and striving feet;
The weakest rise, the strongest fall;
That equal hand is over all.

Below, in courts to guard the land,
Gold buys the tongue and binds the
hand;
Stealing in God's great scales the
gold;
That awful hand, above, behold!

Below, the Sabbaths walk serene
With the great dust of days between;
Preachers within their pulpits stand:
See, over all, that heavenly hand!

But the hot dust, in crowded air
Below, arises never there:
O speech of one who cannot speak!
O Sabbath-witness of the Week!

A SONG OF CONTENT.

THE eagle nestles near the sun;
The dove's low nest for me! —
The eagle's on the crag: sweet one,
The dove's in our green tree.
For hearts that beat like thine and
mine,
Heaven blesses humble earth;
The angels of our Heaven shall shine
The angels of our hearth!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

TO-DAY.

AH, real thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay;
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet
Remind me of the buds you wear;
Let the bird's quiet show how sweet
The far-off singing made the air;
And let your dew through frost
look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.
Go: for the bitter word may be
A music — in the vanished voice;
And on the dead face I may see
How bright its frown has been to
me.

Then in the haunted grass I'll sit,
Half-tearful in your withered place,
And watch your lovely shadow flit
Across To-morrow's sunny face,
And vex her with your perfect
grace.

So, real thing of bloom and breath,
I weary of you while you stay.
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

LAST WORDS.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sleepers of
mine —
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of
white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered
to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the
light
And the dark, you will wander
away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted
grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will
pass,
With this kiss through these tear-
drops. Good-by!

With less gold and more gloom in
their hair,
When the buds near have faded to
flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair —
But older than yours are, by
hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine —

I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

A DREAM'S AWAKENING.

SHUT in a close and dreary sleep,
Lonely and frightened and oppressed
I felt a dreadful serpent creep,
Writhing and crushing o'er my breast.

I woke and knew my child's sweet arm,
As soft and pure as flakes of snow,
Beneath my dream's dark, hateful charm,
Had been the thing that tortured so.

And in the morning's dew and light
I seemed to hear an angel say,
"The Pain that stings in Time's low night
May prove God's Love in higher day."

THAT NEW WORLD.

How gracious we are to grant to the dead
Those wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving this world for ourselves instead —
For we must live, though others must die!

And what is this world that we keep,
I pray?
True, it has glimpses of dews and flowers;
Then Youth and Love are here and away, |ours.
Like mated birds—but nothing is

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all.
It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,

It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear
We were loath to give it for all we know
Of that charmed country we hold so dear,
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are, when we see them fade
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,
Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,
And the strange high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it, O soul of mine!
And yet if these empty eyes could see
One, only one, from that voyage divine,
With something, anything sure for me!

Ah, blow me the scent of one lily, to tell
That it grew outside of this world at most;
Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell
That whispers of some unearthly coast!

MAKING PEACE.

AFTER this feud of yours and mine
The sun will shine;
After we both forget, forget,
The sun will set.

I pray you think how warm and sweet
The heart can beat;
I pray you think how soon the rose
From grave-dust grows.

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice
 might wake
 So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a
 sake. [you,
 Calling your buried brother back to
 You laugh and listen—till I listen
 too!

Why does he listen? It may be to
 hear
 Sounds too divine to reach my
 troubled ear.
 Why does he laugh? It may be he
 can see
 The face that only tears can hide
 from me.

Poor baby faith—so foolish or so
 wise:
 The name I shape out of forlornest
 cries
 He speaks as with a bird's or blos-
 som's breath.
 How fair the knowledge is that
 knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind—through all the
 piteous years
 Searchers of stars and graves—how
 many seers,
 Calling the dead, and seeking for a
 sign,
 Have laughed and listened, like this
 child of mine?

THE FLOWERS IN THE GROUND.

UNDER the coffin-lid there are roses:
 They bud like dreams in the sleep
 of the dead;
 And the long, vague dark that around
 them closes
 Is flushed and sweet with their
 glory of red.

From the buried seeds of love they
 blossom,
 All crimson-stained from its blood
 they start;
 And each sleeper wears them on his
 bosom,
 Clasped over the pallid dust of his
 heart.

When the Angel of Morning shall
 shake the slumber
 Away from the graves with his
 lighted wings,
 He will gather those roses, an infi-
 nite number,
 And bear them to Heaven, the
 beautiful things!

ASKING FOR TEARS.

OH, let me come to Thee in this wild
 way,
 Fierce with a grief that will not
 sleep, to pray
 Of all thy treasures, Father, only
 one,
 After which I may say—Thy will be
 done.

Nay, fear not thou to make my time
 too sweet;
 I nurse a Sorrow,—kiss its hands
 and feet,
 Call it all piteous, precious names,
 and try,
 Awake at night, to hush its helpless
 cry.

The sand is at my moaning lip, the
 glare
 Of the uplifted desert fills the air;
 My eyes are blind and burning, and
 the years
 Stretch on before me. Therefore,
 give me tears!

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers — where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their
spray,

As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that
day,

When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with
storms,

And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's
sleep,

Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by
the deep,

To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave
to the gale,

When the heavens looked dark, is
gone; —

As an angel's wing, through an open-
ing cloud,

Is seen and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile — sainted name! —

The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morn-
ing's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay
that night

On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless
head; —

But the Pilgrim — where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When summer is throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in
verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,

On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the
world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:

It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glo-
rious dead,

With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who
have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound
shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the
Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!

His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study
chair;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim

With tears, I turn to him,

The vision vanishes — he is not
there.

I walk my parlor floor,

And, through the open door,

I hear a footfall on the chamber stair,
I'm stepping toward the hall,

To give the boy a call;

And then bethink me that — he is
not there:

I thread the crowded street,

A satchelled lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and col-
ored hair:

And, as he's running by,

Follow him with my eye,

Scarcely believing that — he is not
there!

I know his face is hid

Under the coffin lid:

Closed are his eyes: cold is his fore-
head fair;

My hand that marble felt:

O'er it in prayer I knelt

Yet my heart whispers that — he is
not there.

I cannot make him dead!
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watched over with parental
 care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that — he
 is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morn-
 ing air,
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy;
 Then comes the sad thought that —
 he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose, [prayer,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our
 Whate'er I may be saying.
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though — he is
 not there!

Not there! — Where then is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to
 wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is
 not there!

He lives! — In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me
 there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 FATHER, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to
 bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find that —
 he is there!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you
 may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no
 other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea:
 But we loved with a love that was
 more than love —

I and my Annabel Lee;
 With a love that the winged seraphs
 of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long
 ago,
 In the kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of the cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in
 heaven,
 Went envying her and me —
 Yes! — that was the reason (as all
 men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud
 by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel
 Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far
 than the love
 Of those that were older than we —
 Of many far wiser than we —
 And neither the angels in heaven
 above,

Nor the demons down under the
 sea.
 Can ever dissever my soul from the
 soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
 For the moon never beams, without
 bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel
 the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
 by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my
 life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their mel-
 ody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musi-
 cally wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 From the jingling and the tinkling
 of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their har-
 mony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens,
 while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony volumi-
 nously wells!

How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the rhyming and the chiming of
 the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their tur-
 bulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mer-
 cy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf
 and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now — now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and
 roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating
 air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging.
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the
 anger of the bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamor and the clangor of
 the bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their
monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their
tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in their rolling
On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human;

They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of
the bells.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens
above,

The angels, whispering to one
another,

Can find, among their burning terms
of love,

None so devotional as that of
“Mother,”

Therefore by that dear name I long
have called you—

You who are more than mother
unto me,

And fill my heart of hearts, where
death installed you

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who
died early, [you

Was but the mother of myself; but
Are mother to the one I loved so
dearly,

And thus are dearer than the
mother I knew

By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-
life.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you” — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word “Lenore?”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word “Lenore!” —
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven.
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

ROBERT POLLOK.

[*From The Course of Time.*]

LORD BYRON.

HE touched his harp, and nations
 heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing
 source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his num-
 bers flowed,
 And oped new fountains in the hu-
 man heart.
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her
 flight,
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,
 rose
 And soared untrodden heights, and
 seemed at home,
 Where angels bashful looked. Oth-
 ers, though great
 Beneath their argument seemed
 struggling whiles;
 He from above descending stooped to
 touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly
 stooped, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With
 Nature's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free
 to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's
 mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary
 locks; [ennines,
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Ap-
 And with the thunder talked, as
 friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the light-
 ning's wing,
 In sportive twist, the lightning's
 fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dread-
 ful God,
 Marching upon the storm in ven-
 geance, seemed;

Then turned, and with the grass-
 hopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet,
 conversed.
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds,
 his sisters were;
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and
 winds, and storms,
 His brothers, younger brothers, whom
 he scarce
 As equals deemed. All passions of
 all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and
 severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and
 profane;
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eter-
 nity;
 All that was hated, all too, that was
 dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was
 feared, by man;
 He tossed about, as tempest-with-
 ered leaves,
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck
 he made.
 With terror now he froze the cower-
 ing blood,
 And now dissolved the heart in ten-
 derness;
 Yet would not tremble, would not
 weep himself;
 But back into his soul retired,
 alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contempt-
 uously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at
 his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains his waves
 had late
 To desolation swept, retired in
 pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might,
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had
 wrought.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM "ELOISA TO ABELARD."

IN these deep solitudes and awful
cells,

Where heavenly-pensive Contempla-
tion dwells,

And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's
veins?

Why rove my thoughts beyond this
last retreat?

Why feels my heart its long-forgot-
ten heat?

Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it
came,

And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unre-
vealed,

Nor pass these lips, in holy silence
sealed:

Hide it, my heart, within that close
Where, mixed with God's, his loved
idea lies:

O write it not, my hand—the name
appears

Already written—wash it out, my
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,

Her heart still dictates, and her hand
obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome
round contains

Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees
have worn:

Ye grotts and caverns shagged with
horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed
virgins keep,

And pitying saints, whose statues
learn to weep!

Though cold like you, unmoved and
silent grown,

I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard
has part,

Still rebel nature holds out half my
heart;

Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn
pulse restrain,

Nor tears for ages taught to flow in

Soon as thy letters trembling I un-
close,

That well-known name awakens all
my woes.

Oh, name, for ever sad! for ever
dear!

Still breathed in sighs, still ushered
with a tear.

I tremble, too, whene'er my own I
find;

Some dire misfortune follows close
behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'er-
flow,

Led through a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now withering in
my bloom,

Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the

unwilling flame,

There died the best of passions, love
and fame.

Yet write, oh! write me all, that I
may join

Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs
to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this power
away;

And is my Abelard less kind than
they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need
not spare,

Love but demands what else were
shed in prayer;

No happier task these faded eyes
pursue;

To read and weep is all they now can
do.

Then share thy pain, allow that
sad relief;

Ah, more than share it! give me all
thy grief.

Heaven first taught letters for some
wretch's aid,

Some banished lover, or some cap-
tive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe
what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to
its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears
 impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all
 the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul
 to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the
 Pole.

[From *An Essay on Man*.]

MAN.

Know then thyself, presume not
 God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle
 state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely
 great;
 With too much knowledge for the
 sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the sto-
 ic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or
 rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or
 beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but
 to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too
 much;
 Chaos of thought and passion, all
 confused
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to
 all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error
 hurled:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the
 world!

[From *An Essay on Man*.]

SUBMISSION TO SUPREME WIS-
 DOM.

WHAT if the foot, ordained the
 dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the
 head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear re-
 pined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling
 mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks
 or pains,
 The great directing Mind of All
 ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous
 whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the
 soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet
 in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal
 frame, [breeze,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in
 the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends
 through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our
 mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that
 mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and
 burns;
 To Him no high, no low, no great,
 no small;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and
 equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfec-
 tion name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we
 blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this
 due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven be-
 stows on thee.
 Submit. — In this, or any other
 sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst
 bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing
 power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to
 thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou
 canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's
 spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is*
 right.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

**CHARITY, GRADUALLY PERVA-
 SIVE.**

GOD loves from whole to parts;
 but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the
 whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous
 mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
 lake;
 The centre moved, a circle straight
 succeeds,
 Another still, and still another
 spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will
 embrace;
 His country next, and next all human
 race;
 Wide, and more wide, the o'erflow-
 ings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every
 kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless
 bounty blest,
 And heaven beholds its image in his
 breast.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

TRUE NOBILITY.

HONOR and shame from no condi-
 tion rise;
 Act well your part, there all the
 honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small dif-
 ference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in
 brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson
 gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch
 crowned.

"What differ more (you cry) than
 crown and cowl!"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and
 a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts
 the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be
 drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of
 it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

**VIRTUE, THE SOLE UNFAILING
 HAPPINESS.**

KNOW then this truth (enough for
 man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."
 The only point where human bliss
 stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall
 to ill; [ceives,
 Where only merit constant pay re-
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it
 gives;
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest;
 And but more relished as the more
 distressed:
 The broadest mirth, unfeeling Folly
 wears, [tears:
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very
 Good, from each object, from each
 place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired;
 Never elated, while one man's op-
 pressed;
 Never dejected, while another's
 blessed;
 And where no wants, no wishes can
 remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to
 gain.
 See the sole bliss, Heaven could on
 all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but
 thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with
 learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, un-
 taught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private
road,
But looks through nature up to na-
ture's God;
Pursues that chain which links the
immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal
and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can
know,
But touches some above, and some
below;
Learns from this union of the rising
whole,
The first, last purpose of the human
soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals,
all began,
All end, in *love of God and love of
man.*

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

TRUTH TO NATURE.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judg-
ment frame
By her just standard, which is still
the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal
light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all
impart,
At once the source, and end, and
test of art.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

JUST JUDGMENT.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece
to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor
e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's
end,
Since none can compass more than
they intend;
And if the means be just, the con-
duct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is
due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men
of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less
commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic
lays,
For not to know some trifles is a
praise.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

WIT.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage
dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so
well expressed:
Something, whose truth, convinced
at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our
mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend
the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly
wit.
For works may have more wit than
does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of
blood.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

EXCESSIVE PRAISE OR BLAME.

AVOID extremes; and shun the
fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too
much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or
little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not
sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can
digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture
move:
For fools admire, but men of sense
approve:
As things seem large which we
through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least under-
stood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate.
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to
shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty
gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE OLD STORY.

By the pleasant paths we know
All familiar flowers would grow,
Though we two were gone;
Moon and stars would rise and set,
Dawn the laggard night forget,
And the world move on.

Spring would carol through the wood,
Life be counted sweet and good,
Winter storms would prove their
While the seasons sped; [might,
Winter frosts make bold to bite,
Clouds lift overhead.

Still the sunset lights would glow,
Still the heaven-appointed bow
In its place be hung;
Not one flower the less would bloom,
Though we two had met our doom,
No song less be sung.

Other lovers through the dew
Would go, loitering, two and two,
When the day was done;
Lips would pass the kiss divine,
Hearts would beat like yours and
mine, —
Hearts that beat as one.

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY the sunshine freely showers
Its benediction where we stand;
There's not a passing cloud that
lowers

Above this pleasant summer land;
Then let's not waste the sweet to-
day, —

To-morrow, who can say?

Perhaps, to-morrow we may be, —

Alas! alas! the thought is pain, —
As far apart as sky and sea,

Sundered to meet no more again;
Then let us clasp thee, sweet to-
day, —

To-morrow, who can say?

The daylight fades; a purple dream
Of twilight hovers overhead,

While all the trembling stars but seem
Like sad tears yet unshed;
Oh, sweet to-day, so soon away!
To-morrow, who can say?

ASLEEP.

SOUND asleep! no sigh can reach
Him who dreams the heavenly
dream;

No to-morrow's silver speech
Wake him with an earthly theme.
Summer rains, relentlessly,
Patter where his head doth lie.
There the wild rose and the brake
All their summer leisure take.

Violets, blinded by the dew,
Perfume lend to the sad rue,
Till the day break fair and clear,
And no shadow doth appear.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

EQUIPOISE.

JUST when we think we've fixed the
golden mean, —

The diamond point, on which to
balance fair

Life and life's lofty issues, weigh-
ing there,

With fractional precision, close and
keen,

Thought, motive, word and deed, —
there comes between

Some wayward circumstance, some
jostling care,

Some temper's fret, some mood's
unwise despair,

To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen,
And spoil our nice adjustment! —

Happy he,

Whose soul's calm equipoise can
know no jar,

Because the unwavering hand that
holds the scales,

Is the same hand that weighed each
steadfast star, —

Is the same hand that on the sa-
cred tree [nails!

Bore, for his sake, the anguish of the

OURS.

Most perfect attribute of love, that
knows

No separate self, — no conscious
mine nor *thine*;

But mystic union, closer, more di-
vine [close.

Than wedded soul and body can dis-
No flush of pleasure on thy forehead
glows,

No mist of feeling in thine eyes can
shine,

No faintest pain surprise thee, but
there goes

The lightning-spark along love's
viewless line,

Bearing with instant message to
my heart,

Responsive recognition. Suns or
showers

May come between us; silences
may part;

The rushing world know not, nor
care to know; —

Yet back and forth the flashing
secrets go,

Whose sacred, only sesame is, *ours*!

NATURE'S LESSON.

PAIN is no longer pain when it is
past;
And what is all the mirth of yes-
terday,
More than the yester flush that
paled away,
Leaving no trace across the landscape
cast
Whereby to prove its presence
there? The blast
That bowed the knotted oak beneath
its sway,
And rent the lissome ash, the forest
may
Take heed of longer, since strewn
leaves outlast
Strewn sunbeams even. Be thou like
Nature then,
Calmly receptive of all sweet de-
lights,
The while they soothe and strengthen
thee: and when
The wrench of trial comes with
swirl and strain,
Think of the still progressive days
and nights,
That blot with equal sweep, both
joy and pain.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

OF all the attributes whose starry
rays
Converge and centre in one focal
light
Of luminous glory such as angels'
sight
Can only look on with a blenched
amaze,
None crowns the brow of God with
purer blaze,
Nor lifts His grandeur to more infi-
nite height,
Than His exhaustless patience. Let
us praise
With wondering hearts, this strangest
tenderest grace,
Remembering, awe-struck, that the
avenging rod
Of justice must have fallen, and mer-
cy's plan

Been frustrate, had not Patience
stood between,
Divinely meek: And let us learn
that man,
Toiling, enduring, pleading, — calm,
serene,
For those who scorn and slight, is
likeliest God.

THE SHADOW.

It comes betwixt me and the ame-
thyst
Of yon far mountain's billowy
range; — the sky,
Mild with sun-setting calmness, to
my eye
Is curtained ever by its haunting
mist;
And oftentimes when some dear
brow I've kissed,
My lips grow tremulous as it sweeps
me by.
With stress of overmastering agony
That faith and reason all in vain
resist.
It blurs my fairest books; it dims the
page
Of the divinest lore; and on my
tongue
The broken prayer that inward
strength would crave,
Dissolves in sobs no soothing can as-
suage;
And this penumbral gloom, — this
heart-cloud flung
Around me is, the memory of a grave.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.

A SIMPLE, sodded mound of earth,
Without a line above it;
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it:
The token flag that silently
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.
No name? — no record? Ask the
world;
The world has read his story: —

If all its annals can unfold
 A prouder tale of glory;
 If ever merely human life
 Hath taught diviner moral, —
 If ever round a worthier brow
 Was twined a purer laurel!

A twelvemonth only, since his sword
 Went flashing through the battle, —
 A twelvemonth only, since his ear
 Heard war's last deadly rattle, —
 And yet, have countless pilgrim feet
 The pilgrim's guerdon paid him,
 And weeping women come to see
 The place where they have laid
 him.

Contending armies bring in turn,
 Their meed of praise or honor,
 And Pallas here has paused to bind
 The cypress-wreath upon her:
 It seems a holy sepulchre,
 Whose sanctities can waken
 Alike the love of friend or foe —
 Of Christian or of pagan.

But who shall weigh the wordless
 grief
 That leaves in tears its traces,
 As round their leader crowd again
 The bronzed and veteran faces?
 The "Old Brigade" he loved so
 well —
 The mountain men, who bound
 him
 With bays of their own winning, ere
 A tardier fame had crowned him;

The legions who had seen his glance
 Across the carnage flashing
 And thrilled to catch his ringing
 "charge"
 Above the volley crashing; —
 Who oft had watched the lifted hand,
 The inward trust betraying,
 And felt their courage grow sublime,
 While they beheld him praying!

Rare fame! rare name! — If chanted
 praise,
 With all the world to listen, —
 If pride that swells a nation's soul, —
 If foemen's tears that glisten, —

If pilgrim's shrining love, — if grief
 Which naught may soothe or
 sever, —
 If *these* can consecrate, — this spot
 Is sacred ground forever!

THERE'LL COME A DAY.

THERE'LL come a day when the
 supremest splendor
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,
 Whate'er their miracles, sublime or
 tender,
 Will wake no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the as-
 piration,
 Now with such fervor fraught,
 As lifts to heights of breathless exal-
 tation,
 Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches,
 honor, glory,
 Music and song and art,
 Will look like puppets in a worn-out
 story,
 Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human
 love, the sweetest
 Gift that includes the whole
 Of God's grand giving — sovereign-
 est, completest —
 Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day — I will not care
 how passes
 The cloud across my sight,
 If only, lark-like, from earth's nested
 grasses,
 I spring to meet its light.

THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.

I. MORNING.

It is enough: I feel, this golden
 morn,
 As if a royal appanage were mine,
 Through Nature's queenly warrant
 of divine [born,
 Investiture. What princess, palace-

Hath right of rapture more, when
 skies adorn
 Themselves so grandly; when the
 mountains shine
 Transfigured; when the air exalts
 like wine;
 When pearly purples steep the yel-
 lowing corn?
 So satisfied with all the goodliness
 Of God's good world, — my being
 to its brim
 Surcharged with utter thankfulness
 no less [glad
 Than bliss of beauty, passionately
 Through rush of tears that leaves the
 landscape dim, —
 "Who dares," I say, "in such a
 world be sad?"

II. NIGHT.

I PRESS my cheek against the win-
 dow-pane,
 And gaze abroad into the blank,
 black space

Where earth and sky no more have
 any place,
 Wiped from existence by the expung-
 ing rain;
 And as I hear the worried winds
 complain,
 A darkness, darker than the mirk
 whose trace
 Invades the curtained room, is on my
 face,
 Beneath which, life and life's best
 ends seem vain.
 My swelling aspirations viewless
 sink
 As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes
 that shone bright
 As planets yester-eve, like them to-
 night
 Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists
 before:
 "O weary world!" I cry, "how
 dare I think
 Thou hast for me one gleam of
 gladness more?"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by
 my side,
 When the sorrows of life the soul
 o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I cling to
 the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regret-
 ful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former
 years;
 And shadows of things that have
 long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of
 the dead;
 Bright visions of glory that vanished
 too soon;
 Day-dreams that departed ere man-
 hood's noon; [reft;
 Attachments by fate or falsehood
 Companions of early days lost or
 left —

And my native land — whose magi-
 cal name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood: the
 haunts of my prime:
 All the passions and scenes of that
 rapturous time
 When the feelings were young, and
 the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden un-
 folding to view;
 Ah — all now forsaken — forgotten —
 foregone! [none —
 And I — a lone exile remembered of
 My high aims abandoned — my good
 acts undone —
 A weary of all that is under the sun, —
 With that sadness of heart which no
 stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.
 Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by
 my side,

When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife —
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear —
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear —
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh —
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand —
 The only law of the desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
 Away — away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oriby plays
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
 And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine!
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood.
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,

O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.
 Away — away — in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;

Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling
fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning
sky, [round,
And the blank horizon, round and
Spread — void of living sight or
sound.

And here, while the night-winds
round me sigh,

And the stars burn bright in the mid-
night sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through
the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful
child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath,
and fear, —
Saying — Man is distant, but God is
near!

MATTHEW PRIOR.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN DARKNESS.

HAPPY the mortal man, who now at
last
Has through the doleful vale of mis-
ery passed;
Who to his destined stage has carried
on
The tedious load, and laid his bur-
dens down;
Whom the cut brass or mounded mar-
ble shows
Victor o'er life and all her train of
woes.
He happier yet, who, privileged by
fate
To shorter labor, and a lighter
weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of
breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to
death.
But oh! beyond description, happiest
he
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumul-
tuous sea;
Who with blessed freedom from the
general doom
Exempt, must never force the teem-
ing womb,

Nor see the sun, nor sink into the
tomb.
Who breathes must suffer; and who
thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blest who ne'er was
born.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN LIGHT.

SUPREME, all-wise, eternal Potent-
tate!
Sole Author, sole Dispenser of our
fate!
Enthroned in light and immor-
tality!
Whom no man fully sees, and none
can see!
Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is
Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let Thy com-
mand
Restore, great Father, Thy instructed
son;
And in my act, may Thy great will
be done!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our
guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how
soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

TOO LATE.

HUSH! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;—
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;—
Now,—how still the violets
Lie upon her heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still,—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to-day,—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:—
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered,—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See,—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well, I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity,—
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more pre-
cious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of sorrow,
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in lov-
ing,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to
thee?

Does there within thy dimmest
dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth
breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now,—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,—
But shield my heart against thy
own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one
day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but
thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my fate,—
Whatever on my heart may fall,—
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own complete-
ness
Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther
sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the
meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue
hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of
flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade
slowly
Into day, which floods the world
with light;

Twilight's mystery is so sweet and
holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious
graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future
lies;
And angel glances (veiled now by
life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved
eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it lead-
eth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression
duly:
Do not call each glorious change, de-
cay;
But know we only hold our treasures
truly,
When it seems as if they passed
away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for in-
completeness;
In that want their beauty lies: they
roll
Towards some infinite depth of love
and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant
soul.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to
grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance van-
ished,
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,

May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful
tears;

An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil — through pain and wrong;
We fight — and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere
long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song!
“Endure and — die?”

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three —
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LOVE ME IF I LIVE.

LOVE me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again!

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions
round!
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue
below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;

If a storm should come and awake
the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the
moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and
more,
And backward flew to her billowy
breast, [nest;
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the
morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the por-
poise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs
of gold; [wild
And never was heard such an outcry
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and
strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to
range,
But never have sought nor sighed for
change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded
sea!

HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned:—within a curtained
room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed;—a child had seen the
light;
But, for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose; the lady's grave was
green;
And near it, oftentimes, was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled;—he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough
race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life,—Death,—and all that is of
glory.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down Thy wingèd angel, God!
Amid this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we
watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the
night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despaired, at
times;
But now we turn to Thee!

Send down Thy sweet-souled angel,
God!
Amid the darkness wild;
And bid him soothe our souls to-night.
And heal our gentle child!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?

Time, like the wingèd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Someweight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day, —
She hath had her bud and blos-
som;

Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, — sweet
love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, forevermore, —
Forever — evermore, —

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine;
And yet, — I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now;
Each one, perhaps, surpassing
me;
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,
Who round the wild world laugh
and rove;
I only think how sweet 'twould be
To die for thy sweet love!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

*BUT HEAVEN, O LORD, I CAN-
NOT LOSE.*

Now summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from west-
ern calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled
balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.

O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered
sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and
hill.
Alike to me, fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!
Warm hands to-day are clasped in
mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning
share:

And, over hope's horizon line,
 The future dawns, serenely fair;
 Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
 I know the rapture will not stay;
 Some wind of grief or doubt will
 rise

And turn my rosy sky to gray.
 I shall awake, in rainy morn,
 To find my heart left lone and
 drear;

Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
 I let my life burn on as clear
 Though friends grow cold or fond
 love woos;
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours, the angel Peace
 Comes down and broods me with
 her wings:

I gain from sorrow sweet release;
 I mate me with divinest things;
 When shapes of guilt and gloom
 arise

And far the radiant angel flees, —
 My song is lost in mournful sighs,
 My wine of triumph left but lees,
 In vain for me her pinions shine,
 And pure, celestial days begin:
 Earth's passion-flowers I still must
 twine,

Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
 Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
 With flush and fragrance born of
 June,

I know shall more resplendent rise
 Where summer needs nor sun nor
 moon,

And every bud on love's low tree,
 Whose mocking crimson flames and
 falls,

In fullest flower I yet shall see
 High blooming by the jasper walls.
 Nay, every sin that dims my days,
 And wild regrets that veil the
 sun,

Shall fade before those dazzling
 rays,

And my long glory be begun!
 Let the years come to bless or bruise;
 Thy heaven, O Lord, I shall not
 lose!

CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

Of all the streams that seek the sea
 By mountain pass, or sunny lea,
 Now where is one that dares to vie
 With clear Contoocook, swift and
 shy?

Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts
 born,

The snows of many a winter morn,
 And many a midnight dark and still,
 Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,
 To melt, at last, with suns of May,
 And steal in tiny fall and rill,
 Down the long slopes of granite gray:
 Or, filter slow through seam and cleft,
 When frost and storm the rock have
 reft,

To bubble cool in sheltered springs
 Where the lone red-bird dips his
 wings,

And the tired fox that gains its brink
 Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to
 drink.

And rills and springs, grown broad
 and deep,

Unite through gorge and glen to
 sweep

In roaring brooks that turn and take
 The over-floods of pool and lake,
 Till, to the fields, the hills deliver
 Contoocook's bright and brimming
 river!

O have you seen, from Hillsboro'
 town

How fast its tide goes hurrying down,
 With rapids now, and now a leap
 Past giant boulders, black and steep,
 Plunged in mid water, fain to keep
 Its current from the meadows green?
 But, flecked with foam, it speeds
 along;

And not the birch trees' silvery sheen,
 Nor the soft lull of whispering pines,
 Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,
 Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that
 glow

Where clematis, the fairy, twines,
 Can stay its course, or still its song;
 Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,
 The vales of Henniker are spread,
 Their banks all set with golden grain,
 Or stately trees whose vistas gleam —
 A double forest in the stream;

And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,
By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans its tide —
The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through — and should you lean
A moment there, no lovelier scene
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,
Would charm your gaze a summer's day.

And on it glides, by grove and glen,
Dark woodlands and the homes of men,
With now a ferry, now a mill:
Till, deep and calm, its waters fill
The channels round that gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,
And, gleeful half, half eddying back.
Blend with the lordly Merrimac:
And Merrimac whose tide is strong
Rolls gently, with its waves along,
Monadnock's stream that, coy and fair,
Has come, its larger life to share,
And, to the sea, doth safe deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

DAILY DYING.

NOT in a moment drops the rose
That in a summer garden grows:
A robin sings beneath the tree
A twilight song of ecstasy,
And the red, red leaves at its fragrant heart,
Trembling so in delicious pain,
Fall to the ground with a sudden start,
And the grass is gay with a crimson stain;
And a honey-bee, out of the fields of clover,
Heavily flying the garden over,
Brushes the stem as it passes by,
And others fall where the heart-leaves lie,
And air and dew, ere the night is done,
Have stolen the petals, every one.

And sunset's gleam of gorgeous dyes
Ne'er with one shadow fades away,
But slowly o'er those radiant skies
There steals the evening cold and gray,
And amber and violet linger still
When stars are over the eastern hill.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow-wandering over wood and plain,
One by one they waver through
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,
And drop, at last, on the forest mould,
Coral and ruby and burning gold.

Our death is gradual, like to these:
We die with every waning day;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away!
Up and on to the vast To Be
Our life is going eternally!
Less of earth than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in mine,
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
While the gates of the city fairer shine,
And the day that our latest treasures flee,
Wide they will open for you and me!

HEROES.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Shouts, "O ye Gods! 't is Hector
falls!"

On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow
away;

And red on the plain the poppies
grow

Where the Greek and the Trojan
fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are the heroes
dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years
no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the pop-
pies red [yore?

All that is left of the brave of
Are there none to fight as Theseus
fought?

Far in the young world's misty
dawn?

Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor
taught?

Mother Earth! are the heroes
gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands
in ours; [eyes,

And catch the light of their clearer
And wreathe their brows with im-
mortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done
'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is
stirred;

Wherever Right has a triumph won
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan
fiercely trod;

For Freedom's sword is the blade
they wield,

And the light above is the smile of
of God.

So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live and the sky is
bright,

And the world is a braver world
to-day.

TO MOSCOW.

ACROSS the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
The heights of heaven bare,—

A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a
tower

As the south-wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
That shone like morning stars,—

'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'Twas Mos-
cow,—

The jewel of the Czars!

SUNSET IN MOSCOW.

O THE splendor of the city,
When the sun is in the west!
Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,
Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;
Till the twilight soft and sombre
Falls on wall and street and square,
And the domes and towers in shadow
Stand like silent monks at prayer.

'Tis the hour for dream and legend:
Meet me by the Sacred Gate!
We will watch the crowd go by us;
We will stories old relate;
Till the bugle of the barracks
Calls the soldier to repose,
And from off the steppe to northward
Chill the wind of midnight blows.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE WORLD.

SHE's empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy ear;
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murmuring wind:
 It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
 But merely tunned with air.
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;
 The soul that vainly founds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty: hark! she sounds; there's nothing in't:
 The spark-engendering flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
 Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-faced calms of rest.
 Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouthed night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis void and vast;
 What if some flattering blast
 Of fatuous honor should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear?
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honor earth can give! What generous mind
 Would be so base to bind
 Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty; hark! she sounds: 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal;
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lined with silken trouble.
 It is a world whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation;
 A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
 A quest-house of complaint.
 It is a saint, a fiend; worse fiend when most a saint.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
 What's here to be enjoyed
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
 Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
 Revived with living death?
 Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds:
 Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark! she sounds.

ON MAN.

AT our creation, but the Word was
said;
And we were made;
No sooner were, but our false hearts
did swell
With pride, and fell:
How slight is man! At what an easy
cost
He's made and lost!

GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF THE
DEAD.

I MUST lament, Nature commands it
so:
The more I strive with tears, the
more they flow;
These eyes have just, nay, double
cause of moan;
They weep the common loss, they
weep their own.
He sleeps indeed; then give me leave
to weep
Tears, fully answerable to his sleep.

ON SIN.

How, how am I deceived! I thought
my bed
Had entertained a fair, a beauteous
bride:
Oh, how were my believing thoughts
misled
To a false beauty lying by my side!
Sweet were her kisses, full of choice
delight; [night:
My fancy found no difference in the
I thought they were true joys that
thus had led

My darkened soul, but they were
false alarms;
I thought I'd had fair Rachel in my
bed,
But I had bleary-eyed Leah in my
arms;
How seeming sweet is sin when
clothed in light,
But, when discovered, what a
loathed delight.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

OUR life is nothing but a winter's
day;
Some only break their fasts, and so,
away:
Others stay dinner, and depart full
fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to
bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out
the day;
Who dies betimes, has less; and less
to pay.

ON DOVES AND SERPENTS.

WE must have doves and serpents in
our heart;
But how they must be marshalled,
there's the art.
They must agree, and not be far
asunder;
The dove must hold the wily serpent
under;
Their natures teach what places they
must keep,
The dove can fly; the serpent only
creep.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
 And shines like painted wood;
 Go, tell the church it shows
 What's good, but does no good.
 If court and church reply.
 Give court and church the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting, but oh! their actions
 Not loved, unless they give;
 Not strong, but by their factions.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition;
 Their practice only hate.
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending.
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
 Tell love it is but lust;
 Tell time it is but motion;
 Tell flesh it is but dust:
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
 Tell honor how it alters;
 Tell beauty that it blasteth;
 Tell favor that she falters;
 And as they do reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle points of niceness;
 Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
 Tell skill it is pretension;
 Tell charity of coldness;
 Tell law it is contention:
 And if they yield reply,
 Then give them still the lie,

Tell fortune of her blindness;
 Tell nature of decay;
 Tell friendship of unkindness;
 Tell justice of delay:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have not soundness,
 But vary by esteeming:
 Tell schools they lack profoundness.
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell virtue, least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing.
 Although to give the lie,
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods
 and streams,
 The shallow murmur, but the deep
 are dumb;

So, when affection yields discourse,
it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence
they come;
They that are rich in words, must
needs discover
They are but poor in that which
makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my
heart,
The merit of true passion;
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion,

Since, if my plaints were not to ap-
prove
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing not I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A'beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his
smart
And sues for no compassion.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder
bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chief-
tain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and
roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester
rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that
fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester
town,
A good, broad highway, leading
down;

And there, through the flash of the
morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost
speed;
Hills rose and fell, — but his heart
was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs,
thundering south
The dust, like smoke from the can-
non's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping
faster and faster, [disaster.
Foreboding to traitors the doom of
The heart of the steed and the heart
of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assault-
ing their walls, [calls;
Impatient to be where the battle-field
Every nerve of the charger was
strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with
 furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of
 fire;
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's
 desire,
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roar-
 ing fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away:

The first that the General saw were
 the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating
 troops;
 What was done, — what to do, — a
 glance told him both,
 And, striking his spurs with a terri-
 ble oath,
 He dashed down the line mid a storm
 of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its
 course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it
 to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black
 charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his nos-
 trils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to
 say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the
 way
 From Winchester down, to save the
 day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on
 high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky. —
 The American soldier's Temple of
 Fame, —
 There with the glorious General's
 name
 Be it said in letters both bold and
 bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, — twenty miles
 away!"

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless
 trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy
 air;
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour
 of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown
 and bare.

The gray barns looking from their
 hazy hills,
 O'er the dun waters widening in
 the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the
 mills
 On the dull thunder of alternate
 flails.

All sights were mellowed and all
 sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed further and the
 stream sang low,
 As in a dream the distant woodman
 hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled
 blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed
 with gold,
 Their banners bright with every
 martial hue,
 Now stood like some sad, beaten host
 of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest
 blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held
 his flight;
 The dove scarce heard its sighing
 mate's complaint;
 And, like a star slow drowning in the
 light,
 The village church-vane seemed to
 pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside
 crew, —
 Crew thrice, — and all was stiller
 than before;
 Silent, till some replying warden blew
 His alien horn, and then was heard
 no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's
tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her
unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her sway-
ing nest,
By every light wind like a censer
swung;—

Where sang the noisy martens of the
eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever
near,—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind be-
lieves,
An early harvest and a plenteous
year;—

Where every bird which charmed the
vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its
wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east:—
All now was sunless, empty, and
forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the
quail,
And croaked the crow through all
the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the
vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage
loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon
the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin
shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of
flowers,
Sailed slowly by, — passed noiseless
out of sight.

Amid all this — in this most cheerless
air,
And where the woodbine shed upon
the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year
stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted
torch, —

Amid all this, the centre of the
scene,
The white-haired matron with mo-
notonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her
joyless mien
Sat, like a fate, and watched the
flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had
walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter
ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard
the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the
dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with
summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she
gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his
sable plume, —
Re-gave the swords to rust upon
the wall.

Re-gave the swords, but not the hand
that drew
And struck for Liberty the dying
blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country
true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading
foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel
went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive
at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of
the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped; her
head was bowed;
Life dropt the distaff through his
hands serene:
And loving neighbors smoothed her
careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the
autumn scene.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's
sash

With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and
trembles, [tear,

Though Heaven alone records the
And Fame shall never know her
story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's
sword,

Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering
word,

What though her heart be rent
asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him
rattle,

Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she
presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and
brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God

To know the pain that weighs
upon her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of
honor!

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks re-
mote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,

Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While, on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring
keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never
dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling
kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand be-
guiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

In lofty lines,
Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and
sings.

RICHARD REALF.

MY SLAIN.

THIS sweet child that hath climbed
upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered
little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troub-
leth me,
With her low prattle maketh me
afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and
nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not
see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which
I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long
ago.
I tremble at the touch of your
caress:
I am not worthy of your innocent
faith;
I, who with whetted knives of
worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to
death;

Beside whose grave I pace forever-
more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked
shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to
leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an
apple-bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a butter-
cup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas!
alas!

The meaning of the daisies in the
grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks
are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the
child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad
years.
O moaning life! with life irrecon-
ciled;

O backward-looking thought! O pain!
O tears!

For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from
the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the
bookish lore

Which makes men mummies;
weighs out every grain

Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with
the scoffing brain;

Woe worth the peering, analytic
days

That dry the tender juices in the
breast,

And put the thunders of the Lord
to test, [praise,

So that no marvel must be, and no
Nor any God except Necessity.

What can ye give my poor stained
life in lieu

Of this dead cherub which I slew
for ye!

Take back your doubtful wisdom and
renew [dunce,

My early foolish freshness of the
Whose simple instincts guessed the
heavens at once.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

AMENDS.

THINK not your duty done when, sad
and tearful,

Your heart recounts its sins,
And praying God for pardon, weak
and fearful,
Its better life begins,

Nor rest content when, braver grown
and stronger,

Your days are sweet and pure,
Because you follow evil ways no
longer,
In Christ's defence secure.

Bethink you then, but not with fruit-
less ruing,

—That bids the past be still,
But what your life has wrought to
men's undoing,
By influence for ill.

Go forth, and dare not rest until the
morrow,

But, lest it be too late,
Seek out the hearts whose weight of
sin and sorrow
Through you has grown more
great.

Take gifts to all of love and repara-
tion,
Or if it may not be,

Pray Christ, with ceaseless lips, to
send salvation
Till each chained soul be free.

WORSHIP.

BRAVE spirit, that will brook no in-
tervention,

But thus alone before thy God dost
stand,

Content if he but see thy heart's in-
tention, —

Why spurn the suppliant knee and
outstretched hand?

Sweet soul, that kneelest in the sol-
emn glory

Of yon cathedral altar, while the
prayer

Of priest or bishop tells thine own
heart's story, —

Why think that they alone heaven's
keys may bear?

Man worships with the heart; for
wheresoever

One burning pulse of heartfelt hom-
age stirs,

There God shall straightway find his
own, and never

In church or desert, miss his wor-
shippers.

PATIENCE.

If, when you labor all the day,
You see its minutes slip away
With joy unfound, with work undone,
And hope descending with the sun,

Then cheerily lie down to rest:
The longest work shall be the best;
And when the morrow greets your
eyes,
With strong and patient heart arise.

For Patience, stern and leaden-eyed,
Looks far where future joys abide;
Nor sees short sadness at her feet,
For sight of triumph long and sweet.

IMITATION.

WHERE shall we find a perfect life,
whereby
To shape our lives for all eternity?

This man is great and wise; the world
reveres him,
Reveres, but cannot love his heart
of stone;
And so it dares not follow, though it
fears him,
But bids him walk his mountain
path alone.

That man is good and gentle; all men
love him,
Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for
aid;
The world's best work is ever far
above him,
He shrinks beneath the storm-
capped mountain shade.

O loveless strength! O strengthless
love! the Master
Whose life shall shape our lives is
not as thou:
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour
in disaster,
Our heart of hearts enfolds thine
image now!

Be Christ's the fair and perfect life
whereby
We shape our lives for all eternity.

JUSTICE.

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my
heart,
I long to help each soul in need of
aid;
In all good works my zeal would have
its part,
Before no weight of toil it stands
afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble
deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do
the whole;
Who works the best, his simplest
duties heeds,
Who moves the world, first moves
a single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work
begin,
Do first not what thou canst, but
what thou must;
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou
first be just.

SARAH ROBERTS.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping
everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady brook,
I come creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, smiling every
where;
All around the open door,

Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
'Toiling his busy part —
Silently creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
More welcome than the flowers

In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
When you're numbered with the
dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home —
Creeping, silently creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping every-
where.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Six Poems entitled by the author, "Reflections."

THE PERVERSION OF GREAT GIFTS.

ALAS, to our discomfort and his own,
Oft are the greatest talents to be found
In a fool's keeping. For what else
is he,
However worldly wise and worldly
strong,
Who can pervert and to the worst
abuse
The noblest means to serve the no-
blest ends?
Who can employ the gift of elo-
quence,
That sacred gift, to dazzle and de-
lude;
Or, if achievement in the field be his,
Climb but to gain a loss, suffering
how much,
And how much more inflicting!
Every where,

Cost what they will, such cruel freaks
are played;
And hence the turmoil in this world
of ours,
The turmoil never ending, still be-
ginning,
The wailing and the tears.—When
Cæsar came,
He who could master all men but
himself,
Who did so much and could so well
record it; [part,
Even he, the most applauded in his
Who, when he spoke, all things
summed up in him,
Spoke to convince, nor ever, when
he fought,
Fought but to conquer,—what a life
was his,
Slaying so many, to be slain at last;
A life of trouble and incessant toil,
And all to gain what is far better
missed!

HEART SUPERIOR TO HEAD.

THE heart, they say, is wiser than
the schools:
And well they may. All that is great
in thought,
That strikes at once as with electric
fire,
And lifts us, as it were, from earth
to heaven,
Comes from the heart; and who con-
fesses not
Its voice as sacred, nay, almost di-
vine,
When inly it declares on what we
do,
Blaming, approving? Let an erring
world
Judge as it will, we care not while
we stand
Acquitted there; and oft, when
clouds on clouds
Compass us round and not a track
appears,
Oft is an upright heart the surest
guide,
Surer and better than the subtlest
head;
Still with its silent counsels through
the dark
Onward and onward leading.

ON A CHILD.

THIS child, so lovely and so cherub-
like,
(No fairer spirit in the heaven of
heavens)
Say, must he know remorse? Must
passion come,
Passion in all or any of its shapes,
To cloud and sully what is now so
pure?
Yes, come it must. For who, alas!
has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night re-
called
Words he has wished unsaid and
deeds undone?
Yes, come it must. But if, as we
may hope,
He learns ere long to discipline his
mind,

And onward goes, humbly and cheer-
fully,
Assisting them that faint, weak
though he be,
And in his trying hours trusting in
God,—
Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;
For what was innocence will then be
virtue.

MAN'S RESTLESSNESS.

MAN to the last is but a froward
child;
So eager for the future, come what
may,
And to the present so insensible!
Oh, if he could in all things as he
would,
Years would as days, and hours as
moments, be;
He would, so restless is his spirit
here,
Give wings to time, and wish his life
away!

THE SELFISH.

OH, if the selfish knew how much
they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not
endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power
employs
In making others happy!

EXHORTATION TO MARRIAGE.

HENCE to the altar and with her
thou lov'st,
With her who longs to strew thy way
with flowers;
Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
Birth to a race immortal as your-
selves,
Which trained by you, shall make a
heaven on earth,
And tread the path that leads from
earth to heaven.

[*From Human Life.*]

THE PASSAGE FROM BIRTH TO AGE.

AND such is Human Life; so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!
Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
Of elfin-size,—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!
We grow in stature, and in wisdom too!
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.
Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!
And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sunrise carolled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,

Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how altered, not the scene!
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;
Wayworn and spent, another and the same!
No eye observes the growth or the decay.
To-day we look as we did yesterday;
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.

[*From Human Life.*]

TRUE UNION.

THEN before all they stand,—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters,—there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas, too long,
To fireside happiness, and hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject,—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;

And feeling hearts,—touch them but
rightly,—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

[*From Human Life.*]

AGE.

AGE has now
Stamped with its signet that ingenu-
ous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits
and sees
His children's children playing round
his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the
quoit is flung,
When side by side the archers' bows
are strung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge
the prize, [energies
Envy no more the young their
Than they an old man when his
words are wise;
His a delight how pure . . . with-
out alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in
their joy! [repay
Now in their turn assisting, they
The anxious cares of many and many
a day;
And now by those he loves relieved,
restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops
and talks,
While they look up! Their questions,
their replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round
him rise,
Gladdening his spirit; and, his theme
the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts
flow fast;
And, while his heart (oh, can the
heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the world
are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not
where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent
friend.

But there are moments which he
calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when
alone,
Those whom he loved so long and
sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead,—
but gone before,
He gathers round him; and revives
at will
Scenes in his life,—that breathe en-
chantment still,—
That come not now at dreary inter-
vals,—
But where a light as from the blessed
falls,
A light such guests bring ever,—pure
and holy,—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melan-
choly!
—Ah, then less willing (nor the
choice condemn)
To live with others than to think of
them!

[*From The Pleasures of Memory.*]

MEMORY.

THOU first, best friend that heaven
assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares
we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each
vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets
to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to
thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's
song.
What softened views thy magic glass
reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek
twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of
day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres
play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness
resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of
the mind.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaust-
less mine
From age to age unnumbered treas-
ures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy
call obey,
And place and time are subject to
thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when
most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our
own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer
visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the
sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts
away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of
power
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent
hour?
These, when the trembling spirit
wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of liv-
ing light;
And gild those pure and perfect
realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons
are blest!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with rever-
end mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where
it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of
dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the
lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the
noon-tide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to
care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a
tear,
Some little friendship formed and
cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trem-
bling teems
With golden visions and romantic
dreams!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

ORT may the spirits of the dead
descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a
friend;
To hover round his evening walk
unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky
green;
To hail the spot where first their
friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to
their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful
hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests de-
light to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in
life so well!

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the
way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-
place?
A roof for when the slow dark
hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my
face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at
that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak ?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all
who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER me when I am gone
away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by
the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by
day
You tell me of our future that you
planned;
Only remember me; you under-
stand [pray.
It will be late to counsel then or
Yet if you should forget me for a
while
And afterwards remember, do not
grieve: [leave
For if the darkness and corruption
A vestige of the thoughts that once
I had,
Better by far you should forget and
smile
Than that you should remember
and be sad.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet.
If wintry birds are dreaming of a
mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the
sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by
one;
Sing, robin, sing;
I still am sore in doubt concerning
spring.

I wonder if the springtide of this
year
Will bring another spring both lost
and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their
spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and
sing:
Sing, hope, to me;
Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for
memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or
late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a
mate;
So spring must dawn again with
warmth and bloom,
Or in this world, or in the world to
come:
Sing, voice of spring,
Till I too blossom, and rejoice and
sing.

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

SOUND SLEEP.

SOME are laughing, some are weep-
ing;
She is sleeping, only sleeping.
Round her rest wild flowers are
creeping;

There the wind is heaping, heaping,
Sweetest sweets of summer's keeping,
By the cornfields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
The deep rose, and there the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west; a fresh wind brushes
Through the leaves while evening
hushes.

There by day the lark is singing
And the grass and weeds are spring-
ing;

There by night the bat is winging;
There for ever winds are bringing
Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
Their sound fills her dreams with
Heaven:

The long strife at length is striven:
Till her grave-bands shall be riven,
Such is the good portion given
To her soul at rest and shriven.

WIFE TO HUSBAND.

PARDON the faults in me,
For the love of years ago:
Good-bye.
I must drift across the sea,
I must sink into the snow,
I must die.

You can bask in this sun,
You can drink wine, and eat:
Good-bye.
I must gird myself and run,
Though with unready feet:
I must die.

Blank sea to sail upon,
Cold bed to sleep in:
Good-bye.
While you clasp I must be gone
For all your weeping:
I must die.

A kiss for one friend,
And a word for two, —
Good-bye:—

A lock that you must send,
A kindness you must do:
I must die.

Not a word for you,
Not a lock or kiss,
Good-bye.
We, one, must part in two
Verily death is this:
I must die.

AT HOME.

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented
house;
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange
boughs;
From hand to hand they pushed the
wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and
peach;
They sang, they jested, and they
laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:
Said one: "To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of
sea."

Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."

Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with
hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
"To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Their life stood full at blessed noon;
I, only I, had passed away:
"To-morrow and to-day" they cried
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the tablecloth;
I all-forgotten shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loth:
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible, —
The murmur of the earth's own
shell,
Secret continuance sublime
Is the era's end. Our sight may
pass
No furlong farther. Since time
was,
This sound hath told the lapse of
time.

No quiet which is death's, — it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and
wrath,
Its painful pulse is on the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of
thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge
again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech,
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were
seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a
day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers:
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward
thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames;

And still she bowed herself and
stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she
saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze
still strove
Within the gulf to pierce

Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.

"Have I not prayed in heaven? —
on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect
strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased.

The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their
path

Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day.
What were they, could I see them on
the street

Lie as they fell? Would they be ears
of wheat

Sown once for food but trodden into
clay?

Or golden coins squandered and still
to pay?

Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty
feet?

Or such spilt water as in dreams
must cheat

The throats of men in hell, who thirst
always?

I do not see them here; but after
death

God knows I know the faces I shall
see,

Each one a murdered self, with low
last breath:

"I am thyself, what hast thou done
to me?"

"And I — and I—thyself" — lo, each
one saith —

"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day [mind
The words unkind would trouble my
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and
tone

We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh
words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the
stranger,

And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'T were a cruel fate, were the night
too late

To undo the work of the morn!

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BECAUSE in a day of my days to
come

There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my
lips be dumb

In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare
refrain

From delight in the pure and true ?

In the harvest fields shall I cease to
glean

Since the summer bloom has sped ?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-
day sheen [fled ?

Since the dew of the morn hath

Nay, phantom ill with the warning
hand

Nay, ghosts of the weary past,

Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand,
You may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may
fall,

But as bright the sun shall shine,
For I walk in a light ye cannot
pall,

The light of the King Divine.

And whatever the shades from day to
day,

I am sure that His name is Love,
And He never will let me lose my
way

To my rest in His home above.

EPES SARGENT.

SOUL OF MY SOUL.

SOUL of my soul, impart
Thy energy divine!
Inform and fill this languid heart,
And make Thy purpose mine.
Thy voice is still and small,
The world's is loud and rude;
Oh, let me hear Thee over all,
And be, through love, renewed.

Give me the mind to seek
Thy perfect will to know;
And lead me, tractable and meek,
The way I ought to go.
Make quick my spirit's ear
Thy faintest word to hear;
Soul of my soul! be ever near
To guide me in my need.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft,
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come
down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters
rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

FORGET ME NOT.

"FORGET me not?" Ah, words of
useless warning
To one whose heart is henceforth
memory's shrine!
Sooner the skylark might forget the
morning,
Than I forget a look, a tone of
thine.

Sooner the sunflower might forget
to waken

When the first radiance lights the
eastern hill,
Than I, by daily thoughts of thee
forsaken,
Feel, as they kindle, no expanding
thrill.

Oft, when at night the deck I'm pac-
ing lonely
Or when I pause to watch some
fulgent star,
Will Contemplation be retracing only
Thy form, and fly to greet thee,
though afar.

When storms unleashed, with fearful
clangor sweeping,
Drive our strained bark along the
hollowed sea,
When to the clouds the foam-topped
waves are leaping,
Even then I'll not forget, beloved
one, thee!

Thy image in my sorrow-shaded
hours,
Will, like a sunburst on the waters,
shine; [flowers
'Twill be as grateful as the breath of
From some green island wafted
o'er the brine.

And O sweet lady, when, from home
departed,
I count the leagues between us with
a sigh, —
When, at the thought, perchance a
tear has started,
May I not dream in heart thou'rt
sometimes nigh?

Ay, thou wilt, sometimes, when the
wine-cup passes,
And friends are gathering round in
festal glee,
While bright eyes flash, as flash the
brimming glasses,
Let silent Memory pledge one
health to me.

Farewell! My fatherland is disap-
pearing [sight;
Faster and faster from my baffled

The winds rise wildly, and thick
clouds are rearing
Their ebon flags, that hasten on
the night,

Farewell! The pilot leaves us; sea-
ward gliding,
Our brave ship dashes through the
foamy swell;
But Hope, forever faithful and abid-
ing,
Hears distant welcomes in this last
farewell!

A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

I WAKED from slumber at the dead
of night,
Moved by a dream too heavenly
fair to last —
A dream of boyhood's season of de-
light;
It flashed along the dim shapes of
the past;
And, as I mused upon its strange
appeal,
Thrilling me with emotions unde-
fined,
Old memories, bursting from Time's
icy seal,
Rushed, like sun-stricken fountains
on my mind.
Scenes where my lot was cast in life's
young day;
My favorite haunts, the shores, the
ancient woods,
Where, with my schoolmates, I was
wont to stray;
Green, sloping lawns, majestic soli-
tudes —
All rose to view, more beautiful than
then; —
They faded, and I wept — a child
again!

THE SPRING-TIME WILL RETURN.

THE birds are mute, the bloom is fled,
Cold, cold, the north winds blow;
And radiant summer lieth dead
Beneath a shroud of snow.
Sweet summer! well may we regret
Thy brief, too brief sojourn;

But, while we grieve, we'll not forget,
The spring-time will return!

Dear friend, the hills rise bare and
bleak

That bound thy future years;
Clouds veil the sky, no golden streak,
No rainbow light appears;
Mischance has tracked thy fairest
schemes,

To wreck — to whelm — to burn;
But wintry-dark though Fortune
seems,
The spring-time will return!

Beloved one! where no sunbeams
shine

Thy mortal frame we laid;
But oh, thy spirit's form divine
Waits no sepulchral shade!
No, by those hopes which, plumed
with light,

The sod, exulting, spurn,
Love's paradise shall bloom more
bright —
The Spring-time will return!

A SUMMER NOON AT SEA.

A HOLY stillness, beautiful and deep,
Reigns in the air and broods upon
the ocean;

The worn-out winds are quieted to
sleep,
And not a wave is lifted into mo-
tion.

The sea-bird skims along the glassy
tide,

With sidelong flight and wing of
glittering whiteness,
Or floats upon the sea, outstretching
wide

A sheet of gold in the meridian
brightness.

Our vessel lies, unstirred by wave or
blast,

As she were moored to her dark
shadow seeming,

Her pennon twined around the taper-
ing mast,
And her loose sails like marble
drapery gleaming.

How, at an hour like this, the unruf-
fled mind
Partakes the quiet that is shed
around us!

As if the Power that chained the im-
patient wind
With the same fetter of repose had
bound us!

TROPICAL WEATHER.

Now we're afloat upon the tropic sea:
Here Summer holdeth a perpetual
reign.

How flash the waters in their bound-
ing glee!

The sky's soft purple is without a
stain.

Full in our wake the smooth, warm
trade-winds blowing,
To their unvarying goal still faith-
ful run;

And, as we steer, with sails before
them flowing,

Nearer the zenith daily climbs the
sun,

The startled flying-fish around us
skim,

Glossed like the humming-bird,
with rainbow dyes;

And, as they dip into the water's
brim,

Swift in pursuit the preying dol-
phin hies.

All, all is fair; and gazing round, we
feel

Over the yielding sense the torrid
languor steal.

CUBA.

WHAT sounds arouse me from my
slumbers light?

"Land ho! all hands, ahoy!"
— I'm on the deck:

'Tis early dawn: the day-star yet is
bright;

A few white vapory bars the zenith
fleck;
And lo! along the horizon, bold and
high,
The purple hills of Cuba! Hail, all
hail!
Isle of undying verdure, with thy
sky
Of purest azure! Welcome, odor-
ous gale!

O scene of life and joy! thou art
arrayed
In hues of unimagined loveliness.
Sing louder, brave old mariner! and
aid
My swelling heart its rapture to
express; [more
For, from enchanted memory, never
Shall fade this dawn sublime, this
fair, resplendent shore.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

PESCADERO PEBBLES.

WHERE slopes the beach to the set-
ting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
For ever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white
hands,
And chafing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest;
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care,
For those whose rest has been the
least:
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea
ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
Quiet forevermore;
In dreams of everlasting peace
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still,
Are they left by the passing years;

For they miss the beat of angry
storms,
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem,
They who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem.

LIFE IN DEATH.

New being is from being ceased;
No life is but by death;
Something's expiring everywhere
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the
spring
But blooms upon the grave
Of its dead parent seed, in which
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower
Stands massive on the heath,
Looks out upon a living world.
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Clip the sweet buds that grow
Rank from the soil enriched by herds
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built
Upon dead yesterday;
And Progress hews her temple-stones
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death; 'tis but a stair
 Built with divinest art,
 Up which the deathless footsteps
 climb
 Of loved ones who depart.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

THERE's never an always cloudless
 sky,
 There's never a vale so fair,
 But over it sometimes shadows lie
 In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
 And flung its shadows down,
 But on its heaven-side gleamed some
 ray
 Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;
 Though rage the tempest loud,
 And scatter its terrors far and wide,
 There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
 Shutting the landscape out,
 And only the chilly east-winds blow
 From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting
 sun,

When the joys of life seem few,
 A rift will break in the evening dim,
 And the golden light stream
 through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will
 make

Out of the golden bars,
 And all its priceless treasures take
 Where shine the eternal stars.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.

"GIVE me a motto," said a youth
 To one whom years had rendered
 wise;

"Some pleasant thought, or weighty
 truth,
 That briefest syllables comprise;
 Some word of warning or of cheer
 To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the
 boy,

"Since life, they say, is ever made
 A mingled web of grief and joy;
 Since cares may come and pleas-
 ures fade, —

Pray, let the motto have a range
 Of meaning matching every change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks
 you ask

A labor something over-nice,
 That well a finer brain might task.

What think you, lad, of this device
 (Older than I, though I am gray).

'Tis simple, — 'This will pass away.'

"When wafted on by Fortune's
 breeze,

In endless peace thou seem'st to
 glide,

Prepare betimes for rougher seas,
 And check the boast of foolish
 pride;

Though smiling joy is thine to-day,
 Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped in black,
 And, beaten by tempestuous gales,
 Thy shuddering ship seems all a-
 wrack,

Then trim again thy tattered sails;
 To grim Despair be not a prey;
 Bethink thee, 'This will pass away.'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er-proud,
 Nor yet cast down; judge thou
 aright;

When skies are clear, expect the
 cloud;

In darkness, wait the coming light;
 Whatever be thy fate to-day,

Remember, 'This will pass away!'"

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
 My nights are blest with sweetest
 sleep;
 I feel no symptoms of decay;
 I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
 My foes are impotent and shy;
 My friends are neither false nor
 cold,
 And yet, of late, I often sigh, —
 I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy to rhymes,
 My growing love of easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold,
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,
 I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
 I'm growing careless of my dress;
 I'm growing frugal of my gold;
 I'm growing wise; I'm growing, —
 yes, —
 I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
 I see it in my changing hair;
 I see it in my growing waist;
 I see it in my growing heir;
 A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
 As plain as truth was ever told,
 That, even in my vaunted youth
 I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
 The tale in my reluctant ears,
 And every boon the Hours bequeath
 But makes me debtor to the Years!
 E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
 The secret she would fain withhold;
 And tells me in "How young you
 are!"

I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years! — whose rapid
 flight
 My sombre Muse too sadly sings;

Thanks for the gleams of golden
 light
 That tint the darkness of their
 wings;
 The light that beams from out the
 sky,
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold
 Where all are blest, and none may
 sigh,
 "I'm growing old!"

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE — somewhere a happy
 clime there is,
 A land that knows not unavailing
 woes,
 Where all the clashing elements of
 this
 Discordant scene are hushed in
 deep repose.
 Somewhere — somewhere (ah me,
 that land to win!)
 In some bright realm, beyond the
 farthest main,
 Where trees of knowledge bear no
 fruit of sin,
 And buds of pleasure blossom not in
 pain.
 Somewhere — somewhere an end of
 mortal strife
 With our immortal yearnings; nev-
 ermore
 The outer warring with the inner life
 Till both are wretched! Ah, that
 happy shore!
 Where shines for aye the soul's reful-
 gent sun,
 And life is love, and love and joy are
 one!

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH the hill you may see the
 mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling
 stone;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering
 still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and
 gone.

Year after year, early and late,
 Alike in summer and winter
 weather,
 He pecked the stones and calked the
 gate,
 And mill and miller grew old to-
 gether.

"Little Jerry!" — 'twas all the
 same, —
 They loved him well who called
 him so;
 And whether he'd ever another name,
 Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas, "Little Jerry, come grind my
 rye";
 And "Little Jerry, come grind my
 wheat";
 And "Little Jerry" was still the
 cry,
 From matron bold and maiden
 sweet.

'Twas, "Little Jerry" on every
 tongue,
 And so the simple truth was told;
 For Jerry was little when he was
 young,
 And Jerry was little when he was
 old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
 That Jerry made up in being strong;
 I've seen a sack upon his back
 As thick as the miller, and quite as
 long.

Always busy, and always merry,
 Always doing his very best,
 A notable wag was little Jerry,
 Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
 But how he died there's none may
 know;
 One autumn day the rumor came,
 "The brook and Jerry are very
 low."

And then 'twas whispered, mourn-
 fully,
 The leech had come, and he was
 dead;

And all the neighbors flocked to see;
 "Poor little Jerry!" was all they
 said.

They laid him in his earthly bed, —
 His miller's coat his only shroud;
 "Dust to dust," the parson said,
 And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
 And not a grain of over-toll
 Had ever dropped into his bin,
 To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
 Of wasting wood and crumbling
 stone; [still,
 The wheel is dripping and clattering
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and
 gone.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW!

A MADRIGAL.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,
 And shoulders white as snow;
 She lives, — ah! well,
 I must not tell, —
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
 And wavy in its flow;
 Who made it less
 One little tress. —
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)
 And dazzling in their glow;
 On whom they beam
 With melting gleam, —
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,
 Like roses ere they blow;
 What lover sips
 Those dewy lips, —
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair
 When lilies fairest grow;
 Whose hand they press
 With fond caress, —
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snow-flakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow.
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished, upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but
small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it, — that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again
(Though our avarice may blind us),
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it;
What we hoarded, we have lost.

But each merciful oblation —
(Seed of pity wisely sown),
What we gave in self-negation,
We may safely call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

TO MY LOVE.

"Da mi basia." — CATULLUS.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me
low;

Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?

Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy too has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?

Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When we may love with never a
fear;

Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

SUMMER DAWN AT LOCH KATRINE.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine
blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the
trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her
fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain
side,
The torrent showed its glistening
pride;
Invisible in fleckèd sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;

The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush:
 In answer cooed the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire,
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,

Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain

Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summit, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,

Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,

Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,

The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,

Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;

Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,

Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain

The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,

Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft the ash and warrior oak

Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,

Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,

His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,

Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem

The scenery of a fairy dream.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

A PICTURE OF ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!

What though the sun, with ardent frown,

Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —

The sportive toil, which, short and light,

Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:

What though no rule of courtly grace

To measured mood had trained her pace, —

A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,

Elastic from her airy tread;

What though upon her speech there
hung
The accents of her mountain
tongue, —
Those silver sounds so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

[From *The Lady of the Lake.*]

PATERNAL LOVE.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than
heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and
clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

*MELROSE ABBEY BY MOON-
LIGHT.*

If thou would'st view fair Melrose
aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in
night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers
white;
When the cold light's uncertain
shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alter-
nately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to
live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead
man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's
reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the
grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is
love.

True love's the gift which God has
given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted
fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire.
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to
mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

BREATHES there the man, with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign
strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him
well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his
name, [claim;
Boundless his wealth as wish can
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he
sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy
 wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known
 scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath
 been,
 Seems, as to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams
 were left;
 And thus I love them better still
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me
 stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble
 way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick
 break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The bard may draw his parting
 groan.

[From *Ivanhoe*.]

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered
 keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their
 lays, [tween.
 With priest's and warrior's voice be-
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know Thy
 ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their
 own.

But present still, though now un-
 seen!

When brightly shines the prosper-
 ous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And, oh, when stoops on Judah's
 path
 In shade and storm the frequent
 night,
 Be Thou, long suffering, slow to
 wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's
 scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and
 horn.
 But Thou hast said, The blood of
 goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[From *Redgauntlet*.]

PAYMENT IN STORE.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,
 Fate quits our toil with hopes to
 come,
 Which, if far short of present pay,
 Still owns a debt and names a sum.
 Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer,
 then,
 Although a distant date be given;
 Despair is treason towards men,
 And blasphemy to Heaven.

[From *The Betrothed*.]

FAITH IN UNFAITH.

WOMAN's faith and woman's trust—
 Write the characters in dust:
 Stamp them on the running stream,
 Print them on the moon's pale beam,
 And each evanescent letter
 Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
 And more permanent, I ween;
 Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;
 I have weighed a grain of sand
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
 I told my true love of the token
 How her faith proved light and her
 word was broken;
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that
 you left me,
 And climbed the tall vessel to sail
 yon high sea; [it,
 O weary betide it! I wandered beside
 And banned it for parting my
 Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed
 thy fortune,
 Oft fought the squadrons of France
 and of Spain;
 Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at
 parting,
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the
 winds they were wailing,
 I sat on the beach wi' the tear in
 my ee,
 And thought of the bark where my
 Willie was sailing,
 And wished that the tempest could
 a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at
 her moorings,
 Now that my wanderer's in safety
 at hame,
 Music to me were the wildest winds'
 roaring,
 That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the
 dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and
 the guns they did rattle,
 And blithe was each heart for the
 great victory, [battle,
 In secret I wept for the dangers of
 And thy glory itself was scarce com-
 fort for me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I ea-
 gerly listen,
 Of each bold adventure, and every
 brave scar;
 And trust me, I'll smile, though my
 een they may glisten;
 For sweet after danger's the tale of
 the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's
 distance 'tween lovers,
 When there's naething to speak to
 the heart thro' the ee;
 How often the kindest and warmest
 prove rovers,
 And the love of the faithfulest ebbs
 like the sea.

Till, at times — could I help it? — I
 pined and I pondered
 If love could change notes like the
 bird on the tree —
 Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may
 have wandered,
 Enough, thy leal heart has been
 constant to me.

*THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW
 HILL.*

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
 In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
 The western wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once
 it bore;
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's
 shore.

With listless look along thy plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the
 tree, —
 Are they still such as once they were?
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye!
 The harp of strained and tuneless
 chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows
 chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels
 mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dewdrop's weight re-
 clining;
 I've seen an eye of lovelier hue,
 More sweet through watery lustre
 shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its mor-
 row;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remained the tear of parting sor-
 row.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the
 mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me
 gleamed misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits, when the
 eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes
 replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the
 Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was
 defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front
 was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the
 brown mountain-heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay
 stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast aban-
 doned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the
 tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely
 extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute fa-
 vorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her mas-
 ter defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his
 silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment,
 how oft didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks
 didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend
 of thy heart?
 And, oh! was it meet, that — no re-
 quiem read o'er him —
 No mother to weep, and no friend to
 deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone
 stretched before him —
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life
 should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peas-
 ant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the
 dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin
 is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the can-
 opied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight,
 the torches are gleaming;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the
 banners are beaming,
 Far adown the long aisles sacred
 music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of
 nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek
 mountain lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some
 cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side
 of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this
 desert lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover
 flying,
 With one faithful friend but to wit-
 ness thy dying,
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Cat-
 chedicam.

EMILY SEAVER.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

AND was it not enough that, meekly
 growing,
 In lack of all things wherein plants
 delight,
 Cool dews, rich soil, and gentle show-
 ers refreshing,
 It yet could blossom into beauty
 bright?

In the hot desert, in the rocky crevice,
 By dusty waysides, on the rubbish
 heap,
 Where'er the Lord appoints, it smiles,
 believing
 That where He planteth, He will
 surely keep!

Nay, this is not enough, the fierce
 sirocco
 Must root it up, and sweep it from
 its home, [desert,
 And bear it miles away, across the
 Then fling it, ruthless, on the white
 sca-foam.

Do they thus end, those lives of pa-
 tient duty,
 That grow, through every grief and
 pain more fair. —

Are they thus cast aside, at length,
 forgotten?

Ah no! my story is not ended
 there.

Those roots upon the waves of ocean
 floating,
 That in their desert homes no mois-
 ture knew,

Now, at the fount their life-long thirst
 are quenching,
 Whence rise the gentle showers,
 the nightly dew.

They drink the quickening streams
 through every fibre,
 Until with hidden life each seed
 shall swell;
 Then come the winds of God, his
 word fulfilling,
 And bear them back, where He
 shall please, to dwell.

Thus live meek spirits, duly schooled
 to duty, —
 The whirlwind storm may sweep
 them from their place;
 What matter if by this affliction
 driven
 Straight to their God, the fountain
 of all grace?

And when, at length, the final trial
 cometh,
 Though hurled to unknown worlds,
 they shall not die;
 Borne not by winds of wrath, but
 God's own angels,
 They feed upon His love and dwell
 beneath His eye.

Till by the angel of the resurrection,
 One awful blast through heaven
 and earth be blown;
 Then soul and body, met no more to
 sunder,
 That all God's ways are true and
 just shall own!

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sigh-
ing

For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee
lying,

Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle
teaching,

All thy restless yearnings it would
still,

Leaf and flower and laden bee are
preaching,

Thine own sphere, though humble,
first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around
thee

Thou no ray of light and joy canst
throw, [thee

If no silken cord of love hath bound
To some little world through weal
and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can
brighten.

No fond voices answer to thine own,
If no brother's sorrow thou canst
lighten

By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the world's
applauses,

Not by works that win thee world
renown,

Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the im-
mortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and
lonely,

Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving
only,

And truly loving, thou canst truly
live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning
When all Nature hails the lord of
light,

And his smile, nor low nor lofty
scorning,

Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and
height ?

Other hands may grasp the field and
forest,

Proud proprietors in pomp may
shine,

But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier, — all the world
is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains
thou rovest,

Sighing that they are not thine
alone,

Not those fair fields, but thyself thou
lovest,

And their beauty and thy wealth
are gone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[*From As You Like It.*]*LIFE'S THEATRE.*

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 players;
 They have their exits and their en-
 trances,
 And one man in his time plays many
 parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first
 the infant, [arms.
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's
 And then, the whining school-boy,
 with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping
 like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then,
 the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful
 ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then,
 the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded
 like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick
 in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And
 then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon
 lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal
 cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern in-
 stances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth
 age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloen,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch
 on side;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world
 too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big
 manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish
 treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last
 scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful his-
 tory,

Is second childishness, and mere ob-
 livion:

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
 everything.

[*From As You Like It.*]*INGRATITUDE.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude!
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
 green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most
 loving mere folly:
 Then heigh-ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho, &c."

[*From Hamlet.*]*TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.*

To BE, or not to be, that is the ques-
 tion —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
 suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous
 fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of
 troubles,
 And, by opposing end them? To
 die — to sleep — [end
 No more; and by a sleep to say we
 The heartache, and the thousand
 natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to! — 'tis a con-
 summation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die — to
 sleep —

To sleep!—perchance to dream!—
 ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death, what
 dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal
 coil,
 Must give us pause—there's the
 respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and
 scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud
 man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's
 delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy
 takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus*
 make
 With a bare bodkin! Who would
 fardels bear, [life,
 To groan and sweat under a weary
 But that the dread of something after
 death—
 That undiscovered country from
 whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the
 will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills
 we have, [of?
 Than fly to others that we know not
 Thus conscience does make cowards
 of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and
 moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn
 awry,
 And lose the name of action.

[From *Hamlet*.]

**GOOD COUNSEL OF POLONIUS TO
 LAERTES.**

BE thou familiar, but by no means
 vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their
 adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks
 of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with enter-
 tainment
 Of each new-hatched, unpledged com-
 rade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware
 of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few
 thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but re-
 serve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not
 gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank
 and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief
 in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and
 friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
 bandry.
 This above all.—To thine own self
 be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the
 day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any
 man!

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

FALSE APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceived with
 ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and cor-
 rupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious
 voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In re-
 ligion,
 What damned error, but some sober
 brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a
 text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair orna-
 ment?
 There is no voice so simple, but as-
 sumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward
 parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are
 all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning
Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers
white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excre-
ment,
To render them redoubted. Look on
beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by
the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in
nature,
Making them lightest that wear most
of it.
So are those crispèd, snaky, golden
locks,
Which make such wanton gambols
with the wind
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sep-
ulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd
shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beau-
teous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning
times put on
To entrap the wisest.

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him
that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-
comes
The thronèd monarch better than his
crown:
His sceptre shows the force of tempo-
ral power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear
of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptred
sway;

It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show
likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

[From *Troilus and Cressida*.]

CONSTANT EFFORT NECESSARY
TO SUPPORT FAME.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at
his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster for ingрати-
tudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past:
which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as
soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: To have done,
is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty
mail
In monumental mockery. Take the
instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so nar-
row,
Where one but goes abreast: keep
then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give
way.
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-
right,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush
by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first
rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject
rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what
they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must
o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest
by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as
he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever
smiles

And farewell goes out sighing. O,
 let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in
 service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are sub-
 jects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole
 world kin, —
 That all with one consent, praise new-
 born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded
 of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present
 object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and
 complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship
 Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch
 the eye
 Than what not stirs.

[From *Henry VIII.*]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my
 greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he
 puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
 blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick
 upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing
 frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man,
 full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his
 root
 And then he falls as I do. I have
 ventured,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on
 bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of
 glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-
 blown pride

At length broke under me; and now
 has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the
 mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever
 hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
 hate ye!

[From *Measure for Measure.*]

FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not
 where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted
 spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed
 ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless
 winds,
 And blown with restless violence
 round about
 The pendent world: or to be worse
 than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain
 thoughts
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed
 worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and impris-
 onment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death!

[From *The Tempest.*]

END OF ALL EARTHLY GLORY.

OUR revels now are ended: these our
 actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits,
 and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this
 vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous
 palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe
 itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

[From *Cymbeline*.]

FEAR NO MORE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done.

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must,
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash,
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must,
 Consign to thee, and come to dust,

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

THE HORSE OF ADONIS.

LOOK, when a painter would surpass
 the life,
 In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
 His art with Nature's workmanship
 at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:
 So did this horse excel a common one
 In shape, in courage, color, pace and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head,
 and nostrils wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs,
 and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,
 tender hide:
 Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and then he stares;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather,
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares
 And wh'er he run, or fly, they know not whether.
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, which wave like feathered wings.

LOVE, THE SOLACE OF PRESENT CALAMITY.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, [fate,
 And look upon myself, and curse my
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, — and then my state [ing
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered,
 such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

LOVE, THE RETRIEVER OF PAST LOSSES.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er,
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan.
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee,
 dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

NO SPRING WITHOUT THE BE-LOVED.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;

They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

LOVE UNALTERABLE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

TO MY SOUL.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

<p>Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end? Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss, And let that pine to aggravate thy store:</p>	<p>Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross; Within be fed, without be rich no more: So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men, And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.</p>
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PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it,
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not:
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle,—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart [art.
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is
 just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
 shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
 there

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud.
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and
 heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain
 of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which
 overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which
 screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet
 these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy
 music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture
 so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or moun-
 tains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's
 sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such
 a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell
 of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever
 should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner
 of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now.

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art
gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves
are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of
deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human
tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy
ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for
more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in
storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of
light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

DEATH.

DEATH is here, and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death,— and we are death.

First our pleasures die,— and then
Our hopes, and then our fears,— and
when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust,— and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot,—
Love itself would, did they not.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirst-
ing flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves
when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their moth-
er's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains be-
low,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow
white,
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey
bowers,
Lightning, my pilot sits,
In a cavern under, is fettered the
thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle
motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that
move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain
or stream,
The spirit he loves, remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's
blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his me-
teor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines
dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from
the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine
airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire
laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen
feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my
tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and
peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and
flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-
built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and
seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through
me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burn-
ing zone, |pearl;
And the moon's with a girdle of
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars
reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner
unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-
like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I
march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are
chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors
wove,
While the moist earth was laugh-
ing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never
a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with
their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a
ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

FROM "THE SENSITIVE-PLANT."

A SENSITIVE-plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with sil-
ver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to
the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses
of night.

And the spring arose on the garden
fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell every-
where;
And each flower and herb on Earth's
dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry
rest.

But none ever trembled and panted
with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wil-
derness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's
sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive-plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm
rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with
fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them
all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the
stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear love-
liness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and pas-
sion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells
is seen
Through their pavilions of tender
green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,
and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet
peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and in-
tense,
It was felt like an odor within the
sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the
bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her
glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting
air
The soul of her beauty and love lay
bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted
up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored
cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the
tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the
sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that
blows;
And all rare blossoms from every
clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant
bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embow-
ering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting
through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did
glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and
radiance.

.
And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers,—as an infant's awaken-
ing eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing
sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken
it,—

When heaven's blithe winds had un-
folded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden
gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every
one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle
sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
 With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
 Like young lovers whom youth and
 love make dear,
 Wrapped and filled by their mutual
 atmosphere.

But the sensitive-plant, which could
 give small fruit
 Of the love which it felt from the
 leaf to the root,
 Received more than all, it loved more
 than ever,
 Where none wanted but it, could be-
 long to the giver,—

For the sensitive-plant has no bright
 flower;
 Radiance and odor are not its dower;
 It loves, even like love, its deep heart
 is full, [ful!
 It desires what it has not, the beauti-

FROM "TO A LADY WITH A
 GUITAR."

THE artist who this idol wrought,
 To echo all harmonious thought,
 Felled a tree, while on the steep
 The woods were in their winter sleep,
 Rocked in that repose divine
 On the wind-swept Apennine;
 And dreaming, some of autumn past,
 And some of spring approaching fast,
 And some of April buds and showers,
 And some of songs in July bowers,
 And all of love; and so this tree,—
 O that such our death may be!—
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
 To live in happier form again:
 From which, beneath heaven's fair-
 est star,

The artist wrought this loved guitar,
 And taught it justly to reply,
 To all who question skilfully,
 In language gentle as thine own;
 Whispering in enamored tone
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
 And summer winds in sylvan cells;
 For it had learnt all harmonies
 Of the plains and of the skies,
 Of the forests and the mountains,
 And the many-voicèd fountains;

The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills,
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,
 And pattering rain, and breathing
 dew,
 And airs of evening; and it knew
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way,—
 All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The spirit that inhabits it;
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before,
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day.
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone
 For our belovèd friend alone.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its
 flight?
 Be it not said, thought, understood,
 That it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other
 move [light,
 From evening close to morning
 The night is good; because, my love,
 They never *say* good-night.

MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the mid-
 night moon;
 How restlessly they speed, and
 gleam, and quiver,
 Streaking the darkness radiantly!—
 yet soon
 Night closes round, and they are
 lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
 Give various response to each varying blast,
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest — a dream has power to poison sleep:
 We rise — one wandering thought pollutes the day;

We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away.

It is the same! — For, be it joy or sorrow,
 The path of its departure still is free;
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
 Naught may endure but mutability.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

STANZAS FROM "THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS."

IN every village marked with little spire,
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned,
 are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which learning near her little dome did stow;
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow, [woe;
 And work the simple vassals mickle
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;

And as they looked they found their horror grow,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound, [tray;
 Do learning's little tenement be-
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow, [field:
 As is the harebell that adorns the
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;

And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolied, and chastisement unkind.

.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Nor would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed;
The plodding pattern of the busy dame:
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;

And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragments of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat;
Sweet melody to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawnly saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should ere return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,

Our sovereign prince and liefest
 liege is placed.
 The matron sate; and some with
 rank she graced.
 (The source of children's and of
 courtiers' pride!)
 Redressed affronts, for vile affronts
 there passed;
 And warned them not the fretful
 to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever
 them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to
 descry;
 To thwart the proud and the sub-
 miss to raise;
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt
 on high,
 And some entice with pittance
 small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig
 she frays;
 E'en absent, she the reins of power
 doth hold,
 While with quaint arts, the giddy
 crowd she sways,
 Forewarned, if little bird their
 pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the
 scene unfold.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and
 din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions
 higher
 Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I
 reign,
 And every health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright cham-
 pagne!
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn,

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to
 win;
 It buys what courts have not in store,
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull
 round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

[From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*]

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against Fate —
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and
 spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
 field, [kill;
 And plant fresh laurels where they
 But their strong nerves at last must
 yield —

They tame but one another still;
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,
 And must give up their murmuring
 breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to
 death.

The garlands wither on your brow —
 Then boast no more your mighty
 deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds.
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb —
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the
 dust.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot
of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of
woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's
release,
The indifferent judge between the
high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from
out the prease
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me
doth throw:

O make me in those civil wars to
cease!
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows,
sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind
to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine
by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt
in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's im-
age see.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE
BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws
nigh;
The sentence speeds — *to die, to die.*
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace com-
pelled,
How canst thou bear the dread de-
cree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from
me?
To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame com-
mend,
If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning
brain,
With cares and vigils turned thee
pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength
did fail —
Forgive! — Forgive! — thy task doth
cease,
Friend! Lover! — let us part in peace.
If thou didst sometimes check my
force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering
trust,

Or bow my drooping wing to dust —
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of
God.

— Well hast thou in my service
wrought;

Thy brow hath mirrored forth my
thought,

To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed,
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;
Thine ear hath borne me rich sup-
plies

Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have
done,

Thy feet upon mine errands run;
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding
well,

Faithful and true! farewell, farewell!

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers
shall spread.

Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fevered dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
 And long thy gasp and groan of pain
 Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
 Though angels urge me hence to soar,
 Where I shall share thine ills no more.
 Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy
 pain
 Remember — we shall meet again.
 Quell with this hope the victor's
 sting,
 And keep it as a signet-ring,
 When the dire worm shall pierce thy
 breast,
 And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
 When stars shall fall, and skies grow
 dark,
 And proud suns quench their glow-
 worm spark,
 Keep thou that hope, to light thy
 gloom,
 Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
 —Then shalt thou glorious rise, and
 fair,
 Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
 And I, with hovering wing elate,
 The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
 And breathe the welcome of the sky—
 “No more to part, no more to die,
 Co-heir of Immortality.”

BENEVOLENCE.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the
 mine?
 And whose the silver? Are they not
 the Lord's?
 And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
 And the broad earth with all her
 gushing springs
 Are they not His who made them?

Ye who hold
 Slight tenantry therein, and call your
 lands
 By your own names, and lock your
 gathered gold
 From him who in his bleeding Sa-
 viour's name
 Doth ask a part, whose shall those
 riches be
 When, like the grass-blade from the
 autumn frost,
 Ye fall away?

Point out to me the forms
 That in your treasure-chambers shall
 enact
 Glad mastership, and revel where
 you toiled
 Sleepless and stern. Strange faces
 are they all.
 O man! whose wrinkling labor is
 for heirs
 Thou knowest not who, thou in thy
 mouldering bed,
 Unkenned, unchronicled of them,
 shall sleep;
 Nor will they thank thee, that thou
 didst bereave
 Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayest give
 The famished food, the prisoner
 liberty,
 Light to the darkened mind, to the
 lost soul
 A place in heaven. Take thou the
 privilege
 With solemn gratitude. Speck as
 thou art
 Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
 To be co-worker with the King of
 kings.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build on the tossing and treach-
 erous main;
 Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye
 mock,
 With your sand-based structures, and
 domes of rock;
 Your columns the fathomless foun-
 tains lave,
 And your arches spring up through
 the crested wave;
 Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.
 Ye bind the deep with your secret
 zone.
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a
 stone;
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pave-
 ment spring,
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's
 king:

The turf looks green where the break-
ers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of
gold, [men,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of
And mountains exult where the wave
hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the bil-
lows dark

The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the
tented field;

'Mid the blossomed sweets that the
valleys yield;

There are serpents to coil ere the
flowers are up:

There's a poison drop in man's purest
cup;

There are foes that watch for his cra-
dle breath,

And why need ye sow the floods with
death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are
white,

From the ice-clad pole to the tropics
bright;

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers
cold

With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls
of gold;

And the gods of ocean have frowned
to see

The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of
glee;

Hath earth no graves? that ye thus
must spread

The boundless sea with the throng
ing dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not
in;

Like the tribes whom the desert de-
voured in their sin;

From the land of promise, ye fade
and die,

Ere its verdure gleams forth on your
wearied eye.

As the cloud-crowned pyramids'
founders sleep

Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the deso-
late main,

While the wonder and pride of your
works remain.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

PROGRESS IN DENIAL.

"YET, onward still!" the spirit cries
within,

'Tis I that must repay thee. Mortal
fame,

If won, is but at best the hollow din,
The vulgar freedom with a mighty
name;

Seek not this music,—ask not this
acclaim,

But in the strife find succor;—for
the toil

Pursued for such false barter ends
in shame,

As certainly as that which seeks but
spoil!

Best recompense he finds, who, to
his task

Brings a proud, patient spirit that
will wait,

Nor for the guerdon stoop, nor vainly
ask

Of fate or fortune,—but with right
good-will, [still,

Go, working on, and uncomplaining
Assured of fit reward, or soon or
late!

SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

WOODS, waters, have a charm to
soothe the ear,

When common sounds have vexed
it. When the day

Grows sultry, and the crowd is in
thy way,

And working in thy soul much coil
and care,—

Betake thee to the forests. In the
shade

Of pines, and by the side of purling streams
 That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,
 Unconscious of a listener,—unafraid;
 Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the truth
 Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,
 Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,
 When in all natural joys thy joy had part,
 Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade
 Had turned thee to the thing thou wast not made.

RECOMPENSE.

Not profitless the game, even when we lose,
 Nor wanting in reward the thankless toil;
 The wild adventure that the man pursues,
 Requites him, though he gather not the spoil:
 Strength follows labor, and its exercise
 Brings independence, fearlessness of ill,—
 Courage and pride,—all attributes we prize;—
 Though their fruits fail, not the less precious still.
 Though fame withholds the trophy of desire,
 And men deny, and the impatient throng
 Grow heedless, and the strains protracted, tire;—
 Not wholly vain the minstrel and the song,
 If, striving to arouse one heavenly tone
 In others' hearts, it wakens up his own.

And this, methinks, were no unseemly boast,
 In him who thus records the experience

Of one, the humblest of that erring host,
 Whose labors have been thought to need defence.
 What though he reap no honors,—what though death
 Rise terrible between him and the wreath,
 That had been his reward, ere, in the dust,
 He too is dust; yet hath he in his heart,
 The happiest consciousness of what is just,
 Sweet, true, and beautiful,—which will not part [faith,
 From his possession. In this happy
 He knows that life is lovely,—that all things
 Are sacred;—that the air is full of wings
 Bent heavenward,—and that bliss is born of scath!

HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

WE are not always equal to our fate,
 Nor true to our conditions. Doubt and fear
 Beset the bravest in their high career,
 At moments when the soul, no more elate
 With expectation, sinks beneath the time.
 The masters have their weakness. "I would climb,"
 Said Raleigh, gazing on the highest hill,—
 "But that I tremble with the fear to fall!"
 Apt was the answer of the high-souled Queen,—
 "If thy heart fail thee, never climb at all!"
 The heart! if that be sound, confirms the rest,
 Crowns genius with his lion will and mien,
 And, from the conscious virtue in the breast,
 To trembling nature gives both strength and will!

FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH wronged, not harsh my answer! Love is fond,
 Even pained,—and rather to his injury bends,
 Than chooses to make shipwreck of his friends
 By stormy summons. He hath naught beyond
 For consolation, if that these be lost;
 And rather will he hear of fortune crossed,
 Plans baffled, hopes denied,—than take a tone
 Resentful,—with a quick and keen reply
 To hasty passion and impatient eye,
 Such as by noblest natures may be shown,
 When the mood vexes! Friendship is a seed
 Needs tendance. You must keep it free from weed,
 Nor, if the tree has sometimes bitter fruit,
 Must you for this lay axe unto the root.

UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THAT season which all other men regret,
 And strive, with boyish longing, to recall,
 Which love permits not memory to forget,
 And fancy still restores in dreams of all
 That boyhood worshipped, or believed, or knew,—
 Brings no sweet images to me,—was true,
 Only in cold and cloud, in lonely days
 And gloomy fancies,—in defrauded claims,
 Defeated hopes, denied, denying aims;—
 Cheered by no promise,—lighted by no rays,

Warmed by no smile,—no mother's smile,—that smile,
 Of all, best suited sorrow to beguile,
 And strengthen hope, and, by unmarked degrees,
 Encourage to their birth high purposes.

MANHOOD.

MANHOOD at last!—and, with its consciousness,
 Are strength and freedom; freedom to pursue
 The purposes of hope,—the godlike bliss,
 Born in the struggle for the great and true!
 And every energy that should be mine,
 This day, I dedicate to its object,—Life!
 So help me, Heaven, that never I resign
 The duty which devotes me to the strife;
 The enduring conflict which demands my strength,
 Whether of soul or body, to the last;
 The tribute of my years, through all their length;
 The future's compensation to the past!
 Boys' pleasures are for boyhood,—its best cares
 Befit us not in our performing years.

NIGHT-STORM.

THIS tempest sweeps the Atlantic!—Nevasink
 Is howling to the capes! Grim Hatteras cries
 Like thousand damnèd ghosts, that on the brink
 Lift their dark hands and threaten the threatening skies;
 Surging through foam and tempest, old Román
 Hangs o'er the gulf, and, with his cavernous throat,
 Pours out the torrent of his wolfish note,

And bids the billows bear it where
they can!
Deep calleth unto deep, and, from
the cloud,
Launches the bolt, that, bursting
o'er the sea,
Rends for a moment the thick pitchy
shroud,
And shows the ship the shore be-
neath her lee:
Start not, dear wife, no dangers here
betide,—
And see, the boy still sleeping at
your side!

TRIUMPH.

THE grave but ends the struggle!
Follows then
The triumph, which, superior to
the doom, .

Grows loveliest, and looks best, to
mortal men,
Purple in beauty, towering o'er the
tomb!
Oh! with the stoppage of the impul-
sive tide
That vexed the impatient heart
with needful strife,
The soul that is hope's living,
leaps to life,
And shakes her fragrant plumage far
and wide!
Eyes follow then in worship which
but late
Frowned in defiance,— and the
timorous herd, [word.
That sleekly waited for another's
Grow bold, at last, to bring,— obey-
ing fate,—
The tribute of their praise, but late
denied,—
Tribute of homage which is some-
times,— hate!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

[From Horton.]

BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath-day,
Through the church-yard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music — in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine —
Gleamed and vanished in a moment — Oh, that face was surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!
O earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist;
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist —
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara!

I searched, in my despair,
 Sunny noon and midnight air;
 I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.
 Oh, many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,
 My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone,
 Within the dripping church-yard, the rain plashing on your stone,
 You were sleeping, Barbara!

'Mong angels, do you think
 Of the precious golden link
 I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by yon brink?
 Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
 Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through latticed bars,
 The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
 Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;
 Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
 And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged;
 But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked:
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact —
 Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless cataract —
 Still I love you, Barbara!

Yet, love, I am unblest;
 With many doubts opprest,
 I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
 Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
 The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more
 Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all lore.
 You could teach me, Barbara!

In vain, in vain, in vain!
 You will never come again!
 There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
 The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
 Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
 Barbara!

GLASGOW.

SING, poet, 'tis a merry world;
 That cottage smoke is rolled and
 curled
 In sport, that every moss
 Is happy, every inch of soil; —
 Before *me* runs a road of toil
 With my grave cut across.
 Sing, trailing showers and breezy
 downs —
 I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City! I am true son of thine;
 Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings
 shine
 Around the bleating pens;
 Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
 And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
 The silence of the glens.
 Instead of shores where ocean
 beats
 I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black Labor draws his weary waves
 Into their secret moaning caves;
 But, with the morning light,
 That sea again will overflow
 With a long, weary sound of woe,
 Again to faint in night.
 Wave am I in that sea of woes,
 Which, night and morning, ebbs and
 flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
 Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
 Yet there my heart was stirred —
 My very blood did dance and thrill,
 When on my narrow window-sill
 Spring lighted like a bird.
 Poor flowers! I watched them pine
 for weeks,
 With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
 Through golden vapors of the morn
 I heard the hills of sheep:
 I trod with a wild ecstasy
 The bright fringe of the living sea:
 And on a ruined keep
 I sat, and watched an endless plain
 Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

Oh, fair the lightly-sprinkled waste,
 O'er which a laughing shower has
 raced!

Oh, fair the April shoots!
 Oh, fair the woods on summer days,
 While a blue hyacinthine haze
 Is dreaming round the roots!
 In thee, O city! I discern
 Another beauty, sad and stern.

Drawthy fiercestreamsof blindingore,
 Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
 Down to the harbor-bars;
 Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
 On rainy nights; with street and
 square

Lie empty to the stars.
 From terrace proud to alley base
 I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
 In wreaths of bronze thy sides are
 rolled,
 Thy smoke is dusky fire;
 And, from the glory round thee
 poured,

A sunbeam like an angel's sword
 Shivers upon a spire.
 Thus have I watched thee, Terror!
 Dream!
 While the blue night crept up the
 stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
 He shrieks across the midnight rills;
 Streams through the shifting glare,
 The roar and flap of foundry fires,
 That shake with light the sleeping
 shires;
 And on the moorlands bare
 He sees afar a crown of light
 Hang o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
 As silent as a noonday sky
 When larks with heat are mute,
 I love to linger on thy bridge,
 All lonely as a mountain ridge,
 Disturbed but by my foot;
 While the black lazy stream beneath
 Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart as through a
 dream,
 Flows on that black disdainful
 stream;
 All scornfully it flows,
 Between the huddled gloom of masts,
 Silent as pines unvexed by blasts —
 'Tween lamps in streaming rows,
 O wondrous sight! O stream of
 dread!
 O long, dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
 Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
 'Tis only when I greet
 A dropt rose lying in my way,
 A butterfly that flutters gay
 Athwart the noisy street.
 I know the happy Summer smiles
 Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
 The flash and thunder of the surge
 On flat sands wide and bare;
 No haunting joy or anguish dwells
 In the green light of sunny dells,
 Or in the starry air.
 Alike to me the desert flower,
 The rainbow laughing o'er the shower

While o'er thy wall the darkness sails,
 I lean against the churchyard rails;
 Up in the midnight towers
 The belfried spire, the street is dead,
 I hear in silence overhead
 The clang of iron hours:
 It moves me not — I know her tomb
 Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
 Solemnities of life and death,
 Dwell in thy noise alone:
 Of me thou hast become a part —
 Some kindred with my human heart
 Lives in thy streets of stone;
 For we have been familiar more
 Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the
 shower
 Is burnished; on the swinging flower

The latest bee doth sit
 The low sun stares through dust of
 gold.
 And o'er the darkening heath and
 wold
 The large ghost-moth doth flit.
 In every orchard Autumn stands,
 With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are
 strange;
 Then wherefore from thee should I
 range?
 Thou hast my kith and kin;
 My childhood, youth, and manhood
 brave;
 Thou hast that unforgotten grave
 Within thy central din.
 A sacredness of love and death
 Dwells in thy noise and smoky
 breath.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my humble hearth;
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good,
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a song most soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassest, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;
 Theirs is but a summer-song,
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
 Puts a period to thy lay:
 Then, insect! let thy simple song
 Cheer the winter evening long;
 While, secure from every storm,
 In my cottage stout and warm,
 Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,
 And I'll delight to shelter thee.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so
 lately wove,
 Each simple flower which she had
 nursed in dew,
 Anemones that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and harebell
 mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the
 dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the
 plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every
 bell,
 And dress with humid hands her
 wreaths again.
 Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so
 fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early
 day,
 Till tyrant passion and corrosive
 care
 Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
 Another May new buds and flowers
 shall bring;
 Ah! why has *Happiness* no second
 Spring?

FLORENCE SMITH.

[*From Rainbow-Songs.*]**THE PURPLE OF THE POET.**

PURPLE, the passionate color!
 Purple, the color of pain!
 I clothe myself in the rapture—
 I count the suffering gain!

The sea lies gleaming before me,
 Pale in the smile of the sun—
 No shadow — all golden and azure —
 The joy of the day has begun!

Throbbing and yearning forever,
 With longing unsatisfied, sweet —
 Flushed with the pain and the rapture,
 Warm at the sun-god's feet —

In the glow and gloom of the evening
 The glory is reached — and o'er-
 past;
 Joy's rose-bloom has ripened to purple —
 'Twill fade, but the stars shine at last!

Purple, the passionate color!
 Robing the martyr, the king —
 Regal in joy and in anguish,
 Life's blossom; with, ah! its sting —

Give me the sovereign color —
 I'll suffer that I may reign!
 The poet's moment of rapture
 Is worth the poet's pain!

[*From Rainbow-Songs.*]**THE YELLOW OF THE MISER.**

THE beautiful color — the color of gold!
 How it sparkles and burns in the piled-up dust!
 The poets! they know not, they never have told
 Of the fadeless color, the color of gold —
 Of my god in whom I trust!
 Deep down in the earth it winds and it creeps —

In her sluggish old veins 'tis the warm rich blood —

The old mother-monster! how soundly she sleeps!

Come! nearest her heart, where the strong life leaps —

We drink, we bathe in the flood!

Ah, the far-off days! was I ever a child?

—My brain is so dark, and my heart has grown cold.

Those fields where the golden-eyed buttercups smiled

Long ago — did I love them with heart undefiled?

Did I seek the flowers for the gold?

Be still! O thou traitor Remorse, at my heart,

Whining without in the dark at the door —

I know thee, the beggar and thief that thou art,

Lying low at my threshold — I bid thee depart!

Thou shalt dog my footsteps no more.

Wilt thou bring me the faded flowers of my youth —

With hands full of dead leaves, and lips full of lies —

For these shall I yield thee my treasure, in sooth?

Are the buttercup's petals pure gold, say truth!

Wilt thou coin me the daisy's eyes?

I hate them! the smiling flowers in the sun,

And the yellow, smooth rays that they feed on at noon —

'Tis the hard cold gold I will have or none!

Come, pluck me the stars down, one by one,

Plant me the pale rich moon!

Ah! the mystical seed, it has grown,
 it has spread!
 — But the sharp star-points they are
 piercing my brow,
 And the rosy home-faces grow livid
 and dead
 In the terrible color the fire-blossoms
 shed —
 I am reaping my harvest in now!

'The horrible color—the color of
 flame!
 The hot sun has o'erflowed from his
 broken urn —
 O thou pitiless sky! wilt thou show
 me my shame?
 While the cursèd gold clings to my
 fingers like flame —
 And glitters only to burn!

SOMEBODY OLDER.

How pleasant it is that always
 There's somebody older than you—
 Some one to pet and caress you,
 Some one to scold you too!

Some one to call you a baby,
 To laugh at you when you're wise;
 Some one to care when you're sorry,
 To kiss the tears from your eyes.

When life has begun to be weary,
 And youth to melt like the dew,
 To know, like the little children,
 Somebody's older than you!

The path cannot be so lonely,
 For some one has trod it before;
 The golden gates are the nearer,
 That some one stands at the door!

— I can think of nothing sadder
 Than to feel, when days are few,
 There's nobody left to lean on,
 Nobody older than you!

The younger ones may be tender
 To the feeble steps and slow;
 But they can't talk the old times
 over —
 Alas! how should they know!

'Tis a romance to them — a wonder
 You were ever a child at play;
 But the dear ones waiting in Heaven
 Know it is all as you say.

I know that the great All-Father
 Loves us and the little ones too;
 Keep only child-like hearted —
 Heaven is older than you!

UNREQUITING.

I CANNOT love thee, but I hold thee
 dear —
 Thou must not stay — I cannot bid
 thee go!
 I am so lonely, and the end draws
 near —
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

'Tis but a little longer — keep thy
 faith!
 Though love's last rapture I shall
 never know,
 I fain would trust thee even unto
 death;
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

I am so poor I have no self to give,
 And less than *all* I will not offer,
 no!
 I die, but not for thee — fain would
 I live —
 Ay! love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

Like a strange flower that blossoms
 in the night,
 And dies at dawn, love faded long
 ago —
 Born in a dream it perished with the
 light —
 Lov'st thou me still? Ah, do not
 tell me so!

Let me imagine that thou art my
 friend —
 No less — no more I ask for here
 below!
 Be patient with me even to the end —
 Loving me still, thou wilt not tell
 me so!

Those words were sweet once—never
more again!

—I thought my dream had van-
ished, let it go!

I dreamed of joy — I woke, it turned
to pain — [so!

Ah, love me still, but never tell me

I cannot lose thee yet, so near to
heaven!

There with diviner love all souls
shall glow;

There is no marriage bond, no vows
are given —

Thou'lt love me still, nor need to
tell me so!

Ah! I am selfish, asking even this —
I cannot love thee, nor yet bid thee
go!

To utter love is nigh love's dearest
bliss —

Thou lov'st me still, and dost not
tell me so!

HORACE SMITH.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with
morn to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's
creation,

And dew-drops on her lonely altars
sprinkle

As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending
lowly

Before the uprisen sun — God's
lidless eye — [holy

Throw from your chalices a sweet and
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied
beauty

The floor of Nature's temple tes-
sellate,

What numerous emblems of instruc-
tive duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral
bell that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the pass-
ing air,

Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever
ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling
arch and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal
hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and
solemn,

Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our
wonder,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun
and moon supply —

Its choir, the winds and waves; its
organ, thunder,

Its dome the sky.

There — as in solitude and shade I
wander

Through the green aisles, or,
stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently pon-
der

The ways of God —

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are
living preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a
book,

Supplying to my fancy, numerous
teachers

From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splen-
dor

"Weep without woe, and blush
without a crime,"

O may I deeply learn, and ne'er sur-
render,

Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy
glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes
like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how
transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heav-
enly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's
wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou im-
partest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though
made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by
day and night,
From every source your sanction bids
me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors
hoary
For such a world of thought could
furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like col-
lection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred
in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands
remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or
divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy
ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about, (how
strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand
years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its
glory,
And Time had not begun to over-
throw
Those temples, palaces, and piles
stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremen-
dous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast
acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue — come — let
us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above
ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the
moon —
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied
creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and
limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst
recollect —
To whom should we assign the
Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his
name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung
by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and for-
bidden
By oath to tell the secret of thy
trade —
Then say what secret melody was
hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sun-
rise played;
Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so,
my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns
its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pin-
ioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh,
glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's
hat;
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen
Dido pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedica-
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand,
when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and
knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and
embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been
suckled;

Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop — if that with-
ered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless
orbs have seen —
How the world looked when it was
fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left
it green; [pages
Or was it then so old that history's
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep
thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of
thyself —
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-
house;
Since in the world of spirits thou
hast slumbered —
What hast thou seen — what strange
adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box
extended
We have above ground, seen some
strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and
ended —
New worlds have risen — we have
lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust
been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er
thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror,
Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with
thundering tread —
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis,
Isis;
And shook the Pyramids with fear
and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell
asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be con-
fessed,
The nature of thy private life un-
fold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that
leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek
have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees
and kissed that face ;
What was thy name and station, age
and race ?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the
dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy
narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our
presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judg-
ment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill
thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument
endure,
If its undying guest be lost for-
ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed
and pure
In living virtue — that when both
must sever,
Although corruption may our frame
consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may
bloom!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

IF.

If, sitting with this little worn-out
shoe

And scarlet stocking lying on my
knee,

I knew his little feet had pattered
through

The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt
heaven and me,

I should be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the
jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of
birds,

Reminds me of lost music far more
sweet,

I listened for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled
feet,

I could be almost happy, though I
heard

No answer, and I saw his vacant
seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is
done,

And all its cares and heart-aches
laid away, [sun,

I could look westward to the hidden
And, with a heart full of sweet
yearnings, say —

“To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day.”

If he were dead, I should not sit to-
day

And stain with tears the wee sock
on my knee;

I should not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
“Bring back again my little boy
to me!”

I should be patient, knowing it was
God's way,

And wait to meet him o'er death's
silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure
and white,

The haunts of vice have boldly ven-
tured in!

The hands that should have battled
for the right

Have been wrung crimson in the
clasp of sin!

And should he knock at Heaven's
gate to-night,

I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons
have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore
have set,

The things which our weak judg-
ments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved
with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark
night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints
of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans
are right,

And how what seemed reproof was
love most true.

And we shall see how, while we
frown and sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you
and me;

How, when we called, He heeded not
our cry,

Because His wisdom to the end
could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving baby-
hood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us
now

Life's sweetest things, because it
seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with
life's wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel
and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or
mine

Pours out the potion for our lips to
drink;

And if some friend we love is lying
 low,
 Where human kisses cannot reach his
 face,
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
 But wear your sorrow with obe-
 dient grace!

And you shall shortly know that
 lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends
 His friend,
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall
 of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love
 can send. [life,
 'f we could push ajar the gates of
 And stand within and all God's
 workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and
 strife [key.
 And for each mystery could find a
 But not to-day. Then be content,
 poor heart;
 God's plans like lilies pure and
 white unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut
 leaves apart, [gold.
 Time will reveal the calyxes of
 And if, through patient toil, we
 reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals
 loosed, may rest,
 When we shall clearly know and
 understand,
 I think that we shall say, "God
 knew the best!"

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH THY BARK, MARINER.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee;
 Let loose the rudder bands,
 Good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home!
 Look to the weather bow,
 Breakers are round thee;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So — let the vessel wear, —
 There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?
 "Cloudy, all quiet, —
 No land yet, — all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant, —
 Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clear out the hold, —

Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold;
 There, let the ingots go; —
 Now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbor's near, —
 Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam; —
 Christian! cast anchor now, —
 Heaven is thy home!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly! bow the head —
 In reverent silence bow!
 No passing bell doth toll;
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
 With lowly reverence bow!
 There's one in that poor shed —
 One by that paltry bed —
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! — no crowds attend —
Enter! — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands.
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short deep gasp — and then
The parting groan!

O change! — O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized — and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

I NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me —
A little flower — a faded flower —
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and
broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall nevermore be spoken,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[*From Thalaba.*]

*NATURE'S QUESTION AND FAITH'S
ANSWER.*

ALAS! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved.
Alas! the wife beloved.
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia
named,
They wished their lot like hers, —
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved.
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of
her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she
felt like one.
Half-wakened from a midnight dream
of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy

Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed coun-
tenance,
Sob out the name of mother! then
she groaned.

At length collecting, Zeinab turned
her eyes

To heaven, and praised the Lord:

"He gave, he takes away!"

The pious sufferer cried;

"The Lord our God is good!"

"Good, is he?" quoth the boy:
"Why are my brethren and my sis-
ters slain?"

Why is my father killed?

Did ever we neglect our prayers,
Or ever lift a hand unclean to
Heaven?

Did ever stranger from our tent

Unwelcomed turn away?

Mother, He is not good!"

Then Zeinab beat her breast in
agony, —

"O God, forgive the child!

He knows not what he says;
Thou know'st I did not teach him
thoughts like these;
O Prophet, pardon him!"

She had not wept till that assuag-
ing prayer;
The fountains of her grief were
opened then,
And tears relieved her heart.
She raised her swimming eyes to
heaven, —
"Allah! thy will be done!
Beneath the dispensations of that
will
I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come when all things
that are dark
Will be made clear: then shall I
know, O Lord!
Why, in thy mercy, thou hast
stricken me;
Then see and understand what
now
My heart believes and feels."

[From *Thalaba*.]

REMEDIAL SUFFERING.

"Repine not, O my son!" the old
man replied,
"That Heaven hath chastened thee,
Behold this vine:
I found it a wild tree, whose wan-
ton strength
Had swoln into irregular twigs.
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and lit-
tle rings;
So, in the flourish of its out-
wardness,
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth
fruit.
But when I pruned the plant,
Then it grew temperate in its
vain expense
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as
thou seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to
repay

The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven
inflicts
Its painful remedies."

[From *Thalaba*.]

THE TWOFOLD POWER OF ALL THINGS.

ALL things have a double power,
Alike for good and evil. The same
fire,
That on the comfortable hearth
at eve
Warmed the good man, flames o'er
the house at night:
Should we for this forego
The needful element?
Because the scorching summer
sun
Darts fever, wouldst thou quench the
orb of day?
Or deemest thou that Heaven in
anger formed
Iron to till the field, because,
when man
Had tipt his arrows for the chase,
he rushed
A murderer to the war?

[From *Thalaba*.]

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent
air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck
nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon
divine
Rolls through the dark blue
depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with
the sky.
How beautiful is night!

[*From The Curse of Kehama.*]

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven, Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth
They perish where they had their birth.

But Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,

The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

**THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND
HOW HE GAINED THEM.**

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are
gray:

You are hale, Father William, a
hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
replied,

I remembered that youth would fly
fast,
And abused not my health and my
vigor at first,
That I never might need them at
last.

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass
away,

And yet you lament not the days that
are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
replied,
I remembered that youth could not
last;
I thought of the future, whatever I
did,
That I never might grieve for the
past.

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,
And life must be hastening away:
You are cheerful, and love to converse
upon death!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father
William replied;
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered
my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age.

[*From Joan of Arc.*]

**THE MAID OF ORLEANS GIRDING
FOR BATTLE.**

SCARCE had the earliest ray from
Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curled
along

The winding waves of Vienne, when
from her couch

Started the martial maid. She
mailed her limbs;

The white plumes nodded o'er her
helmed head;

She girt the sacred falchion by her
side,

And, like some youth that from his
mother's arms,

For his first field impatient, breaks
away,

Poising the lance went forth.

Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in ordered ranks their well
sharped spears,

Await her coming. Terrible in arms,
 Before them towered Dunois, his
 manly face
 Dark-shadowed by the helmet's iron
 cheeks.
 The assembled court gazed on the
 marshalled train,
 And at the gate the aged prelate stood
 To pour his blessing on the chosen
 host.
 And now a soft and solemn sym-
 phony
 Was heard, and chanting high the
 hallowed hymn,
 From the near convent came the ves-
 tal maids.
 A holy banner, woven by virgin
 hands,
 Snow-white, they bore. A mingled
 sentiment
 Of awe, and eager ardor for the
 fight,
 Thrilled through the troops, as he,
 the reverend man
 Took the white standard, and with
 heavenward eye
 Called on the God of Justice, bless-
 ing it.
 The maid, her brows in reverence
 unhelmed,
 Her dark hair floating on the morn-
 ing gale,
 Knelt to his prayer, and stretching
 forth her hand,
 Received the mystic ensign. From
 the host
 A loud and universal shout burst
 forth,
 As rising from the ground, on her
 white brow
 She placed the plumèd casque, and
 waved on high
 The bannered lilies.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to
 see
 The holly-tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well
 perceives
 Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's
 sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are
 seen
 Wrinkled and keen,
 No grazing cattle through their
 prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is
 to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless
 leaves appear.

I love to view these things with cu-
 rious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in the wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a
 pleasant rhyme,
 Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though abroad perchance I might
 appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would in-
 trude
 Reserved and rude;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd
 be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-
 tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt,
 I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities, I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age
 should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly
 tree.

And as when all the summer trees
 are seen
 So bright and green
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues
 display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods
 we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-
 tree?

So serious should my youth appear
among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and
gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT! and not one to heave the
pious sigh?
Not one whose sorrow-swollen and
aching eye
For social scenes, for life's endear-
ments fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the
dead!
Poor wretched outcast! I will weep
for thee,
And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
Yes, I will weep; but not that thou
art come
To the stern sabbath of the silent
tomb:
For squalid want, and the black scor-
pion care,
Heart-withering fiends! shall never
enter there.
I sorrow for the ills thy life hath
known,
As through the world's long pilgrim-
age, alone,
Haunted by poverty, and woebegone,
Unloved, unfriended, thou didst jour-
ney on:
Thy youth in ignorance and labor
past,
And thine old age all barrenness and
blast.
Hard was thy fate, which, while it
doomed to woe,
Denied thee wisdom to support the
blow;
And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-
kind.
Abject of thought, the victim of dis-
tress,
To wander in the world's wide wilder-
ness.

Poor outcast, sleep in peace! the win-
try storm
Blows bleak no more on thy unshel-
tered form;
Thy woes are past; thou restest in
the tomb; —
I pause, and ponder on the days to
come.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely nature see the God of love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the wild music of the wind-
swept grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic
vest
Rouse not such ardor in my breast,
As where the noon-tide beam
Flashed from the broken stream,
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when reclining on the cliff's huge
height,
I mark the billows burst in silver
light.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!
I to the woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all nature's charms mine
eyes,
And hear all nature's melodies.
The primrose bank shall there dis-
pense
Faint fragrance to the awakened
sense:
The morning beams that life and
joy impart,
Shall with their influence warm my
heart,
And the full tear that down my
cheek will steal,
Shall speak the prayer of praise I
feel.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!

I to the woodlands bend my way
 And meet Religion there.
 She needs not haunt the high-arched
 dome to pray
 Where storied windows dim the
 doubtful day.
 With Liberty she loves to rove,
 Wide o'er the heathy hill or cow-
 slipt dale;
 Or seek the shelter of the embower-
 ing grove,
 Or with the streamlet wind along
 the vale.
 Sweet are these scenes to her; and
 when the night
 Pours in the north her silver streams
 of light,
 She woos reflection in the silent
 gloom,
 And ponders on the world to come.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and
 round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
 Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
 There's many hereabout,
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
 Young Peterkin he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
 That put the French to rout;
 But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said, quoth he,
 That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by,
 They burnt his dwelling to the
 ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country
 round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born infant, died;
 But things like that, you know, *must*
 be
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, *must*
 be
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' *won*,
 And our good Prince Eugene.
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last?
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water
 Come down at Lodore!"
 My little boy asked me
 Thus, once on a time;
 And moreover he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon, at the word;
 There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother;
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
 They had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store;
 And 'twas in my vocation
 For their recreation
 That so I should sing;
 Because I was laureate
 To them and the king.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell;
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills;
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake,
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry,
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till, in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and ringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around
 With endless rebound:
 Smiting and fighting
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with
 its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning.
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning;
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and
 sprawling,

And driving and riving and striv-
ing,
And sprinkling and twinkling and
wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and
rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and
doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and
tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting
and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing
and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing
and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and
boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and
steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brush-
ing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clap-
ping, and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purl-
ing and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and
bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splash-
ing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always de-
scending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever
are blending
All at once, and all o'er, with a
mighty uproar, —
And this way, the water comes down
at Lodore.

THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did
mine eyes,
As watchfully I roamed thy green-
wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong,
The laboring boatmen upward plied
their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labor-
ing long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabored boat falls rapidly
along,
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
So silent late, the shallow current
roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-
ward way
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know!
The wisdom emblemed in thy vary-
ing way,
It speaks of human joys that rise so
slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood,
And slow to strength and power at-
tained at last,
Thus from the summit of high for-
tune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears
The course of time to manhood's en-
vied stage,
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing
years
Then hasten to old age!

TO THE FIRE.

My friendly fire, thou blazest clear
and bright,
Nor smoke nor ashes soil thy grate-
ful flame;
Thy temperate splendor cheers the
gloom of night,
Thy genial heat enlivens the
chilled frame.

I love to muse me o'er the evening
 hearth,
 I love to pause in meditation's
 sway;
 And whilst each object gives reflec-
 tion birth,
 Mark thy brisk rise, and see thy
 slow decay;
 And I would wish, like thee, to shine
 serene,

Like thee, within mine influence,
 all to cheer;
 And wish at last in life's declining
 scene,
 As I had beamed as bright, to fade
 as clear:
 So might my children ponder o'er my
 shrine,
 And o'er my ashes muse, as I will
 muse o'er thine.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

CONTENT AND RICH.

My conscience is my crown;
 Contented thoughts, my rest;
 My heart is happy in itself,
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;
 That mean, the surest lot,
 That lies too high for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few;
 All easy to fulfil:
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold,
 Well-doing is my wealth;
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
 The wings of swelling pride;
 Their fall is worst that from the height
 Of greatest honor slide.

Since sails of largest size
 The storm doth soonest tear,
 I bear so low and small a sail
 As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
 While fury's flame doth burn;

It is in vain to stop the stream
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.

And, taught with often proof,
 A tempered calm I find
 To be most solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
 My clothes more fit than fine;
 I know I feed and clothe a foe,
 That pampered would repine.

I envy not their hap
 Whom favor doth advance;
 I take no pleasure in their pain
 That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
 I deem a losing gain;
 All states with others' ruin built
 To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
 Can cast my comforts down:
 When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
 She proved an angry foe,
 Small gain, I found, to let her come -
 Less loss to let her go.

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

THE SPEED OF HAPPY HOURS.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
 Unheeded flew the hours:
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
 The ebbings of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond
 sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings?

EDMUND SPENSER.

[*From The Epithalamium.*]

*THE BRIDE BEAUTIFUL, BODY
AND SOUL.*

Now is my love all ready forth to
 come:
 Let all the virgins therefore well
 await;
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon
 her groom,
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming
 straight.
 Set all your things in seemly good
 array,
 Fit for so joyful day:
 The joyfull'st day that ever sun did
 see.
 Fair sun! show forth thy favorable
 ray,
 And let thy life's heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face.
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fairest Phoebus! father of the Muse!
 If ever I did honor thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that might thy
 mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon
 refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day be
 mine;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will
 sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and
 their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with
 portly pace,
 Like Phoebe, from her chamber of
 the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin
 best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would
 ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks; like
 golden wire
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling
 flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And being crownèd with a garland
 green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too
 bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so
 loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises
 sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and
 your echo ring.
 Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did
 ye see
 So fair a creature in your town be
 fore?

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as
 she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and
 virtue's store;
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shin-
 ing bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun
 hath ruddied,
 Her lips like cherries charming men
 to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream
 uncrudded.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins in
 amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to
 sing
 To which the woods did answer, and
 your echo ring !

But if ye saw that which no eyes can
 see,
 The inward beauty of her lively
 sprite,
 Garnished with heaven by gifts of
 high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at
 that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those
 which read
 Medusa's mazeful head.
 There dwells sweet Love, and con-
 stant Chastity,
 Inspotted Faith, and comely Wom-
 anhood,
 Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty;
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal
 throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her
 will:
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever
 may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind
 to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial
 treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder and her praises
 sing,
 That all the woods would answer, and
 your echo ring.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

THE CAPTIVE SOUL.

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so
 sore,
 As that which strong affections do
 apply
 Against the fort of Reason evermore,
 To bring the soul into captivity ?
 Their force is fiercer through infir-
 mity
 Of the frail flesh, relenting to their
 rage;
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Upon the parts brought into their
 bondage;
 No wretchedness is like to sinful vil-
 lainage.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

AVARICE.

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,
 Upon a camel laden all with gold;
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,
 With precious metal full as they
 might hold;
 And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
 For of his wicked pelf his God he
 made,
 And unto hell himself for money sold;
 Accursed usury was all his trade;
 And right and wrong alike in equal
 balance weighed.
 His life was nigh unto death's door
 yplaced,
 And threadbare coat and cobbled
 shoes he ware;
 Ne scarce good morsel all his life did
 taste;
 But both from back and belly still
 did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to com-
 pare;
 Yet child nor kinsman living had he
 none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily
 care
 To get, and nightly fear to lose, his
 own,
 He led a wretched life unto himself
 unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing
 might suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lack in great-
 est store,
 Whose need had end, but no end
 covetize,
 Whose wealth was want, whose
 plenty made him poor,
 Who had enough, yet wishèd ever-
 more;
 A vile disease; and eke in foot and
 hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full
 sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go,
 nor stand,
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of
 this fair band.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

UNA AND THE LION.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide
 hollowness
 That moves more dear compassion
 of mind
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy
 wretchedness
 Through envy's snares, or fortune's
 freaks unkind.
 I, whether lately through her bright-
 ness blind,
 Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all woman-
 k'nd,
 Feel my heart pierced with so great
 agony,
 When such I see, that all for pity I
 could die.

And now it is impassionèd so deep,
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I
 sing,
 That my frail eyes these lines with
 tears do steep,
 To think how she through guileful
 handling,
 Though true as touch, though daugh-
 ter of a king,
 Though fair as ever living wight was
 fair,

Though nor in word nor deed ill-
 meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcèd in de-
 spair,
 And her due loves derived to that
 vile witch's share.

Yet, she most faithful lady all this
 while,
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's preace, as in
 exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts
 strayed,
 To seek her knight; who, subtilly
 betrayed
 Through that late vision, which th'
 Enchanter wrought,
 Had her abandoned. She of nought
 afraid,
 Through woods and wasteness wide
 him daily sought;
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto
 her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome
 way,
 From her unhasty beast she did
 alight,
 And on the grass her dainty limbs
 did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's
 sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she
 undight,
 And laid her stole aside. Her an-
 gel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd
 bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady
 place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such
 heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage
 blood;
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greed-
 ily,
 To have at once devoured her tender
 corse:

But to the prey whenas he drew
 more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot
 his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary
 feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning
 tongue,
 As he her wronged innocence did
 weet,
 Oh, how can beauty master the most
 strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging
 wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had
 marked long,
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure
 affection.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

A HOSPITAL.

EFTSOONES unto an holy hospital,
 That was foreby the way, she did
 him bring;
 In which seven Bead-men, that had
 vowed all
 Their life to service of high heaven's
 king,
 Did spend their days in doing godly
 things:
 Their gates to all were open ever-
 more,
 That by the weary way were travel-
 ling;
 And one sat waiting ever them be-
 fore,
 To call in comers by, that needy were
 and poor.

The first of them, that eldest was and
 best,
 Of all the house had charge and gov-
 ernment,

As guardian and steward of the
 rest:
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and
 went;
 Not unto such as could him feast
 again,
 And double quite for that he on them
 spent;
 But such, as want of harbor did con-
 strain:
 Those for God's sake his duty was to
 entertain.

The second was as almoner of the
 place:
 His office was the hungry for to
 feed,
 And thirsty give to drink; a work of
 grace;
 He feared not once himself to be in
 need,
 Ne cared to hoard for those whom
 he did breed:
 The grace of God he laid up still in
 store,
 Which as a stock he left unto his
 seed;
 He had enough; what need him care
 for more?
 And had he less, yet some he would
 give to the poor.

The third had of their wardrobe
 custody,
 In which were not rich tires, nor
 garments gay,
 The plumes of pride and wings of
 vanity,
 But clothes meet to keep keen cold
 away,
 And naked nature seemly to array;
 With which bare wretched wights he
 daily clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay;
 And if that no spare clothes to give
 he had,
 His own coat he would cut, and it
 distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office
 was
 Poor prisoners to relieve with gra-
 cious aid,

And captives to redeem with price of
brass
From Turks and Saracens, which
them had stayed;
And though they faulty were, yet
well he weighed,
That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that, why they in
bands were laid;
And he, that harrowed hell with
heavy store,
The faulty souls from thence brought
to his heavenly bower.

The fifth had charge sick persons to
attend,
And comfort those in point of death
which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in
the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, do
most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence
away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man, have mind of that last bitter
throe;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it
ever low.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

VICTORY FROM GOD.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly
might
And vain assurance of mortality?
Which, all so soon as it doth come to
fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and
by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth
fly;
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,

That thorough grace hath gainèd vic-
tory.

If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power
and eke will.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

ANGELIC CARE.

AND is there care in heaven? and is
there love
In heavenly spirits to these crea-
tures base,
That may compassion of their evils
move?
There is:—else much more wretch-
ed were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! th'ex-
ceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves his crea-
tures so,
And all his works with mercy doth
embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and
fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his
wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers
leave
To come to succor us that succor
want!
How oft do they with golden pin-
ions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pur-
sivant, [tant!
Against foul fiends to aid us mili-
They for us fight, they watch and
duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round
about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for
reward;
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men
have such regard!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HEREAFTER.

LOVE, when all these years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest,
 When you and I are sleeping, folded breathless breast to breast,
 When no morrow is before us, and the long grass tosses o'er us,
 And our grave remains forgotten, or by alien footsteps pressed, —

Still that love of ours will linger, that great love enrich the earth,
 Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes blowing joyous mirth;
 Fragrance fanning off from flowers, melody of summer showers,
 Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the happy autumn hearth.

That's our love. But you and I, dear, — shall we linger with it yet,
 Mingled in one dewdrop, tangled in one sunbeam's golden net, —
 On the violet's purple bosom, I the sheen but you the blossom,
 Stream on sunset winds, and be the haze with which some hill is wet?

Oh, belovèd, — if ascending, — when we have endowed the world
 With the best bloom of our being, whither will our way be whirled;
 Through what vast and starry spaces, toward what awful holy places,
 With a white light on our faces, spirit over spirit furlèd?

Only this our yearning answers, — whereso'er that way defile,
 Not a film shall part us through the æons of that mighty while,
 In the fair eternal weather, even as phantoms still together,
 Floating, floating, one forever, in the light of God's great smile!

THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face,
 What passion stirred her blood,
 What tide of sorrow and desire
 Poured its forgotten flood
 Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
 Long since, with thought that life
 Was sweet
 When nights were rich with vernal
 dusk,
 And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
 Stolen through the latticed room,
 Her funeral raiment would have shed
 A more heart-breaking gloom;
 Had not a dimpled convent-maid
 Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
 And left the melancholy place
 Bright with her blush and bloom!

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
 And through the singing strings
 Wound those wan hands of folded
 prayer
 In murmurous preludings.
 Then, like a voice, the harp rang
 high
 Its melody, as climb the sky,
 Melting against the melting blue,
 Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why, of all the songs that grow
 Forever tenderer,
 Chose she that passionate refrain
 Where lovers 'mid the stir
 Of wassailers that round them pass
 Hide their sweet secret? Now,
 alas,
 In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,
 What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
 The statue in its shrine;
 A sense of tears thrilled all the air
 Along the purpling line.
 Earth seemed a place of graves that
 rang
 To hollow footsteps, while she sang,
 "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine!"

*OUR NEIGHBOR.**

OLD neighbor, for how many a year
 The same horizon, stretching here,
 Has held us in its happy bound
 From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
 How many a wave-washed day we've
 seen

Above that low horizon lean,
 And marked within the Merrimack
 The self-same sunset reddening back,
 Or in the Powow's shining stream,
 That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody
 gloom
 Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom:
 Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow
 length
 With the great breaker measures
 strength;
 Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
 The lily on her painted tides —
 There's naught in the enchanted view
 That does not seem a part of you;
 Your legends hang on every hill,
 Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
 Are all the mighty meadow floors
 Where the long Hampton levels lie
 Alone between the sea and sky.
 Fresher in Follymill shall blow
 The Mayflowers, that you loved them
 so;
 Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
 Toss to their measure in your lines;
 And purpler gleam old Appledore,
 Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to
 meet
 The storms that fawn about her feet,

* J. G. WHITTIER.

The summer evening linger late
 In many-rivered Stackyard Gate,
 When we, when all your people here
 Have fled. But like the atmosphere,
 You still the region shall surround,
 The spirit of the sacred ground,
 Though you have risen, as mounts
 the star,
 Into horizons vaster far!

PALMISTRY.

A LITTLE hand, a fair soft hand
 Dimpled and sweet to kiss:
 No sculptor ever carved from stone
 A lovelier hand than this.

A hand as idle and as white
 As lilies on their stems;
 Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,
 Dazzling with crusted gems.

Another hand, — a tired old hand,
 Written with many lines;
 A faithful, weary hand, whereon
 The pearl of great price shines!

For folded, as the wingèd fly
 Sleeps in the chrysalis,
 Within this little palm I see
 That lovelier hand than this!

FANTASIA.

WE'RE all alone, we're all alone!
 The moon and stars are dead and
 gone:
 The night's at deep, the wind asleep,
 And thou and I are all alone!

What care have we though life there
 be?
 Tumult and life are not for me!
 Silence and sleep about us creep;
 Tumult and life are not for thee!

How late it is since such as this
 Had topped the height of breathing
 bliss!
 And now we keep an iron sleep, —
 In that grave thou, and I in this!

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
 Hang in the heavens forever so!
 Forever in mid-afternoon,
 Ah, happy day of happy June!
 Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
 The piny wood with perfume fill,
 And breathe across the singing sea
 Land-scented breezes, that shall be
 Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
 Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm
wings [flings!
While Summer her enchantment

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
'Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander, — call the
 thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

A SNOWDROP.

ONLY a tender little thing,
So velvet soft and white it is;
But March himself is not so strong,
With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,
In vain the cohorts of his power
Ride down the sky on mighty
 blasts —
He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the
 snows
Than that white spear less snowy
 are,

The rains roll off its crest like spray,
It lifts again its spotless star.

Blow, blow, dark March! To meet
you here,
Thrust upward from the central
gloom,
The stellar force of the old earth
Pulses to life in this slight bloom.

MY OWN SONG.

OH, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty
night
Carries the soul from height to
height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed
wings, | flower,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped
Comes some new joy with each new
hour.

**Joy in the beauty of the earth,
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!**

Joy even in the shapeless thought
That, some day, when all tasks are
wrought,
I shall explore that vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,
With me each rhythmic atom sings,
From glow till gloom, from mirk till
morn;
Oh, glad am I that I was born!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHAT love do I bring you? The
earth,
Full of love, were far lighter;
The great hollow sky, full of love,
Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less
Than the full measure given;
Nay, say a heart full, — the heart
Holds earth and heaven!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

ODE ON ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless
 path,
 'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance
 broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the
 ground,
 And thus, with seraph voice she
 spoke —
 "The Curse a blessing shall be
 found."

She led him through the trackless
 wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never
 blazed;
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest
 smiled;
 And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living
 things,
 At Art's command, to him are
 given;
 The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to
 heaven.

He rends the oak — and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty
 graced;
 He smites the rock — upheaved in
 pride,
 See towers of strength, and domes
 of taste.
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth
 reveal,
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,
 He bids the mortal poison heal,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the
 grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the
 deep,
 Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
 He breaks the stubborn marble's
 sleep,
 And mocks his own Creator's skill.

With thoughts that swell his glowing
 soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And, proudly scorning Time's con-
 trol,
 Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the
 sky;
 He reads the stars, and grasps the
 flame
 That quivers round the Throne on
 high,
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace;
 His power, subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm and race to
 race.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of
 heaven?
 • Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to
 weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you, 'tis given
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught
 lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with
 hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to
soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled — we're all at
home;
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour;
We're all — all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away — the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient
hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard — some lie
there —
And cruel Ocean has his share —
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they — the dead — though dead,
so dear.
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to
view.

How life-like, through the mist of
years,
Each well-remembered face appears.
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are
cast;
We hear their words, their smiles be-
hold,
They're round us as they were of
old —
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all — all here!

TO MY CIGAR.

YES, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

By thee, they cry, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner passed;
Well, take my answer, right or wrong,
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art,
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who
gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtue lives
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around,
And then, like thee, to ashes turns.
And mingles with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's
robe,

One common doom is passed;
Sweet Nature's works, the swelling
globe,

Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee
now? —

A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

FROM THE "ODE ON SHAKESPEARE."

Who now shall grace the glow-
ing throne,
Where, all unrivalled, all alone,
Bold Shakespeare sat, and looked
creation through,
The minstrel monarch of the
worlds he drew?

That throne is cold — that lyre in
death unstrung
On whose proud note delighted Won-
der hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he
sweeps,
One spot shall spare — the grave where
Shakespeare sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom
may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall
never die.

Art's chiselled boast and Glory's tro-
phied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no
more.

While sculptured Jove some nameless
waste may claim, [fame;
Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's
Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed
away,

Yet frown on Greece in Homer's
deathless lay;

Rome, slowly sinking in her crum-
bling fanes,

Stands all immortal in her Maro's
strains;

So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun forever
smiles,

To 'Time's unsparing rage one day
must bend,

And all her triumphs in her Shake-
speare end!

O thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round
the altar stand,

Learning's anointed train, and Beau-
ty's rose-lipped band —

Realms yet unborn, in accents now
unknown,

Thy song shall learn, and bless it for
their own. [roves,

Deep in the West as Independence
His banners planting round the land
he loves,

Where Nature sleeps in Eden's in-
fant grace,

In Time's full hour shall spring a
glorious race,

Thy name, thy verse, thy language,
shall they bear,

And deck for thee the vaulted temple
there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious master of the
mind,

Around their sons a gentler chain
shalt bind;

Once more in thee shall Albion's
sceptre wave,

And what her monarch lost, her
monarch-bard shall save.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE TEST.

SEVEN women loved him. When
the wrinkled pall
Enwrapt him from their unfulfilled
desire
(Death, pale, triumphant rival, con-
quering all,)

They came, for that last look, around
his pyre.
One strewed white roses, on whose
leaves were hung
Her tears, like dew; and in discreet
attire

Warbled her tuneful sorrow. Next
among
The group, a fair-haired virgin
moved serenely,
Whose saintly heart no vain repin-
ings wrung,

Reached the calm dust, and there,
composed and queenly,
Gazed, but the missal trembled in
her hand:

"That's with the past," she said,
"nor may I meanly

Give way to tears!" and passed into
the land.

The third hung feebly on the por-
tals moaning,
With whitened lips, and feet that
stood in sand,

So weak they seemed, — and all her
passion owning.

The fourth, a ripe, luxurious
maiden, came,
Half for such homage to the dead
atoning

By smiles on one who fanned a later
flame

In her slight soul, her fickle steps
attended.

The fifth and sixth were sisters; at
the same

Wild moment both above the image
bended,
And with immortal hatred each on
each.
Glared, and therewith her exultation
blended,

To know the dead had 'scaped the
other's reach!
Meanwhile, through all the words
of anguish spoken,
One lowly form had given no sound
of speech,

Through all the signs of woe, no sign
nor token:
But when they came to bear him
to his rest,
They found her beauty paled, — her
heart was broken:

And in the Silent Land his shade
confest
That she, of all the seven, loved him
best.

LAURA, MY DARLING.

LAURA, my darling, the roses have
blushed
At the kiss of the dew, and our
chamber is hushed;
Our murmuring babe to your bosom
has clung,
And hears in his slumber the song
that you sung;
I watch you asleep with your arms
round him thrown,
Your links of dark tresses wound in
with his own,
And the wife is as dear as the gentle
young bride
Of the hour when you first, darling,
came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the
stream
Of Youth's summers and winters
has been like a dream;

Years have but rounded your womanly grace,
 And added their spell to the light of your face;
 Your soul is the same as though part were not given
 To the two, like yourself, sent to bless me from heaven, —
 Dear lives, springing forth from the life of my life,
 To make you more near, darling, mother, and wife!

Laura, my darling, there's hazel-eyed Fred,
 Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,
 And little King Arthur, whose curls have the art
 Of winding their tendrils so close round my heart;
 Yet fairer than either, and dearer than both,
 Is the true one who gave me in girlhood her troth:
 For we, when we mated for evil and good, —
 What were we, darling, but babes in the wood?

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown
 Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.
 I said that no sorrow should roughen her way,
 Her life should be cloudless, a long summer's day.
 Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,
 Which of the two, darling, most have been ours?
 Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see
 You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars that we knew
 In our youth, are still shining as tender and true;
 The midnight is sounding its slumberous bell,
 And I come to the one who has loved me so well,

Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done:
 What shall dissever our lives which are one?
 Say, while the rose listens under her breath,
 "Naught until death, darling, naught until death!"

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
 Where lie those happier hills and meadows low, —
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
 Aught of that country could we surely know,
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before us, —
 With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
 To gaze in eyes that here were loveliest only —
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
 Who would endure?

THE TRYST.

SLEEPING, I dreamed that thou wast mine,
 In some ambrosial lover's shrine.
 My lips against thy lips were pressed,
 And all our passion was confessed;
 So near and dear my darling seemed,
 I knew not that I only dreamed.

Waking this mid and moonlit night,
I clasp thee close by lover's right.
Thou fearest not my warm embrace,
And yet, so like the dream thy face
And kisses, I but half partake
The joy, and know not if I wake.

TOO LATE.

CROUCH no more by the ivied walls,
Weep no longer over her grave,
Strew no flowers when evening falls;
Idly you lost what angels gave!

Sunbeams cover that silent mound
With a warmer hue than your roses
red;
To-morrow's rain will bedew the
ground
With a purer stream than the tears
you shed.

But neither the sweets of the scat-
tered flowers,
Nor the morning sunlight's soft com-
mand,
Nor all the songs of the summer
showers,
Can charm her back from that dis-
tant land.

Tenderest vows are ever too late!
She, who has gone, can only know
The cruel sorrow that was her fate,
And the words that were a mortal
woe.

Earth to earth, and a vain despair;
For the gentle spirit has flown away,
And you can never her wrongs repair,
Till ye meet again at the Judgment
Day.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at
last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be
mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the
mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my
arm!
We let the old folks have the high-
way,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or
story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a
glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were
gleaming:
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health
were beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —
O sculptor, if you could but mould
it! —
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'Twas love and fear and triumph
blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn
stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fin-
gered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lin-
gered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
And with a "Thank you, Ned,"
dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trem-
bled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
 The moon was slyly peeping
 through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do*
it!"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow, full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I
 kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman, weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild
 thrill
 I'd give — but who can live youth
 over?

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman
 Whose earthly summers are but
 three,
 And yet a voyager is he
 Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
 Than all their peers together!
 He is a brave discoverer,
 And, far beyond the tether
 Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
 Has sailed where the noiseless surges
 roll,
 Ay, he has travelled whither
 A winged pilot steered his bark
 Through the portals of the dark,
 Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
 Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
 Came one who bore a flower,
 And laid it in his dimpled hand
 With this command:
 "Henceforth thou art a rover!
 Thou must make a voyage far,
 Sail beneath the evening star,
 And a wondrous land discover."
 — With his sweet smile innocent
 Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
 From the absent has been heard.
 Who can tell
 How he fares, or answer well

What the little one has found
 Since he left us, outward bound;
 Would that he might return!
 Then should we learn
 From the pricking of his chart
 How the skyey roadways part.
 Hush! does not the baby this way
 bring,
 To lay beside this severed curl,
 Some starry offering
 Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
 We may follow on his track,
 But he comes not back,
 And yet I dare aver
 He is a brave discoverer
 Of climes his elders do not know,
 He has more learning than appears
 On the scroll of twice three thou-
 sand years,
 More than in the groves is taught,
 Or from furthest Indies brought;
 He knows, perchance, how spirits
 fare, —
 What shapes the angels wear,
 What is their guise and speech
 In those lands beyond our reach —
 And his eyes behold
 Things that shall never, never be to
 mortal hearers told.

SEEKING THE MAYFLOWER.

THE sweetest sound our whole year
 round —
 'Tis the first robin of the spring!
 The song of the full orchard choir
 Is not so fine a thing.
 Glad sights are common: Nature
 draws [year,
 Her random pictures through the
 But oft her music bids us long
 Remember those most dear.
 To me, when in the sudden spring
 I hear the earliest robin's lay,
 With the first trill there comes again
 One picture of the May.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,
 A moment, though my eyelids
 close,

Once more I see that wooded hill
Where the arbutus grows.

I see the village dryad kneel,
Trailing her slender fingers through
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts
Their pink, pale flowers to view.

Once more I dare to stoop beside
The dove-eyed beauty of my choice,
And long to touch her careless hair,
And think how dear her voice.

My eager, wandering hands assist
With fragrant blooms her lap to fill,
And half by chance they meet her
own,
Half by our young hearts' will.

Till, at the last, those blossoms won,—
Like her, so pure, so sweet, so
shy,—
Upon the gray and lichened rocks
Close at her feet I lie.

Fresh blows the breeze through hem-
lock-trees,
The fields are edged with green
below; [love
And naught but youth and hope and
We know or care to know!

Hark! from the moss-clung apple-
bough, [broke
Beyond the tumbled wall, there
That gurgling music of the May, —
'Twas the first robin spoke!

I heard it, ay, and heard it not, —
For little then my glad heart wist
What toil and time should come to
pass,
And what delight be missed;

Nor thought thereafter, year by year,
Hearing that fresh yet olden song,
To yearn for unreturning joys
That with its joy belong.

ALL IN A LIFETIME.

THOU shalt have sun and shower
from heaven above,
Thou shalt have flower and thorn
from earth below,

Thine shall be foe & hate and friend
to love,
Pleasures that others gain, the ills
they know, —
And all in a lifetime.

Hast thou a golden day. a starlit
night,
Mirth, and music, and love without
alloy?
Leave no drop undrunken of thy
delight:
Sorrow and shadow follow on thy
joy.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

What if the battle end and thou hast
lost?
Others have lost the battles thou
hast won:
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor
count the cost;
Over the field will rise to-mor-
row's sun.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Laugh at the braggart sneer, the
open scorn, —
'Ware of the secret stab, the slan-
derous lie:
For seventy years of turmoil thou
wast born,
Bitter and sweet are thine till these
go by.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Reckon thy voyage well, and spread
the sail, —
Wind and calm and current shall
warp thy way;
Compass shall set thee false, and
chart shall fail;
Ever the waves shall use thee for
their play.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Thousands of years ago were
chance and change,
Thousands of ages hence the same
shall be;
Naught of thy joy and grief is new or
strange:
Gather apace the good that falls
to thee!
'Tis all in a lifetime!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

AN OLD SONG REVERSED.

"THERE are gains for all our losses."
So I said when I was young.
If I sang that song again,
'Twould not be with that refrain,
Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with
it,
Gone the strong desire for fame.
Laurels are not for the old.
Take them, lads. Give Senex gold.
What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer
One fair woman liked my looks:
Now that Time has driven his plough
In deep furrows on my brow,
I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
Grave beside the wintry sea,
Where my child is, and my heart,
For they would not live apart,
What has been your gain to me?

No, the words I sang were idle,
And will ever so remain:
Death, and age, and vanished youth,
All declare this bitter truth,
"There's a loss for every gain!"

AT LAST.

WHEN first the bride and bridegroom
wed,
They love their single selves the
best;
A sword is in the marriage-bed.
Their separate slumbers are not
rest;
They quarrel, and make up again,
They give and suffer worlds of pain.
Both right and wrong,
They struggle long, [old,
Till some good day, when they are
Some dark day, when the bells are
tolled,
Death having taken their best of life,
They lose themselves, and find each
other; [wife,
They know that they are husband,
For, weeping, they are father,
mother!

THE TWO BRIDES.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet:
One in her wedding-robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read,
And one for life to life,
And one to death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal-beds,
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
And one in a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS man whose homely face you
look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful, great
men;

Born with strong arms, that unfought
battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with
the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the
art
Of winning with his humor, and he
went
Straight to his mark, which was the
human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not
break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-
load,
The burden of the Commonwealth,
was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though
the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a
whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!
All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the
race.

HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND BRED.

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head,
Happy poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know,
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the selfsame canons bind
Nature and the poet's mind.

RATTLE THE WINDOW.

RATTLE the window, winds,
Rain, drip on the panes;
There are tears and sighs in our
hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand;

And the blasted limb of the church-
yard yew,—
It shakes like a ghostly hand.

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves:
But we have more dead in our hearts
to-day
Than earth in all her graves!

SONGS UNSUNG.

LET no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young
For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatsoever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet,
They know how to heal the heart:
Ay, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth,
Try me, merry Muses, now.
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
O my son that is to be,
Sing my songs, and think of me!

WHEN THE DRUM OF SICKNESS BEATS.

WHEN the drum of sickness beats
The change o' the watch, and we
are old,
Farewell, youth, and all its sweets,
Fires gone out that leave us cold!

Hairs are white that once were black,
Each of fate the message saith;
And the bending of the back
Salutation is to death.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

PAIN and pleasure both decay,
Wealth and poverty depart;
Wisdom makes a longer stay,
Therefore, be thou wise, my heart.

Land remains not, nor do they
Who the lands to-day control.
Kings and princes pass away,
Therefore, be thou fixed, my soul.

If by hatred, love, or pride
Thou art shaken, thou art wrong;
Only one thing will abide,
Only goodness can be strong.

OUT OF THE DEEPS OF HEAVEN.

OUT of the deeps of heaven
A bird has flown to my door,
As twice in the ripening summers
Its mates have flown before.

Why it has flown to my dwelling
Nor it nor I may know;
And only the silent angels
Can tell when it shall go.

That it will not straightway vanish,
But fold its wings with me,
And sing in the greenest branches
Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror;
For my soul is sore distress,
Lest I wake some dreadful morning,
And find but its empty nest!

*WE SAT BY THE CHEERLESS
FIRESIDE.*

WE sat by the cheerless fireside,
Mother, and you, and I;
All thinking of our darling,
And sad enough to die.

He lay in his little coffin,
In the room adjoining ours,
A Christmas wreath on his bosom,
His brow in a band of flowers.

"We bury the boy to-morrow,"
I said, or seemed to say;
"Would I could keep it from coming
By lengthening out to-day!"

"Why can't I sit by the fireside,
As I am sitting now,
And feel my gray hairs thinning,
And the wrinkles on my brow?"

"God keep him there in his coffin
Till the years have rolled away!
If he *must* be buried to-morrow,
Oh, let me die to-day!"

THE HEALTH.

You may drink to your leman in
gold,
In a great golden goblet of wine;
She's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold:
But this little lady of mine,
I will not profane her in wine.
I go where the garden so still is,
(The moon raining through,)
To pluck the white bowls of the
lilies,
And drink her in dew!

SILENT SONGS.

IF I could ever sing the songs
Within me day and night,
The only fit accompaniment
Would be a lute of light.

A thousand dreamy melodies,
Begot with pleasant pain,
Like incantations float around
The chambers of my brain.

But when I strive to utter one,
It mocks my feeble art,
And leaves me silent, with the thorns
Of music in my heart!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards
to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more
sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's
golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its
reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky.—Oh, pass, ye
visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden
door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no
more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did
stain
Thy velvet leaf.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

STRIVE not to say the whole! the
poet in his art,
Must intimate the whole, and say the
smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc, her perfect circle tells,
The limitless, within Art's bounded
outline dwells.

Of every noble work, the silent part
is best;
Of all expression, that which cannot
be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work
of art, the world,
And all the planet-laws are in each
dewdrop pearled.

WETMORE COTTAGE, NAHANT.

THE hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea,
With a tender and pensive music
At times steal over me;
And again, o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moon-
light,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature
And sing as we sit alone;
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with
dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gaily the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone!
Ah! would we were all together.
Where now I am standing alone.
Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of fe-
ing,—
But I long, though the longir
vain.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

LIFE's mystery, — deep, restless as
the ocean, —
Hath surged and wailed for ages to
and fro;
Earth's generations watch its cease-
less motion
As in and out its hollow moanings
flow;
Shivering and yearning by that un-
known sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in
thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable pow-
er,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal
plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as
the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the
ripened grain: —
Ah, when before that blast my hopes
all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in
thee!

Between the mysteries of death and
life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, —
not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent, — yet we
gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget
their drear complaining!
No crushing fate, — no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we
rest in thee!

The many waves of thought, the
mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from
other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eter-
nal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-
worn strands, —
This vague, dark tumult of the inner
sea

Grows calm, grows bright, O, risen
Lord, in thee!

Thy piercèd hand guides the myste-
rious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now
wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth
sore
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch
with me one hour!"
As sinks the moaning river in the
sea
In silver peace, — so sinks my soul in
Thee!

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud. —
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and
beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, — awful, sweet, and
calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem, —
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And gently dream in loving arms,
 To swoon to that,—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side,
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life, the dream.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

[From Frontenac.]

QUEBEC AT SUNRISE.

THE fresh May morning's earliest
 light,
 From where the richest hues were
 blended,
 Lit on Cape Diamond's towering
 height
 Whose spangled crystals glittered
 bright,
 Thence to the castle roof descended,
 And bathed in radiance pure and
 deep [steep.
 The spires and dwellings of the
 Still downward crept the strengthen-
 ing rays;
 The lofty crowded roofs below
 And Cataraqui caught the glow,
 Till the whole scene was in a blaze.
 The scattered bastions,—walls of
 stone
 With bristling lines of cannon
 crowned,
 Whose muzzles o'er the landscape
 frowned
 Blackly through their embrasures
 —shone.
 Point Levi's woods sent many a
 wreath
 Of mist, as though hearths smoked
 beneath,
 Whilst heavy folds of vapor gray
 Upon St. Charles, still brooding, lay;
 The basin glowed in splendid dyes
 Glassing the glories of the skies,
 And chequered tints of light and
 shade
 The banks of Orleans' Isle displayed.

[From Frontenac.]

QUEBEC AT SUNSET.

'Twas in June's bright and glowing
 prime
 The loveliest of the summer time.
 The laurels were one splendid sheet
 Of crowded blossom everywhere;
 The locust's clustered pearl was
 sweet, [air
 And the tall whitewood made the
 Delicious with the fragrance shed
 From the gold flowers all o'er it
 spread.
 In the rich pomp of dying day
 Quebec, the rock-throned monarch,
 glowed,
 Castle and spire and dwelling gray
 The batteries rude that niched their
 way
 Along the cliff, beneath the play
 Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
 And the curved flood, below that lay,
 In flashing glory flowed;
 Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
 Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle;
 Until the downward view
 Was closed by mountain-tops that,
 reared
 Against the burnished sky, appeared
 In misty dreamy hue.

West of Quebec's embankments rose
 The forests in their wild repose.
 Between the trunks, the radiance
 slim
 Here came with slant and quiver-
 ing blaze;

Whilst there, in leaf-wreathed arbors
 dim,
 Was gathering gray the twilight's
 haze.
 Where cut the boughs the back-
 ground glow
 That striped the west, a glittering
 belt,
 The leaves transparent seemed, as
 though
 In the rich radiance they would
 melt.

Upon a narrow grassy glade,
 Where thickets stood in grouping
 shade,
 The light streaked down in golden
 mist,
 Kindled the shrubs, the greensward
 kissed,
 Until the clover-blossoms white
 Flashed out like spangles large and
 bright.

This green and sun-streaked glade
 was rife
 With sights and sounds of forest life.
 A robin in a bush was singing,
 A flicker rattled on a tree;
 In liquid life-like tones round ringing
 A thrasher piped its melody;
 Crouching and leaping with pointed
 ear
 From thicket to thicket a rabbit
 sped,
 And on the short delicate grass a
 deer
 Lashing the insects from off him,
 fed.

[From Frontenac.]

THE CANADIAN SPRING.

'TWAS May! the spring with magic
 bloom
 Leaped up from winter's frozen
 tomb.
 Day lit the river's icy mail;
 The bland warm rain at evening
 sank;
 Ice fragments dashed in midnight's
 gale;

The moose at morn the ripples
 drank.
 The yacht, that stood with naked
 mast
 In the locked shallows motionless
 When sunset fell, went curtsying
 past
 As breathed the morning's light
 caress.
 The woodman, in the forest deep,
 At sunrise heard with gladdening
 thrill,
 Where yester-eve was gloomy sleep.
 The brown rossignol's carol shrill;
 Where yester-eve the snowbank
 spread
 The hemlock's twisted roots be-
 tween,
 He saw the coltsfoot's golden head
 Rising from mosses plump and
 green;
 Whilst all around were budding trees,
 And mellow sweetness filled the
 breeze,
 A few days passed along, and brought
 More changes as by magic wrought.
 With plumes were tipped the beechen
 sprays;
 The birch, long dangling tassels
 showed;
 The oak still bare, but in a blaze
 Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;
 With clusters of the purest white
 Cherry and shadbush charmed the
 sight
 Like spots of snow the boughs
 among;
 And showers of strawberry blossoms
 made
 Rich carpets in each field and glade
 Where day its kindest glances
 flung.
 And air, too, hailed spring's joyous
 sway;
 The bluebird warbled clear and
 sweet;
 Then came the wren with carols gay,
 The customary roof and porch to
 greet;
 The mockbird showed its varied skill;
 At evening moaned the whippoor-
 will.
 Type of the spring from winter's
 gloom!

The butterfly new being found;
 Whilst round the pink may-apple's
 bloom,
 Gave myriad drinking bees their
 sound.
 Great fleeting clouds the pigeons
 made;
 When near her brood the hunter
 strayed
 With trailing limp the partridge
 stirred;
 Whilst a quick, feathered spangle
 shot
 Rapid as thought from spot to spot
 Showing the fairy humming-bird.

[From *Frontenac*.]

CAYUGA LAKE.

SWEET sylvan lake! in memory's
 gold
 Is set the time, when first my eye
 From thy green shore beheld thee
 hold
 Thy mirror to the sunset sky!
 No ripple brushed its delicate air,
 Rich silken tints alone were there;
 The far opposing shore displayed,
 Mingling its hues, a tender shade;
 A sail scarce seeming to the sight
 To move, spread there its pinion
 white,
 Like some pure spirit stealing on
 Down from its realm, by beauty won.
 Oh, who could view the scene nor
 feel
 Its gentle peace within him steal,
 Nor in his inmost bosom bless
 Its pure and radiant loveliness?
 My heart bent down its willing knee
 Before the glorious Deity;
 Beauty led up my heart to Him,
 Beauty, though cold, and poor, and
 dim
 Before His radiance, beauty still
 That made my bosom deeply thrill;
 To higher life my being wrought,
 And purified my every thought,
 Crept like soft music through my
 mind,
 Each feeling of my soul refined,
 And lifted me that lovely even
 One precious moment up to heaven.

Then, contrast wild, I saw the cloud
 The next day rear its sable crest,
 And heard with awe the thunder
 loud

Come crashing o'er thy blackening
 breast.

Down swooped the eagle of the blast,
 One mass of foam was tossing high,
 Whilst the red lightnings, fierce and
 fast,

Shot from the wild and scowling
 sky,

And burst in dark and mighty train
 A tumbling cataract, the rain.

I saw within the driving mist

Dim writhing stooping shapes,—
 the trees

That the last eve so softly kissed,

And birds so filled with melodies.

Still swept the wind with keener
 shriek,

The tossing waters higher rolled,

Still fiercer flashed the lightning's
 streak,

Still gloomier frowned the tempest's
 fold.

Ah, such, ah, such is life, I sighed,

That lovely yester-eve and this!

Now it reflects the radiant pride

Of youth and hope and promised
 bliss,

Earth's future track an Eden seems
 Brighter than e'en our brightest
 dreams.

Again, the tempest rushes o'er,

The sky's blue smile is seen no more,

The placid deep to foam is tossed,

All trace of beauty, peace, is lost,

Despair is hovering, dark and wild,

Ah! what can save earth's stricken
 child?

Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,

Villages point their spires to
 heaven,

Rich meadows wave, broad grain-
 fields bow,

The axe resounds, the plough is
 driven:

Down verdant points come herds to
 drink,

Flocks strew, like spots of snow, the
 brink;

The frequent farm-house meets the
 sight,
 Mid falling harvests scythes are
 bright,
 The watch-dog's bark comes faint
 from far,
 Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar,
 The steamer like a darting bird
 Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
 And the gay song and laugh are
 heard,
 But all is o'er the Indian's grave.
 Pause, white man! check thy onward
 stride!
 Cease o'er the flood thy prow to
 guide!
 Until is given one sigh sincere
 For those who once were monarchs
 here,
 And prayer is made beseeching God
 To spare us his avenging rod
 For all the wrongs upon the head
 Of the poor helpless savage shed;
 Who, strong when we were weak, did
 not
 Trample us down upon the spot,
 But, weak when we were strong, was
 cast
 Like leaves upon the rushing blast.

Sweet sylvan lake! one single gem
 Is in thy liquid diadem.
 No sister has this little isle
 To give its beauty smile for smile;
 With it to hear the blue-bird sing;
 "Wake, leaves, wake, flowers! here
 comes the spring!"
 With it to weave for summer's
 tread
 Mosses below and bowers o'erhead;
 With it to flash to gorgeous skies
 The opal pomp of autumn skies;
 And when stern winter's tempests
 blow
 To shrink beneath his robes of snow.

Sweet sylvan lake! that isle of thine
 Is like one hope through grief to
 shine:
 Is like one tie our life to cheer;
 Is like one flower when all is sere;
 One ray amidst the tempest's might;
 One star amidst the gloom of night.

A FOREST WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
 A wind that breathes of leaves and
 flowers,
 O'er hill, through dale, my steps have
 run
 To the cool forest's shadowy
 bowers;
 One of the paths all round that wind,
 Traced by the browsing herds, I
 choose,
 And sights and sounds of human kind
 In Nature's lone recesses lose:
 The beech displays its marbled bark,
 The spruce its green tent stretches
 wide,
 While scowls the hemlock grim and
 dark,
 The maple's scalloped dome beside.
 All weave on high a verdant roof
 That keeps the very sun aloof.
 Making a twilight soft and green
 Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odors have their birth
 From the clothed boughs and teem-
 ing earth;
 Where pine-cones dropped, leaves
 piled and dead
 Long tufts of grass, and stars of
 fern,
 With many a wild flower's fairy
 inn,
 A thick, elastic carpet spread:
 Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
 Resolving into soil, is sunk;
 There, wrenched but lately from its
 throne
 By some fierce whirlwind circling
 past,
 Its huge roots massed with earth and
 stone,
 One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest-tips are bright
 With the broad blaze of sunny light;
 But now a fitful air-gust parts
 The screening branches, and a glow
 Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
 Down the dark stems, and breaks
 below:
 The mingled shadows off are rolled.
 The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;

Low sprouts and herbs, before un-
seen

Display their shades of brown and
green:

Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her
breast;

And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and star-
ing eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my
tread:

Here showers the light in golden dots,
There drops the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep-rolling
drum

Afar has sounded in my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirs to the sheltering branches
near;

The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a
space

Of the blue, laughing sky, I trace:
On each side shrinks the bowery
shade;

Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steeps its grass and
moss;

That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song;
A spot of light and life, it seems, —
A fairy haunt for Fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I
press

In luxury of idleness;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and
sky

Spotted with cloud-shapes charm my
eye:

While murmuring grass and waving
trees —

Their leaf-harps sounding to the
breeze —

And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone,
The passage of the hours is known.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S SONG.

HARK, that sweet carol! With de-
light

We leave the stifling room;
The little bluebird meets our sight, —
Spring, glorious spring, has come!
The south-wind's baln is in the
air, [where

The melting snow-wreaths every-
Are leaping off in showers;
And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers, and leaves,
and brooks,

And birds, will soon be ours.

[From "The Nook in the Forest."]

A PICTURE.

THE branches arch and shape a pleas-
ant bower,

Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and
sunshine bright

Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool eme-
erald tint

Colors the air, as though the delicate
leaves

Emitted self-born light. What splen-
did walls,

And what a gorgeous roof, carved by
the hand

Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce
thrusts in

Its bristling plume, tipped with its
pale-green points;

The hemlock shows its borders
freshly fringed;

The smoothly-scalloped beech-leaf
and the birch,

Cut into ragged edges, interlace:

While here and there, through clefts,
the laurel hangs

Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed
with dew,

As though to hoard it for the haunt-
ing elves,
The moonlight calls to this, their
festal hall. [the earth
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The
fern displays

Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath
with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose
spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging
fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love thee more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Except it had been she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
A dozen in her place!

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move
her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win
her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute!

Quit, quit for shame, this will not
move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have
mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast
lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell, care, and farewell
woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

EARL OF SURREY (HENRY HOWARD).

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find;
 The riches left, not got with pain;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet
 mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no
 strife;
 No charge of rule, nor governance;
 Without disease, the healthful life;
 The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
 True wisdom joined with simple-
 ness;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not op-
 press:

The faithful wife, without debate;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the
 night.
 Content thee with thine own estate;
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his
 might.

FROM "NO AGE IS CONTENT."

I saw the little boy
 In thought — how oft that he
 Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,
 A tall young man to be:
 The young man eke, that feels
 His bones with pains opprest,
 How he would be a rich old man,
 To live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees
 His end draw on so sore,
 How he would be a boy again,
 To live so much the more;
 Whereat full oft I smiled,
 To see how all these three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy,
 Would chop and change degree.

*IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE
 COMPARED WITH ALL OTHERS.*

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags
 in vain;
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well
 say'n,
 Than doth the sun the candle
 light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
 As had Penelope the fair;
 For what she saith ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealèd were;
 And virtues hath she many mo'
 Than I with pen have skill to
 show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfit mould,
 The like to whom she could not
 paint:
 With wringing hands, how she did
 cry,
 And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her
 heart;
 And this was chiefly all her pain;
 "She could not make the like
 again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
 To be the chiefest work she
 wrought;
 In faith, methink! some better ways
 On your behalf might well be
 sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless,
 One with another make music unheard of men,
 Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,
 And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,
 Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?
 What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
 Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
 Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
 To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
 Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,
 No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
 As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song;
 For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
 For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long;
 By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
 And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
 That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
 As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
 Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
 Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
 As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
 And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
 The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother
 Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.*
 They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;
 And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
 To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
 But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
 Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.
 For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
 Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

FROM "A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER."

As sweet desire of day before the day,
 As dreams of love before the true love born,
 From the outer edge of winter overworn
 The ghost arisen of May before the May

* Sydney Dobell died the same year.

Takes through dim air her unawakened way,
 The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn.
 With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks
 Following, the very maid, the girl-child spring,
 Lifts windward her bright brows,
 Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks.
 And kindles with her own mouth's coloring
 The fearful firstlings of the plumeless boughs.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,
 Fair face that art not, how thy maiden breath
 Shall put at last the deadly days to death
 And fill the fields, and fire the woods with thee,
 And seaward hollows where my feet would be
 When heaven shall hear the word that April saith,
 To change the cold heart of the weary time,
 To stir and soften all the time to tears,
 Tears joyfuller than mirth;
 As even to May's clear height the young days climb
 With feet not swifter than those fair first years
 Whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give back
 One good thing youth has given and borne away;
 I crave not any comfort of the day
 That is not, nor on time's retrodden track
 Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black
 That long since left me on their mortal way;
 Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath
 That comes with morning from the sun to be
 And sets light hope on fire:
 No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,
 No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,
 No leaf once plucked or once-fulfilled desire.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled
 With twilight through the moonless mountain air,
 While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair
 Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,
 Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
 The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were:
 These may'st thou not give back forever; these,
 As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
 Lie deeper than the sea;
 But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,
 And all its April to the world thou may'st
 Give back, and half my April back to me.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone sand.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise of the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches and briers if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
 Only the sun and the rain come hither,
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
 Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die — but we?"
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end — but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red sea-weed that mocks the rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?

What love was ever as deep as a grave ?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever ;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea ;

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief :
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling.
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow.
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours.
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady,
 And night were bright like day;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

FROM "CHRISTMAS ANTIPHONES."

IN CHURCH.

THOU whose birth on earth
 Angels sang to men,
 While thy stars made mirth,
 Saviour, at thy birth,
 This day born again;

As this night was bright
 With thy cradle-ray,
 Very Light of light,
 Turn the wild world's night
 To thy perfect day.

God, whose feet made sweet
 Those wild ways they trod,
 From thy fragrant feet
 Staining field and street
 With the blood of God;

God, whose breast is rest
 In the time of strife,
 In thy secret breast
 Sheltering souls oppress
 From the heat of life;

God, whose eyes are skies,
 Love-lit as with spheres,
 By the lights that rise
 To thy watching eyes,
 Orb'd lights of tears;

God, whose heart hath part
 In all grief that is,
 Was not man's the dart
 That went through thine heart,
 And the wound not his?

Where the pale souls wail,
 Held in bonds of death,
 Where all spirits quail,
 Came thy Godhead pale
 Still from human breath,—

Pale from life and strife,
 Wan with manhood, came
 Forth of mortal life,
 Pierced as with a knife,
 Scarred as with a flame.

Thou, the Word and Lord
 In all time and space
 Heard, beheld, adored,
 With all ages poured
 Forth before thy face;

Lord, what worth in earth
 Drew thee down to die?
 What therein was worth,
 Lord, thy death and birth?
 What beneath thy sky?

Light, above all love,
 By thy love was lit,
 And brought down the dove
 Feathered from above
 With the wings of it.

From the height of night,
 Was not thine the star
 That led forth with might
 By no worldly light
 Wise men from afar?

Yet the wise men's eyes
 Saw thee not more clear
 Than they saw thee rise
 Who in shepherd's guise
 Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,
 And are with us yet;
 Be thy name a sure
 Refuge for thy poor
 Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all thy days
Safe inside thine ark.

Who shall keep thy sheep,
Lord, and lose not one?
Who save one shall keep,
Lest the shepherds sleep?
Who beside the Son?

From the grave-deep wave,
From the sword and flame,
Thou, even Thou, shalt save
Souls of king and slave
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn
Or her fires above,
Jesus virgin-born,
Held of men in scorn,
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace
As the sun's doth heat,
Let thy sunbright face
Lighten time and space
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born.

OUTSIDE CHURCH.

We whose days and ways
All the night makes dark,
What day shall we praise
Of these weary days
That our life-drops mark?

We whose mind is blind,
Fed with hope of nought;
Wastes of worn mankind,
Without heart or mind,
Without meat or thought;

We with strife of life
Worn till all life cease,
Want, a whetted knife,
Sharpening strife on strife,
How should we love peace?

Ye whose meat is sweet
And your wine-cup red,
Us beneath your feet
Hunger grinds as wheat,
Grinds to make you bread.

Ye whose night is bright
With soft rest and heat,
Clothed like day with light,
Us the naked night
Slays from street to street.

Hath your God no rod,
That ye tread so light?
Man on us as God,
God as man hath trod,
Trod us down with might.

We that one by one
Bleed from either's rod,
What for us hath done
Man beneath the sun,
What for us hath God?

We whose blood is food
Given your wealth to feed,
From the Christless rood
Red with no God's blood,
But with man's indeed;

How shall we that see
Night-long overhead
Life, the flowerless tree,
Nailed whereon as we
Were our fathers dead,—

We whose ear can hear,
Not whose tongue can name,
Famine, ignorance, fear,
Bleeding tear by tear,
Year by year of shame,

Till the dry life die
Out of bloodless breast,
Out of beamless eye,
Out of mouths that cry
Till death feed with rest,—

How shall we as ye,
Though ye bid us, pray?
Though ye call, can we
Hear you call, or see,
Though ye show us day?

We whose name is shame,
 We whose souls walk bare,
 Shall we call the same
 God as ye by name,
 Teach our lips your prayer?

God, forgive and give,
 For His sake who died?
 Nay, for ours who live,
 How shall we forgive
 Thee, then, on our side?

We whose right to light
 Heaven's high noon denies,
 Whom the blind beams smite
 That for you shine bright,
 And but burn our eyes.

With what dreams of beams
 Shall we build up day,
 At what sourceless streams
 Seek to drink in dreams
 Ere they pass away?

In what street shall meet,
 At what market-place,
 Your feet and our feet,
 With one goal to greet,
 Having run one race?

What one hope shall ope
 For us all as one,
 One same horoscope,
 Where the soul sees hope
 That outburns the sun?

At what shrine what wine,
 At what board what bread,
 Salt as blood or brine,
 Shall we share in sign
 How we poor were fed?

In what hour what power
 Shall we pray for morn,
 If your perfect hour,
 When all day bears flower,
 Not for us is born?

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

MENE, MENE.

THAT precious, priceless gift, a soul
 Unto thyself surrendered whole,
 Withdrawn from all but thy control,
 Thou hast foregone.

The throne where none might sit but
 thou,
 The crown of love to bind thy brow,
 Glad homage paid with praise and
 vow,
 Thou hast foregone.

I do not blame thee utterly,
 But rather strive to pity thee,
 Remembering all the empery
 Thou hast foregone.

It was thy folly, not thy crime,
 To have contemned the call sublime,
 The realm more firm than fate or
 time
 Thou hast foregone.

BEATI ILLI.

BLEST is the man whose heart and
 hands are pure!
 He hath no sickness that he shall not
 cure,

No sorrow that he may not well en-
 dure:

His feet are steadfast and his hope is
 sure.

Oh, blest is he who ne'er hath sold
 his soul,

Whose will is perfect, and whose
 word is whole,

Who hath not paid to common sense
 the toll

Of self-disgrace, nor owned the
 world's control!

Through clouds and shadows of the
 darkest night

He will not lose a glimmering of the
 light,

Nor, though the sun of day be
shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left
or right.

ON THE HILL-SIDE.

THE winds behind me in the thicket
sigh,
The bees fly droning on laborious
wing,
Pink cloudlets scarcely float across
the sky.
September stillness broods o'er every-
thing.
Deep peace is in my soul: I seem to
hear
Catullus murmuring, "Let us live
and love;
Suns rise and set, and fill the rolling
year
Which bears us deathward, therefore
let us love;
Pour forth the wine of kisses, let
them flow,
And let us drink our fill before we
die."
Hush! in the thicket still the breezes
blow; [sky;
Pink cloudlets sail across the azure
The bees warp lazily on laden
wing;
Beauty and stillness brood o'er
everything.

THE WILL.

BLAME not the times in which we
live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at
school;
But blame thyself, O man!
Although both heaven and earth
combined
To mould thy flesh and form thy
mind,
Though every thought, word, action,
will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee,
still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency:
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee, soon or late,
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not —
He
Should bear the blame who fash-
ioned me —
Call you mere change of motive
choice?" —
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

FAREWELL.

THOU goest: to what distant place
Wilt thou thy sunlight carry?
I stay with cold and clouded face:
How long am I to tarry?
Where'er thou goest, morn will be:
Thou leavest night and gloom to me.
The night and gloom I can but take:
I do not grudge thy splendor:
Bid souls of eager men awake;
Be kind and bright and tender.
Give day to other worlds; for me
It must suffice to dream of thee.

NEW LIFE, NEW LOVE.

APRIL is in;
New loves begin!
Up, lovers all,
The cuckoos call!
Winter is by,
Blue shines the sky,
Primroses blow
Where lay cold snow:
Then why should I
Sit still and sigh?

Death took my dear:
Oh, pain! Oh, fear!
I know not whither,
When flowers did wither,
My summer love
Flew far above.

Now must I find
One to my mind:
The world is wide;
Spring fields are pied
With flowers for thee,
New love, and me!

April is in:
New loves begin!
Up, lovers all,
The cuckoos call!

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

DEAR friend, I know not if such
days and nights
Of fervent comradeship as we have
spent,
Or if twin minds with equal ardor
bent
To search the world's unspeakable
delights,
Or if long hours passed on Parnas-
sian heights
Together in rapt interminglement
Of heart with heart on thought
sublime intent,
Or if the spark of heaven-born fire
that lights
Love in both breasts from boyhood,
thus have wrought
Our spirits to communion; but I
swear
That neither chance nor change
nor time nor aught
That makes the future of our lives
less fair,
Shall sunder us who once have
breathed this air.
Of soul-commingling friendship
passion-fraught.

THE PONTE DI PARADISO.

OF all the mysteries wherethrough
we move,
This is the most mysterious — that
a face,
Seen peradventure in some distant
place,
Whither we can return no more to
prove

The world-old sanctities of human
love,
Shall haunt our waking thoughts,
and gathering grace
Incorporate itself with every phase
Whereby the soul aspires to God
above.

Thus are we wedded through that
face to her
Or him who bears it; nay, one fleet-
ing glance.
Fraught with a tale too deep for
utterance,
Even as a pebble cast into the sea,
Will on the deep waves of our spirit
stir
Ripples that run through all eter-
nity.

[*From The Alps and Italy.*]

SELF.

'Tis self whereby we suffer; 'tis the
greed
To grasp, the hunger to assimilate
All that earth holds of fair and
delicate,
The lust to blend with beauteous
lives, to feed
And take our fill of loveliness, which
breed
This anguish of the soul intempe-
rate;
'Tis self that turns to pain and poi-
sonous hate
The calm clear life of love the
angels lead.
O, that 'twere possible this self to
burn
In the pure flames of joy contem-
plative!

THE PRAYER TO MNEMOSYNE.

LADY, when first the message came
to me
Of thy great hope and all thy future
bliss,
I had no envy of that happiness
Which sets a limit to our joy in thee:
But uttering orisons to gods who see
Our mortal strife, and bidding them
to bless

With increase of pure good thy
goodliness,
I made unto the mild Mnemosyne
More for myself than thee one prayer
—that when
Our paths are wholly severed, and
thy years
Glide among other cares and far-off
men,
She may watch over thee, as one
who hears
The music of the past, and in thine
ears
Murmur “They live and love thee
now as then.”

SONNETS FROM “INTELLECTUAL
ISOLATION.”

NAY, soul, though near to dying, do
not this!
It may be that the world and all
its ways
Seem but spent ashes of extin-
guished days
And love, the phantom of imagined
bliss;
Yet what is man among the mysteries
Whereof the young-eyed angels
sang their praise?
Thou know’st not. Lone and wil-
dered in the maze,
See that life’s crown thou dost not
idly miss.
Is friendship fickle? Hast thou
found her so?
Is God more near thee on that
homeless sea
Than by the hearths where chil-
dren come and go?
Perchance some rotten root of sin in
thee
Hath made thy garden cease to
bloom and glow:
Hast thou no need from thine own
self to flee?

It is the centre of the soul that ails:
We carry with us our own heart’s
disease;
And craving the impossible, we
freeze

The lively rills of love that never
fails.
What faith, what hope will lend the
spirit sails
To waft her with a light spray-
scattering breeze [sies,
From this Calypso isle of phanta-
Self-sought, self-generated, where
the daylight pales?
Where wandering visions of foregone
desires
Pursue her sleepless on a stony
strand;
Instead of stars the bleak and bale-
ful fires
Of vexed imagination, quivering
spires
That have nor rest nor substance,
light the land,
Paced by lean hungry men, a
ghostly band!

OH, that the waters of oblivion
Might purge the burdened soul of
her life’s dross,
Cleansing dark overgrowths that
dull the gloss
Wherewith her pristine gold so
purely shone!
Oh, that some spell might make us
dream undone
Those deeds that fret our pillow,
when we toss
Racked by the torments of that
living cross
Where memory frowns, a grim
centurion! [smart,
Sleep, the kind soother of our bodily
Is bought and sold by scales-weight;
quivering nerves
Sink into slumber when the hand
of art
Hath touched some hidden spring of
brain or heart:
But for the tainted will no medi-
cine serves;
The road from sin to suffering
never swerves.

WHAT skill shall anodyne the mind
diseased?
Did Rome’s fell tyrant cure his
secret sore

With those famed draughts of
cooling hellebore?
What opiates on the fiends of thought
have seized?
This fever of the spirit hath been
eased
By no grave simples culled on any
shore;
No surgeon's knife, no muttered
charm, no lore
Of Phoebus Paian have those pangs
appeased.

Herself must be her savior. Side by
side
Spring poisonous weed and hope-
ful antidote
Within her tangled herbage; lonely
pride
And humble fellow-service; dreams
that dote
Deeds that aspire; foul sloth, free
labor: she
Hath power to choose, and what
she wills, to be.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

[From *Ion*.]

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

The blessings which the weak and
poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little
thing
To give a cup of water; yet its
draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fe-
vered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the
frame
More exquisite than when nectarian
juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest
hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily
use
Has almost lost its sense; yet in the
ear
Of him who thought to die un-
mourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing
eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted
hand
To know the bonds of fellowship
again,
And shed on the departing soul, a
sense
More precious than the benison of
friends
About the honored death-bed of the
rich

To him who else were lonely, that
another
Of the great family is near, and
feels.

ON THE RECEPTION OF WORDS- WORTH AT OXFORD.

OH! never did a mighty truth pre-
vail
With such felicities of place and
time
As in those shouts sent forth with
joy sublime
Fram the full heart of England's
youth, to hail
Her once neglected bard within the
pale
Of Learning's fairest citadel! That
voice,
In which the future thunders, bids
rejoice
Some who through wintry fortunes
did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life,
the name
Thus welcomed;—who in happy
silence share
The triumph; while their fondest
musings claim
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous
air,
That to their long-loved poet's spirit
bear.
A nation's promise of undying fame.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's
sang

Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The red-breast pours his sweetest
strains,

To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the
lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside
o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm sum-
mer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower
o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft
fauldin' blossom,

And sweet is the birk, wi' its man-
tle o' green;

Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to
this bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie, the flower
o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as
she's bonnie,—

For guileless simplicity marks her
its ain;

And far be the villain, divested of
feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet
flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn
to the e'ening,—

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Cal-
derwood glen;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless
and winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the
flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'
my Jessie!

The sports o' the city seemed fool-
ish and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my
dear lassie

Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the
flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o'
loftiest grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish
in pain,

And reckon as naething the height
o' its splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower
o' Dumblane.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ON THE HEADLAND.

I sit on the lonely headland,
Where the sea-gulls come and go:
The sky is gray above me,
And the sea is gray below.

There is no fisherman's pinnace
Homeward or outward bound;
I see no living creature
In the world's deserted round.

I pine for something human,
Man, woman, young or old,—
Something to meet and welcome,
Something to clasp and hold.

I have a mouth for kisses,
But there's no one to give and
take;

I have a heart in my bosom
Beating for nobody's sake.

O warmth of love that is wasted!
Is there none to stretch a hand?
No other heart that hungers
In all the living land?

I could fondle the fisherman's baby,
And rock it into rest;
I could take the sunburnt sailor,
Like a brother, to my breast,

I could clasp the hand of any
Outcast of land or sea,
If the guilty palm but answered
The tenderness in me!

The sea might rise and drown me;
Cliffs fall and crush my head,—
Were there one to love me, living,
Or weep to see me dead!

THE FATHER.

THE fateful hour, when death stood
by
And stretched his threatening hand
in vain,
Is over now, and life's first cry
Speaks feeble triumph through its
pain.

But yesterday, and thee the earth
Inscribed not on her mighty
scroll:
To-day she opes the gate of birth,
And gives the spheres another
soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me
The rising winds of time had
hurled
To-day, a father,—can it be
A child of mine is in the world?

I look upon the little frame,
As helpless on my arm it lies:
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's
name,
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand:
His power and mystery seem more
near;
Thou giv'st me honor in the land,
And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride;
Love sees his star of triumph
shine,
For life nor death can now divide
The souls that wedded breathe in
thine:

Mine and thy mother's, whence arose
The copy of my face in thee;
And as thine eyelids first uncloze,
My own young eyes look up to
me.

Look on me, child, once more, once
more,
Even with those weak, uncon-
scious eyes;
Stretch the small hands that help im-
plore;
Salute me with thy wailing cries!

This is the blessing and the prayer
A father's sacred place demands:
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,
And lead me with thy helpless
hands!

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

WHEN the stern genius, to whose
hollow tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the
soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that
pale camp
Where the archangel's final trum-
pets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber
dim,
Hushed, and pervaded with a name-
less fear,
When the breath flutters and the
senses swim,
And the dread hour is near.

Though love's dear arms might clasp
me fondly then
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
And woman's woe and the calm grief
of men
Hallow at last the chill, unbreath-
ing clay,—
These are earth's fetters, and the soul
would shrink,
Thus bound, from darkness and the
dread unknown,
Stretching its arms from death's eter-
nal brink,
Which it must dare alone.

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit, yet
untrod,
Through the blue ether would I
climb, to die
Afar from mortals and alone with
God!
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my faint and flut-
tering breath,
And with the rapture of an answered
prayer
Receive the kiss of Death.

Then to the elements my frame would
turn;
No worms should riot on my cof-
fined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepul-
chral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste
away.

Loud winds and thunder's diapason
high
Should be my requiem through the
coming time, [sky,
And the white summit, fading in the
My monument sublime.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea;
The west winds kiss the clover-bloom,
But I kiss — thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate:
The lily's bride of the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the
earth,—
Shall I wed thee?

WIND AND SEA.

THE sea is a jovial comrade.
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dim-
pling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of
the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall
faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain!
You may hark as you will, by valley
or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in
the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen
tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best, —

The laughter that slips from the
Ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea
that gladdens,
Are singing the self-same strain!

IN THE MEADOWS.

I LIE in the summer meadows,
In the meadows all alone,
With the infinite sky above me,
And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses
Is sweeter than any rose,
And a million happy insects
Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding
Feels the sun on her wings,
And the deeps of the noonday glitter
With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me
To the fathomless blue above,
The creatures of God are happy
In the warmth of their summer
love.

The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein;
The light and the life of summer
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
By thunder-clouds unfurled,
The awful truth arises,
That Death is in the world.

And the sky may beam as ever,
And never a cloud be curled;
And the airs be living odors,
But Death is in the world!

Out of the deeps of sunshine
The invisible bolt is hurled:
There's life in the summer meadows,
But Death is in the world.

BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now the night is overpast,
And the mist is cleared away:
On my barren life at last
Breaks the bright, reluctant day.

Day of payment for the wrong
I was doomed so long to bear;
Day of promise, day of song,
Day that makes the future fair!

Let me wake to bliss alone;
Let me bury every fear:
What I prayed for is my own;
What was distant, now is near.

For the happy hour that waits
No reproachful shade shall bring.
And I hear forgiving Fates
In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,
For the sweeter song begun:
Leave the blossom for the fruit,
And the rainbow for the sun!

SQUANDERED LIVES.

THE fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the sea;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the
heroes,
The manhood attempered in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in
life.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs,—
The centre of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the
fisher;
The sailor is dropped in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by his cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his
tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
 In manly achievement unseen,
 But lengthens the days of the coward,
 And strengthens the crafty and
 mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished
 That the selfish a profit may find;
 But God sees the lives that are squandered,
 And we to His wisdom are blind.

THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip-braided
 locks,
 Walks through the land in green
 attire,
 And burns in meadow-grass the phlox
 His torch of purple fire:

When buds have burst the silver
 sheath,
 And shifting pink, and gray, and
 gold
 Steal o'er the woods, while fair be-
 neath
 The bloomy vales unfold:

When, emerald-bright, the hemlock
 stands
 New-feathered, needled new, the
 pine;
 And, exiles from the orient lands,
 The turbaned tulips shine:

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,
 And cinque-foil stars the fields of
 home,
 And winds, that take the white-weed,
 roll
 The meadows into foam:

Then from the jubilee I turn
 To other Mays that I have seen,
 Where more resplendent blossoms
 burn,
 And statelier woods are green;—

Mays when my heart expanded first,
 A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew;

And one sweet wind of heaven dis-
 persed
 The only clouds I knew.

For she, whose softly murmured
 name
 The music of the month expressed,
 Walked by my side, in holy shame
 Of girlish love confessed,

The budding chestnuts overhead,
 Their sprinkled shadows in the
 lane, —
 Blue flowers along the brooklet's
 bed, —
 I see them all again!

The old, old tale of girl and boy,
 Repeated ever, never old:
 To each in turn the gates of joy,
 The gates of heaven unfold.

And when the punctual May arrives,
 With cowslip-garland on her brow,
 We know what once she gave our
 lives,
 And cannot give us now!

THE MYSTERY.

THOU art not dead; thou art not gone
 to dust;
 No line of all thy loveliness shall
 fall
 To formless ruin, smote by Time,
 and thrust
 Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though
 the sod
 Sink with its violets closer to thy
 breast;
 Though by the feet of generations
 trod,
 The headstone crumble from thy
 place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;
 The sweetness of thy presence shall
 not fade;
 Earth gave not all the glory of thine
 eye, —
 Death may not keep what Death has
 never made.

It was not thine, that forehead
 strange and cold,
 Nor those dumb lips, they hid be-
 neath the snow;
Thy heart would throb beneath that
 passive fold,
Thy hands for me that stony clasp
 forego.

But thou hadst gone, — gone from
 the dreary land,
 Gone from the storms let loose on
 every hill,
 Lured by the sweet persuasion of a
 hand
 Which leads thee somewhere in the
 distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou
 wearest yet
 The same bewildering beauty, sanc-
 tified
 By calmer joy, and touched with soft
 regret
 For him who seeks, but cannot
 reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of
 old,
 And seek thy place in Nature, as a
 child
 Whose hand is parted from his play-
 mate's hold,
 Wanders and cries along a lone-
 some wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I
 hear
 The messages of purer life, and
 know
 The footsteps of thy spirit lingering
 near,
 The darkness hides the way that I
 should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms
 restore
 That form, the symbol of thy
 heavenly part?
 Or on the fields of barren silence
 pour
 That voice, the perfect music of
 thy heart?

Oh, once, once bending to these wid-
 owed lips,
 Take back the tender warmth of
 life from me,
 Or let thy kisses cloud with swift
 eclipse
 The light of mine, and give me
 death with thee?

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers
 cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps
 allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under:
 And the tawny mound of the Mala-
 koff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman
 said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon:
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from
 Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory:
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and
 strong, —
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not
 speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of
shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
'The loving are the daring.

TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,
Art a shape of joy,
Standing by the Isar's water
With thy brother-boy;
In thy dream, with idle fingers
Threading through his curls,
On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,
Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing
With the echoes bland,
While thy generous voice is singing
Songs of Fatherland, —
Songs, that by the Danube's river
Sound on hills of vine,
And where waves in green light
quiver,
Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,
To thy heart doth lie
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges
In the southern sky;
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,
Which the foot should fear,
And the crags that fall unbidden
Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather
At the fountain's brim,
Or in sunny harvest weather,
With the reapers trim;
Where the autumn fires are burning
On the vintage-hills;
Where the mossy wheels are turning
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber towers
Hangs the ivy's hair,
And the crimson foxbell flowers
On the crumbling stair: —
Everywhere, without thy presence,
Would the sunshine fail,
Fairest of the maiden peasants!
Flower of Isar's vale.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

[From *Philip Van Artevelde*.]

UNKNOWN GREATNESS.

HE was a man of that unsleeping
spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his
food
Was glory, which was poison to his
mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die be-
times,

Whose story is a fragment, known
to few.
Then comes the man who has the
luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the
chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dan-
gerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than
him
A thousand men more gloriously en-
dowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THIS circulating principle of life
 That vivifies the outside of the earth
 And permeates the sea; that here and there
 Awakening up a particle of matter,
 Informs it, organizes, gives it power
 To gather and associate to itself,
 Transmute, incorporate other, for a term
 Sustains the congruous fabric, and then quits it;
 This vagrant principle so multiform,
 Ebullient here and undetected there,
 Is not unauthorized, nor increate,
 Though indestructible. Life never dies;
 Matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere,
 Or elsehow circumstanced and shaped; it goes;
 At every instant we may say 'tis gone,
 But never it hath ceased; the type is changed,
 Is ever in transition, for life's law
 To its eternal essence doth prescribe
 Eternal mutability; and thus
 To say I live — says, I partake of that
 Which never dies. But how far I may hold
 An interest indivisible from life
 Through change (and whether it be mortal change,
 Change of senescence, or of gradual growth,
 Or other whatsoever 'tis alike)

Is question not of argument, but fact
 In all men some such interest inheres;
 In most 'tis posthumous; the more expand
 Our thoughts and feelings past the very present,
 The more that interest overtakes of change
 And comprehends, till what it comprehends
 Is comprehended in eternity,
 And in no less a span.

Here we are
 Engendered out of nothing cognizable.

If this be not a wonder, nothing is;
 If this be wonderful, then all is so.
 Man's grosser attributes can generate
 What is not, and has never been at all;
 What should forbid his fancy to restore
 A being passed away? The wonder lies
 In the mind merely of the wondering man.
 Treading the steps of common life with eyes
 Of curious inquisition, some will stare
 At each discovery of Nature's ways,
 As it were new to find that God contrives.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

LOVE RELUCTANT TO ENDANGER ITS OBJECT.

THERE is but one thing that still harks me back.
 To bring a cloud upon the summer day
 Of one so happy and so beautiful, —
 It is a hard condition. For myself,
 I know not that the circumstance of life
 In all its changes can so far afflict me
 As makes anticipation much worth while.
 But she is younger, — of a sex beside
 Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
 More sudden, and more perishable too;

So that the gust wherewith the one
 is kindled
 Extinguishes the other. O she is fair!
 As fair as heaven to look upon! as
 fair
 As ever vision of the Virgin blest
 That weary pilgrim, resting by the
 fount
 Beneath the palm, and dreaming to
 the tune
 Of flowing waters, duped his soul
 withal.
 It was permitted in my pilgrimage
 To rest beside the fount beneath the
 tree,
 Beholding there no vision, but a maid
 Whose form was light and graceful
 as the palm,
 Whose heart was pure and jocund as
 the fount,
 And spread a freshness and a ver-
 dure round.
 This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
 And loath am I to take my staff again,
 Say that I fall not in this enterprise;
 Yet must my life be full of hazardous
 turns,
 And they that house with me must
 ever live
 In imminent peril of some evil fate.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

NATURE'S NEED.

THE human heart cannot sustain
 Prolonged unalterable pain,
 And not till reason cease to reign
 Will nature want some moments brief
 Of other moods to mix with grief;
 Such and so hard to be destroyed
 That vigor which abhors a void,
 And in the midst of all distress,
 Such Nature's need for happiness!
 And when she rallied thus, more
 high
 Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
 Than was their wont, in times than
 these
 Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
 So meet extremes; so joy's rebound
 Is highest from the hollowest ground;
 So vessels with the storm that strive
 Pitch higher as they deeper dive.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

WHEN JOYS ARE KEENEST.

THE sweets of converse and society
 Are sweetest when they're snatched;
 the often-comer,
 The boon companion of a thousand
 feasts,
 Whose eye has grown familiar with
 the fair,
 Whose tutored tongue, by practice
 perfect made,
 Is tamely talkative, — he never knows
 That truest, rarest light of social joy
 Which gleams upon the man of many
 cares.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

RELAXATION.

It was not meant
 By him who on the back the burden
 bound,
 That cares, though public, critical,
 and grave,
 Should so encase us and encrust, as
 shuts
 The gate on what is beautiful below,
 And clogs those entries of the soul of
 man
 Which lead the way to what he hath
 of heaven.

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero? — not success,
 not fame,
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud
 acclaim
 Of gluttoned Avarice, — caps tossed
 up in air,
 Or pen of journalist with flourish
 fair;
 Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a
 titular name —
 These, though his rightful tribute,
 he can spare;
 His rightful tribute, not his end or
 aim,
 Or true reward; for never yet did
 these

Refresh the soul, or set the heart
at ease.
What makes a hero? — An heroic
mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance
proved. [right,
And if there be pre-eminence of
Derived through pain well suffered,
to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear un-
moved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or
wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians
blind,
But worse — ingratitude and poi-
sonous darts,

Launched by the country he had
served and loved:
This, with a free, unclouded spirit
pure,
This, in the strength of silence to
endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of
renown;
This is the hero's complement and
crown;
This missed, one struggle had been
wanting still, —
One glorious triumph of the heroic
will,
One self-approval in his heart of
hearts.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were
new,

How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away;
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn, and *fleur-de-lis*;
And now the worm hath done her
part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call)
When the first *James* was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
Hither his train did bring;
All seated round in order due,
With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt:
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and
hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted
aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription-stone;
And there, in marble hard and
cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together, are expressed
He and my lady fair;
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,—
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order ere they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

These mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same succession go,
To occupy the vault below.

And now, the polished, modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season, every year, —
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor,
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,

In turn, receive, to silent rest,
Another, and another guest,—

The feathered hearse and sable
train,

In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant country
through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gayly o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

COUPLETS FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might:
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

[*From In Memoriam.*]

STRONG SON OF GOD.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and
shade;

Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy
foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not
why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art
just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood,
thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not
how;
Our wills are ours, to make them
thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see:
And yet we trust it comes from
thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
more,
But more of reverence in us dwell:
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight:
We mock thee when we do not
fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy
light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me:
What seemed my worth since I
began;

For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so
fair,

I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering
cries,

Confusions of a wasted youth:
Forgive them where they fail in
truth,

And in thy wisdom make me wise.

[*From In Memoriam.*]

HOPE FOR ALL.

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

That nothing walks, with aimless
feet;

That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile com-
plete:

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far-off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil
dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of
cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to
God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and
call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

[*From In Memoriam.*]

SOUL TO SOUL.

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native
land,
Where first he walked when claspt in
clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may
come
Where all the nerve of sense is
numb
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Oh, therefore from thy sightless
range
With gods in un conjectured bliss,
Oh, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter: hear
The wish too strong for words to
name;

That in this blindness of the frame
My ghost may feel that thine is near.

[*From In Memoriam.*]

CONDITION OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

How pure at heart and sound in
head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought
would hold
An hour's communion with the
dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst
say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the
breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And Doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

[*From In Memoriam.*]

FAITH IN DOUBT.

PERPLECT in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered
strength,
He would not make his judgment
blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at
length

To find a stronger faith his own:
 And Power was with him in the
 night,
 Which makes the darkness and the
 light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of
 gold,
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

TO A FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal:
 O loved the most, when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown: human, di-
 vine:

Sweet human hand and lips and
 eye:

Dear heavenly friend that canst
 not die,
 Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to
 be:

Love deeper, darker understood:
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air:
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But though I seem in star and
 flower

To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before:
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Though mixed with God and Na-
 ture thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh:
 I have thee still, and I rejoice:
 I prosper, circled with thy voice:
 I shall not lose thee though I die

[From *In Memoriam*.]

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more:
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife:
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times:
 Ring out, ring out my mournful
 rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and
 blood,
 The civic slander and the spite:
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

[From *The Princess*.]

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the
eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn
fields,
And thinking of the days that are no
more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering
on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the
underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over
one
That sinks with all we love below the
verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark
summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened
birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glim-
mering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are
no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after
death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feigned
On lips that are for others: deep as
love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all
regret:
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more.

[From *The Princess*.]

FOR HIS CHILD'S SAKE.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe:
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place.
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face:
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her
tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

[From *The Princess*.]

RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripest ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the
child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

[From *The Princess*.]

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the
lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in
glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and
clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blow
ing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens
relying:

Blow, bugle: answer echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying,
dying, dying.

[From *The Princess*.]

NOW LIES THE EARTH.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to
the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on,
and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in
me.

Now folds the lily all her sweet-
ness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou,
and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

[From *The Princess*.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

FOR woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as
the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest
bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they
grow:
The man be more of woman, she of
man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral
height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that
throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in child
ward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger
mind;

Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words:
And so these twain, upon the skirts
of Time.

Sit side by side, full-summed in all
their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing
each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those
who love.

[From *The Princess*.]

CRADLE SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and
blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon:
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the
nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep,

[From *The Princess*.]

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more: the moon may
draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven
and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or
of cape:
But O too fond, when have I an-
swered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: What answer
should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded-
eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have
thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid
thee live:

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine
are sealed:

I strove against the stream and all
in vain:

Let the great river take me to the
main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I
yield:

Ask me no more.

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

LOVE.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt,
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

HUSBAND TO WIFE.

Look through mine eyes with thine.
True wife,

Round my true heart thine arms
entwine:

My other dearer life in life,

Look through my very soul with
thine!

Untouched with any shade of years,

May those kind eyes forever dwell!

They have not shed a many tears,

Dear eyes, since first I knew them
well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their
part

Of sorrow: for when time was
ripe,

The still affection of the heart

Became an outward breathing type,

That into stillness passed again,

And left a want unknown before:

Although the loss that brought us
pain,

That loss but made us love the
more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,

The woven arms, seem but to be

Weak symbols of the settled bliss,

The comfort, I have found in thee:

But that God bless thee, dear — who
wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind —

With blessings beyond hope or
thought,

With blessings which no words
can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,

To yon old mill across the wolds;

For look, the sunset, south and north,

Winds all the vale in rosy folds,

And fires your narrow casement
glass,

Touching the sullen pool below:

On the chalk-hill the bearded grass

Is dry and dewless, let us go.

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

WHAT I WOULD BE.

It is the miller's daughter,

And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel

That trembles at her ear:

For hid in ringlets day and night,

I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle

About her dainty, dainty waist,

And her heart would beat against me,

In sorrow and in rest:

And I should know if it beat right,

I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs,
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

[*From Merlin and Vivien.*]

NOT AT ALL, 'OR ALL IN ALL.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love
 be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
 powers;
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in
 all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music
 mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's
 lute
 Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
 That rotting inward, slowly moulders
 all.

It is not worth the keeping: let
 it go:
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer,
 no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

[*From Maud.*]

GARDEN SONG.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone:
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that
 she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,

To faint in the light of the sun that
 she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon:
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking
 bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be
 gay.
 When will the dancers leave her
 alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are
 gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the
 stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night
 goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are
 those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to
 the rose,
 "Forever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into
 my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on
 to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have
 left so sweet
 That whenever a March wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet.
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we
 meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the
lake,

As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for
your sake,

Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls.

Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of
pearls,

Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over
with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.

She is coming, my dove, my dear;

She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she
is near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is
late;"

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I
hear;"

And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;

Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her, and beat,

Were it earth in an earthy bed.

My dust would hear her, and beat,

Had I lain for a century dead:

Would start and tremble under her
feet,

And blossom in purple and red.

[From *Maud*.]

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,

From the shining fields,

Go not, happy day,

Till the maiden yields.

Rosy is the West,

Rosy is the South,

Roses are her cheeks,

And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes

Falters from her lips,

Pass and blush the news

O'er the blowing ships,

Over blowing seas,

Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,

Blush it through the West,

Till the red man dance

By his red cedar-tree.

And the red man's babe

Leap, beyond the sea.

Blush from West to East,

Blush from East to West,

Till the West is East,

Blush it through the West.

Rosy is the West,

Rosy is the South, .

Roses are her cheeks,

And a rose her mouth.

[From *Guinevere*.]

THE NUNS' SONG.

Late, late, so late! and dark the
night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter
still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

No light had we: for that we do
repent:

And learning this, the bridegroom
will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

No light: so late! and dark and
chill the night;

Oh, let us in, that we may find the
light!

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

Have we not heard the bride-
groom is so sweet?

Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his
feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily
sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die:
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above; [love.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year; you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my
friend,
And the new year, blithe and bold,
my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns
low:

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my
friend,
And a new face at the door, my
friend,
A new face at the door.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the
sea,

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome
of thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and
of fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheer of
the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and
sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flow-
ers!

Make music, O bird, in the new-bud-
ded bowers!

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and
prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that
is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and
towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March
air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and
higher

Melt into the stars for the land's
desire!

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dashed on the
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes
the land,

And welcome her, welcome the land's
 desire,
 The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as
 fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the
 sea —

O joy to the people, and joy to the
 throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us
 your own,
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome
 of thee,

Alexandra!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown :
 You thought to break a country
 heart

For pastime, ere you went to
 town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired :
 The daughter of a hundred earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your
 name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I
 came.

Nor would I break for your sweet
 sake

A heart that doats on truer
 charms.

A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must
 find

For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could
 love,

And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my
 head;

Nor thrice your branching limes have
 blown

Since I beheld young Laurence
 dead.

Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :
 A great enchantress you may be :
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's
 view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of
 you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear :
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de
 Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall :
 The guilt of blood is at your door :
 You changed a wholesome heart to
 gall.

You held your course without re-
 morse,
 To make him trust his modest
 worth,
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble
 birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us
 bent

The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman
 blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You pine among your halls and
 towers :

The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless
wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks
as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at
play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the
bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But oh, for the touch of a vanished
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and
leave

Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go:
Till over thy dark shoulder glow,
Thy silver-sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
And round again to happy night.

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all
night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to
weep,
Because the earth hath made her state
forlorn
With self-wrought evil of unnum-
bered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonor
reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back
her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and
deep,
And showering down the glory of
lightsome day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to
win her if she may.

COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD.

COME not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my
grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou
wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the
plover cry;
But thou go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy
crime
I care no longer, being all unblest
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick
of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me
where I lie:
Go by, go by.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor vil-
lages [leas:
Playing mad pranks along the healthy
Two strangers meeting at a festival:
Two lovers whispering by an orchard
wall:
Two lives bound fast in one with
golden ease:
Two graves grass-green beside a gray
church-tower
Washed with still rains and daisy-
blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and
bred: [to hour.
So runs the round of life from hour

*WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.**AT THE CHURCH-GATE.*

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot,
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster-bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster-bell,
The organ 'gins to swell,—
She's coming,—coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes,—she's here,—she's past;
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer,
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

CELIA THAXTER.

FAREWELL.

THE crimson sunset faded into gray;
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head, in the soft purple sky,
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's one speech;
All human voices the sad chorus swell;
Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell!" — from wave to wave 't is tossed,
From wind to wind: earth has one tale to tell;
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

DISCONTENT.

THERE is no day so dark
But through the murk some ray of hope may steal,
Some blessed touch from heaven that we might feel,
If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,
And turn the key and let no sunshine in;
Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin
God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy,
Make much of our vexations, thickly set
Our path with thorns of discontent, and fret
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous heaven might frown
At such ingratitude, and, turning lay
On our impatience, burdens that would weigh
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to
 woe,
As if God had not planned the way
 we go
And counted out our years.

Can we not be content,
And lift our foreheads from the igno-
 ble dust
Of these complaining lives, and wait
 with trust,
Fulfilling heaven's intent?

Must we have wealth and power,
Fame, beauty, all things ordered to
 our mind?
Nay, all these things leave happiness
 behind!
Accept the sun and shower,

The humble joys that bless,
Appealing to indifferent hearts and
 cold
With delicate touch, striving to reach
 and hold
Our hidden consciousness;

And see how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps,
 and saves us all;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair!

*THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US
YET.*

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn;

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be
 wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once
 more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

A MUSSEL-SHELL.

WHY art thou colored like the even-
 ing sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost
 thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager
 brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-
 carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng
 the waves, the wind
Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch
 unkind,—
And sighs as if with passion of re-
 gret,
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect
 grace,
Whereon the lovely waves of color
 trace
The history of the years that passed
 thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of
 the sky!

The sea shall crush thee; yea, the
 ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and
 scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God! What more
 than thou am I?
Both transient as the sad wind's pass-
 ing sigh.

REVERIE.

THE white reflection of the sloop's
 great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide,
In scarlet trim her crew lean o'er the
 rail,
Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the
waters lie,
And glitter in the heat;
The distance gathers purple bloom
where sky
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy
gray
The ebbing tide has drained,
Where, mournful, in the dusk of
yesterday
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar
Lie dreaming, still and white;
No wave breaks, no wind breathes,
the peace to mar,
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus
have shone
Across the ocean waste,
Passing in swift succession, one by
one
By the fierce winter chased!

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn
and eve,
The green leaves at their feet,
The dreaming sails, the crying birds
that grieve,
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever
fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how forever new and sweet and
rare
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing
and smile
When we are dead and still?
Let us be happy in her beauty while
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment
bright,
Grateful that it is ours;
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh
delight,
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will
avail
Her rosy fires of dawn,
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade
and fail,
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

LOVE SHALL SAVE US ALL.

O PILGRIM, comes the night so fast?
Let not the dark thy heart appall,
Though loom the shadows vague and
vast,
For love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see
Through tears that gather fast, and
fall;
Too great to perish love must be,
And love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and
pain,
Our troubled space of days so
small;
We shall not reach our arms in vain,
For love shall save us all.

O pilgrim, but a moment wait,
And we shall hear our darlings
call
Beyond death's mute and awful gate,
And love shall save us all!

TO A VIOLIN.

WHAT wondrous power from heaven
upon thee wrought?
What prisoned Ariel within thee
broods?
Marvel of human skill and human
thought,
Light as a dry leaf in the winter
woods!

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful!
What mind
Conceived thee, what intelligence
began
And out of chaos thy rare shape de-
signed,
Thou delicate and perfect work of
man?

Across my hands thou liest mute and still;
 Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;
 Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill
 To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yield-est all:
 Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;
 To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call
 In language exquisite beyond compare,

Till into speech articulate at last
 Thou seem'st to break, and thy charmed listener hears
 Thee waking echoes of the vanished past,
 Touching the source of gladness and of tears;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll
 Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,
 And reverence and wonder fill his soul
 That man's creation should be so divine.

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
 And will not let the bitterness of life
 Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
 Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
 Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
 By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
 That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
 No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
 Think you there are no ready tears to fall
 Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
 To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
 A thousand times more good than I deserve
 God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
 Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
 Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
 Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
 One golden day redeems a weary year;
 Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
 Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
 I must be glad and grateful to the end;
 I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
 The powers of light befriend.

IN KITTERY CHURCHYARD.

CRUSHING the scarlet strawberries in the grass,
 I kneel to read the slanting stone.
 Alas!
 How sharp a sorrow speaks! A hundred years
 And more have vanished, with their smiles and tears,
 Since here was laid, upon an April day,
 Sweet Mary Chauncy in the grave away,—

A hundred years since here her lover
 stood
 Beside her grave in such despairing
 mood,
 And yet from out the vanished past
 I hear
 His cry of anguish sounding deep
 and clear,
 And all my heart with pity melts, as
 though
 To-day's bright sun were looking on
 his woe.
 "Of such a wife, O righteous heav-
 en! bereft,
 What joy for me, what joy on earth
 is left?
 Still from my inmost soul the groans
 arise,
 Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from
 mine eyes."
 Alas, poor tortured soul! I look
 away
 From the dark stone,—how brilliant
 shines the day!
 A low wall, over which the roses
 shed
 Their perfumed petals, shuts the
 quiet dead
 Apart a little, and the tiny square
 Stands in the broad and laughing
 field so fair,
 And gay green vines climb o'er the
 rough stone wall,
 And all about the wild-birds flit and
 call,
 And but a stone's-throw southward,
 the blue sea
 Rolls sparkling in and sings inces-
 santly.
 Lovely as any dream the peaceful
 place,
 And scarcely changed since on her
 gentle face
 For the last time on that sad April
 day
 He gazed, and felt, for him, all beauty
 lay
 Buried with her forever. Dull to
 Looked the bright world through
 eyes with tears so dim!
 "I soon shall follow the same dreary
 way
 That leads and opens to the coasts
 of day."

His only hope! But when slow time
 had dealt
 Firmly with him and kindly, and he
 felt
 The storm and stress of strong and
 piercing pain
 Yielding at last, and he grew calm
 again,
 Doubtless he found another mate
 before
 He followed Mary to the happy
 shore!
 But none the less his grief appeals to
 me
 Who sit and listen to the singing sea
 This matchless summer day, beside
 the stone
 He made to echo with his bitter
 moan,
 And in my eyes I feel the foolish
 tears
 For buried sorrow, dead a hundred
 years!

BEETHOVEN.

O SOVEREIGN Master! stern and
 splendid power,
 That calmly dost both time and
 death defy;
 Lofty and lone as mountain peaks
 that tower,
 Leading our thoughts up to the
 eternal sky:
 Keeper of some divine, mysterious
 key,
 Raising us far above all human
 care,
 Unlocking awful gates of harmony
 To let heaven's light in on the
 world's despair;
 Smiter of solemn chords that still
 command
 Echoes in souls that suffer and as-
 pire,
 In the great moment while we hold
 thy hand,
 Baptized with pain and rapture,
 tears and fire,
 God lifts our saddened foreheads
 from the dust,
 The everlasting God, in whom we
 trust!

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached
 and dry
 The wild waves reach their hands
 for it, [high,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses
 high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
 Uttering his sweet and mournful
 cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery;
 He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and
 strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou
 fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the
 sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

JAMES THOMSON.

[From *The Seasons*.]

PURE AND HAPPY LOVE.

BUT happy they! the happiest of
 their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one
 fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and
 their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human
 laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the
 mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony
 itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where Friendship full-exerts her
 softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will
 preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for
 nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss
 secure.

[From *The Seasons*.]

THE TEMPEST.

UNUSUAL darkness broods; and
 growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, sur-
 charged
 With wrathful vapor, from the secret
 beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations,
 drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery
 spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctured trains of
 latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful
 cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of
 fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal
 roused,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating
 war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm
 below,

They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood; and yet its flame unquenched,
 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

[From *The Seasons*.]

HARVEST-TIME.

A SERENER blue,
 With golden light enlivened, wide invests
 The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
 Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad and brown, below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-chequered heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
 These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!
 Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life.

[From *The Seasons*.]

BIRDS, AND THEIR LOVES.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent
abroad
Warm through the vital air, and on
the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops
begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the
painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten
strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner
grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'er-
flows
In music unconfined. Upsprings the
lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messen-
ger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted
sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from
their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every
copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er
the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodgewithin,
Are prodigal of harmony. The
thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-con-
tending throng
Superior heard, run through the
sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela
deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in
thought
Elate, to make her night excel their
day.
The blackbird whistles from the
thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from
the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flower-
ing furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined
to these
Innumerable songsters, in the fresh-
ening shade

Of new-sprung leaves their modula-
tions mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the
daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant
heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-
dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the
whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of
love,
That even to birds, and beasts, the
tender arts
Of pleasing, teaches. Hence, the
glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their
mates
Pour forth their little souls. First,
wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they
rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to
catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted
glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should
she seem
Softening the least approbance to be-
stow,
Their colors burnish, and by hope
inspired,
They brisk advance; then, on a sud-
den struck,
Retire disordered; then again ap-
proach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted
wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

[From *The Seasons*.]

DEATH AMID THE SNOWS.

ALL winter drives along the dark-
ened air:
In his own loose revolving fields, the
swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills
ascend.
Of unknown joyless brow; and other
scenes

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless
 plain;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest,
 hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wan-
 ders on
 From hill to dale, still more and
 more astray;
 Impatient flouncing through the
 drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home;
 the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their
 vigor forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks
 his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills
 his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which
 fancy feigned
 His tufted cottage rising through the
 snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle
 waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode
 of man;
 While round him night, resistless,
 closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his
 head, [wild.
 Renders the savage wilderness more
 Then throng the busy shapes into
 his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of
 frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smoothed up with snow; and, what
 is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen
 spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the
 bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and
 down he sinks,
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless
 drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of
 death;
 Mixed with the tender anguish na-
 ture shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the
 dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends
 unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife
 prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vest-
 ment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping
 out
 Into the mingling storm, demand
 their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence.
 Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he
 behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On
 every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up
 sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping
 cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened
 corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the
 northern blast.

[From *Liberty*.]

INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heav-
 en's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal
 soul!
 The life of life! that to the banquet
 high
 And sober meal gives taste; to the
 bowed roof
 Fair-dreamed repose, and to the cot-
 tage charms.

[From *Liberty*.]

A STATE'S NEED OF VIRTUE.

. . . . VIRTUE! without thee,
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in
 states;
 War has no vigor, and no safety,
 peace:
 E'en justice warps to party, laws op-
 press,
 Wide through the land their weak
 protection fails,
 First broke the balance, and then
 scorned the sword.

[From Liberty.]

THE ZEAL OF PERSECUTION.

MOTHER of tortures! persecuting
Zeal,
High flashing in her hand the ready
torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving
blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow
demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous
pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the
Source of Love,
Has wrought more horrors, more
detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined!

[From Liberty.]

THE APOLLO, AND VENUS OF
MEDICI.

ALL conquest-flushed, from pros-
trate Python, came
The quivered god. In graceful act
he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened
bow;
Light flows his easy robe, and fair
displays
A manly softened form. The bloom
of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless
cheek to wave:
His features yet, heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native
smile,
Mixed with the joy elating conquest
gives,
A scattered frown exalts his match-
less air.

The Queen of Love arose, as from
the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp
of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught
look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where
dubious mix

Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled
sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks
of love.
The gazer grows enamoured, and the
stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with
softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble
doubts.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

REPOSE.

WHAT, what is virtue, but repose of
mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no
storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's
wind,
Above those passions that this world
deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant
worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of pas-
sion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to
form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes
stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make
them still more gay.

The best of men have ever loved re-
pose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy
fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual
rancor grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to
day.
E'en those whom fame has lent her
fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights
of yore,
From a base world at last have
stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew
before.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

THE FOLLY OF HOARDING.

OH, grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the
sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelent-
ing fate,
And gives the untasted portion you
have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch
undone,
To those who mock you, gone to
Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and
shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling
may obtain.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

EXCESS TO BE AVOIDED.

BUT not e'en pleasure to excess is
good:
What most elates, then sinks the
soul as low:
When springtide joy pours in with
copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows
flow,
The further back again they flagging
go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary
shore.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

NATURE'S JOY INALIENABLE.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me
deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's
grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the
sky,
Through which Aurora shows her
brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to
trace

The woods and lawns, by living
stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres
brace,
And I their toys to the great children
leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can
me bereave.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

**THE STATE OF THE WORLD HAD
MEN LIVED AT EASE.**

HAD unambitious mortals minded
nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear
away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance
sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads
to lay,
Rude nature's state had been our
state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had
raised,
No arts had made us opulent and
gay;
With brother brutes the human race
had grazed;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none
honored been, none praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired
the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic
deeds;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglori-
ous rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian
reeds:
The wits of modern time had told
their beads,
The monkish legends been their only
strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in
weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed
with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd
his Mulla's plains.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

HEALTH NECESSARY TO HAPPY LIFE.

AH! what avail the largest gifts of
Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go
amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be
given?
Health is the vital principle of
bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of
this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life
away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad
abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or
manly play,
As light as air each limb, each thought
as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys
of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the
mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing
stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene
and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true glad-
ness find:
See! how the younglings frisk along
the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the
balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy
exceeds;
Yet what but high-strung health this
dancing pleasaunce breeds?

CONTENTMENT.

IF those, who live in shepherd's
bower,
Press not the rich and stately bed:
The new-mown hay and breathing
flower
A softer couch beneath them
spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board
Soothe not their taste by wanton
art;
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's
bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can
boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the
soul,
And crown them with the village
toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendor of a court:
Yet love adorns the merry round.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's
command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this
strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the
waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blessed as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants
fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall
tame:
All their attempts to bend thee
down

Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:

All thine shall be the subject main:
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blessed isle! with matchless beauty crowned,

And manly hearts to guard the fair:

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;

Britons never will be slaves.

THEODORE TILTON.

[*From Thou and I.*]

LOVE IN AGE.

FOR us, the almond-tree
Doth flourish now:
Its whitest bloom is on our brow.
Let others triumph as they may
And wear their garlands gay
Of olive, oak, or bay:
Our crown of glory is, instead,
The hoary head.

Our threescore years and ten,
That measure life to mortal men,
Have lingered to a longer length
By reason of our strength;
Yet, like a tale that hath been told,
They all have passed, and now, behold!
We verily are old; —

Yea, old like Abraham, when he went,
With head down bent,
And mantle rent,
In dole for her who lay in death,
And to the Sons of Heth
The silver shekels gave
For Mamre's gloomy cave,
To be her grave; —

Or, older still, like him
Who, feeble not of limb,
With eyes not dim,
Upclimbed, with staff in hand,
To where Mount Nebo cleft the sky,
And looked and saw the Promised
Land

(Forbidden him from on high)
Till, with an unrecorded cry,
He laid him down to die.

So too, for us, the end is nigh.
Our mortal race is nearly run;
Our earthly toil is nearly done!
Ah, thou and I,
Who in the grave so soon shall lie,
Have little time to see the sun —
So little it is nearly none!

What then?
Amen!
All hail, my love, good cheer!
Keep back thy unshed tear!
Not thou nor I
Shall mourn or sigh.
Nay now, we twain —
Old man, old wife.
The few days that remain —
Let us make merry — let us laugh! —
For now at length we quaff
The last, best wine of life, —
The very last — the very best,
The double cup of love and rest.

What though the groaning world
declare
That life is but a load of care? —
A burden wearisome to bear? —
That as we journey down the years,
The path is through a vale of tears? —
Yet we who have the burden borne,
And travelled until travel-worn,
Forget the weight upon the back,
Forget the long and weary track, .

And sit remembering here to-day
How we were children at our play:—

And half in doze, at idle ease,
Before the hearth-fire's dying brands,
With elbows on our trembling knees,
With chin between our wrinkled
hands,

We sail un navigable seas, —
We roam impenetrable lands, —
We leap from clime to clime, —
We conquer space and time.

And, howsoever strange it seems,
The dearest of our drowsy dreams
Is of that billow-beaten shore
Where, in our childish days of yore,
We piled the salty sands
Into a palace that still stands!—
Not where it first arose,
Not where the wild wind blows,
Not by the ocean's roar, —
(For, long ago, those turrets fell
Beneath that billowy swell), —
But, down within the heart's deep
core,
Our tumbled tower we oft restore
And ever build it o'er and o'er!

We have one palace more, —
Not made with hands, —
Nor have our feet yet entered at its
door!
It lieth not behind us, but before!

Dear love, our pilgrimage is thither
tending,
And there shall have its ending!

Ah, though the rapturous vision
Allures us to a Land Elysian,
Yet aged are our feet, and slow,
And not in haste to go.

Life still hath many joys to give,
Whereof the sweetest is — to live.

Then fear we death? Not so!
Or do we tremble? No!
Nor do we even grieve!
And yet a gentle sigh we heave,
And unto Him who fixes fate, —
Without whose sovereign leave,

Down-whispered from on high,
Not even the daisy dares to die, —
We, jointly, thou and I,
Implore a little longer date, —
A little term of kind reprieve, —
A little lease till by and by!

May it be Heaven's decree, —
Here, now, to thee and me, —
That, for a season still,
The eye shall not grow dim;
That, for a few more days,
The ear cease not to hear the hymn
Which the tongue utters to His
praise;

That, for a little while,
The heart faint not, nor fail;
For even the wintry sun is bright,
And cheering to our aged sight;
Yea, though the frosts prevail,
Yet even the icy air,
The frozen plain, the leafless wood
Still keep the earth as fresh and
fair
As when from Heaven, He called it
good!

O final Summoner of the soul!
Grant, of thy pitying grace,
That, for a little longer space,
The pitcher at the fountain's rim
Be shattered not, but still kept
whole, —
Still overflowing at the brim!
If but a year, if but a day,
Thy lifted hand, O stay!
Loose Thou not yet, O Lord,
The silver cord!
Break Thou not yet the golden
bowl!

[From *Thou and I*.]

UNDER THE SOD.

"THOU and I!"
The voice no longer said;
But two white stones, instead,
Above the twain, long dead,
Still utter, each to each,
The same familiar speech,
"Thou and I!" —

Not spoken to the passer-by,
 But just as if, beneath the grass,
 Deep under foot of all who pass,
 The sleeping dust should wake to say,
 Each to its fellow-clay,
 Each in the same old way,
 "Thou and I!"

And each to either should reply, —
 (Tomb murmuring unto tomb,
 Stone answering unto stone,
 Yet not with sound of human moan,
 Nor breath of mortal sigh,
 But voiceless as the dead's dumb
 cry,) —
 "Thou and I!"

"The spirit and the body part,
 Yet love abideth, heart to heart.

"O silent comrade of my rest,
 With hands here crossed upon thy
 breast,
 I know thee who thou art!
 O marble brow,
 Here pillowed next to mine,
 I know the soul divine
 That tenanted thy shrine!

"For, though above us, green and
 high,
 The yew-trees grow,
 And churchyard ravens fly,
 And mourners come and go,
 Yet thou and I,
 Who dust to dust lie here below,
 Still one another know!

"Yea, thee I know — it still is thou;
 And me thou know'st — it still is I;
 True lovers once, true lovers now! —
 The same old vow,
 The same old thrill,
 The same old love between us still!

"The gloomy grave hath frosts that
 kill,
 But love is chilled not with their
 chill.

"Love's flame —
 Consuming, unconsumed —
 In breasts that breathe — in hearts
 entombed —
 Is fed by life and death the same!

"Love's spark
 Is brightest when love's house is dark!

"Love's shroud —
 That wraps its bosom round —
 Must crumble in the charnel ground,
 Till all the long white winding-sheet
 Shall drop to dust from head to feet:
 But love's strong cord,
 The eternal tie,
 The immortal bond that binds
 Love's twain immortal minds; —
 This silken knot
 Shall never rot —
 Nor moulder in the mouldy mound —
 Nor mildew — nor decay —
 Nor fall apart — nor drop away —
 Nor ever be unbound!

"Love's dust,
 Whatever grave it fill,
 Though buried deep, is deathless still!
 Love hath no death, and cannot die!
 This love is ours, as here we lie, —
 Thou and I!"

THE FOUR SEASONS.

In the balmy April weather,
 My love, you know,
 When the corn began to grow,
 What walks we took together,
 What sighs we breathed together,
 What vows we pledged together,
 In the days of long ago!

In the golden summer weather,
 My love, you know,
 When the mowers went to mow
 What home we built together,
 What babes we watched together,
 What plans we planned together,
 While the skies were all aglow!

In the rainy autumn weather,
 My love, you know,
 When the winds began to blow,
 What tears we shed together,
 What mounds we heaped together,
 What hopes we lost together,
 When we laid our darlings low!

In the wild and wintry weather,
 My love, you know,
 With our heads as white as
 snow,
 What prayers we pray together,
 What fears we share together,
 What Heaven we seek together,
 For our time has come to go!

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame;
 But, with a sudden frown,
 The people snatched my crown,
 And, in the mire, trod down
 My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse;
 And beggars by the way
 Then blessed me, day by day;
 But I, grown poor as they,
 Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;
 But now their love is hate,
 And I have learned, too late,
 How mated minds unmate,
 And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,—
 As if her heart, I knew,
 Or fancied, would be true,—
 Who proved, alas! she too!
 False like the rest.

I now am all bereft,—
 As when some tower doth fall,
 With battlement, and wall,
 And gate, and bridge, and all,—
 And nothing left.

But I account it worth
 All pangs of fair hopes crossed —
 All loves and honors lost,—
 To gain the heavens, at cost
 Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
 To render ill for ill,—
 Henceforth in me instil,
 O God, a sweet good will
 To all mankind.

RECOMPENSE.

THE Temple of the Lord stood open
 wide,
 And worshippers went up from many
 lands,
 Who, kneeling at the altar, side by
 side,
 Made votive offerings with uplifted
 hands.

Their gifts were gold, and frankin-
 cense, and myrrh.
 Then, with a lustrous gleam and rap-
 turous stir,
 While all the people trembled and
 turned pale.

There flew an angel to the altar-rail,
 Who, with anointed eyes, keen to
 discern,

Gazed, noting all the kneelers, who
 they were,

And what was each one's tribute to
 the Lord,—

And, gift for gift, with sudden, swift
 return,

Bestowed on every suppliant his re-
 ward.

O mocking recompense! To one, a
 spear!

To many, each a thorn! To some a
 nail!

To all, a cross! But unto none a
 crown!

At last, they saw the angel disappear.
 Then, as their timid hearts shook off
 their fear,

Some rose in anger, flung their treas-
 ures down,

And cried, "Such gifts from Heaven
 as these, we spurn!

They are too cruel, and too keen to
 bear!

They are too grievous for a human
 breast!

Heaven sends us heartache, misery,
 and despair!

We knelt for blessing, but we rise un-
 blest!

If Heaven so mock us, we will cease
 to pray!"

They left the altar, and they went
 their way;

But their blaspheming hearts were
 then self-torn

Far more by pride, and heaven-defying scorn,
Than pierced before by nail, or spear,
or thorn!

A few (not many!) with their brows
down bent,
Gave thanks for each sharp gift that
Heaven had sent,—
And each embraced his separate pain
and sting,
As if it were some sweet and pleasant
thing,—
And each his cross, with joyful tears,
did take,
To bear it for the great Cross-bearer's
sake.

Then lo! as from the Temple forth
they went,
Their bleeding bosoms, though with
anguish rent,
Had, spite of all their pain!—a sweet
content;
For on each brow, though not to mortal
sight,
The vanished angel left a crown of
light!

THE TWO LADDERS.

BENIGHTED in my pilgrimage,—
alone,—
And footsore — (for the path to
heaven grew steep,)—
I looked for Jacob's pillow of a stone,
In hope of Jacob's vision in my
sleep.
Then, in my dream, whereof I quake
to tell,—
Not up from earth to heaven, but,
oh, sad sight!
The ladder was let down from earth
to hell!—
Whereon, ascending from the deep
abyss,
Came fiery spirits who, with dismal
hiss,
Made woeful clamor of their lost de-
light,
And stung my eyelids open, till, in
fright,
I caught my staff, and at the dead of
night,
I, who toward heaven and peace
had halted so.
Was fleet of foot to flee from hell
and woe!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THREE SONNETS ON PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one
short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to
make —
What heavy burdens from our bosoms
take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as
with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to
lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the
near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave
and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full
of power!
Why, therefore, should we do our-
selves this wrong,

Or others — that we are not always
strong;
That we are ever overborne with
care;
That we should ever weak or heart-
less be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is
prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage,
are with Thee?

A GARDEN so well watered before
morn
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's
blaze,
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places
borne,

Shall quite prevail to make it bare
and shorn
Of its green beauty — shall not quite
prevail
That all its morning freshness shall
exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews
return —
A blessing such as this our hearts
might reap,
The freshness of the garden they
might share,
Through the long day a heavenly
freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the
day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would
largely steep
And water them betimes with dews
of prayer.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning
tenderness,
For the loved absent, whom we can
not reach —
By deed or token, gesture or kind
speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost
distress, [by,
And we are doomed to stand inactive
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to
make less —
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is
prayer:
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted
are;
And, though we can not cease to
yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to
abide.

LORD, MANY TIMES I AM AWEARY.

LORD, many times I am aweary
quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my
vanity —
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost out-
right, —
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce
debate:

Take Thou my part against myself,
nor share
In that just hate!

Best friends might loathe us, if what
things perverse

We know of our own selves, they
also knew:

Lord, Holy One! if Thou who know-
est worse
Shouldst loathe us too!

[From Lines to a Friend.]

WEAK CONSOLATION.

OH, miserable comfort! Loss is loss,
And death is death; and after all is
done —

After the flowers are scattered on the
tomb,

After the singing of the sweetest
dirge —

The mourner, with his heart uncom-
forted,

Returning to his solitary home,
Thinks with himself, if any one had
aught

Of stronger consolation, he should
speak;

If not, 'twere best for ever to hold
peace,

And not to mock him with vain
words like these.

SADNESS BORN OF BEAUTY.

ALL beautiful things bring sadness,
nor alone

Music, whereof that wisest poet
spake;*

Because in us keen longings they
awake

After the good for which we pine and
groan,

From which exiled we make continual
moan,

* I am never merry when I hear sweet
music. — SHAKESPEARE.

Till once again we may our spirits
 slake
 At those clear streams, which man
 did first forsake,
 When he would dig for fountains of
 his own.
 All beauty makes us sad, yet not in
 vain —
 For who would be ungracious to re-
 fuse,
 Or not to use, this sadness without
 pain,
 Whether it flows upon us from the
 hues
 Of sunset, from the time of stars
 and dews,
 From the clear sky, or waters pure of
 stain?

THE LENT JEWELS.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was
 spent:
 His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward
 bent,
 With homeward thoughts, which
 dwelt upon the wife
 And two fair children who consoled
 his life,
 She, meeting at the threshold, led
 him in,
 And with these words preventing,
 did begin:—
 “Ever rejoicing at your wished re-
 turn,
 Yet am I most so now: for since this
 morn
 I have been much perplexed and
 sorely tried
 Upon one point which you shall now
 decide.
 Some years ago, a friend into my
 care
 Some jewels gave—rich, precious
 gems they were;
 But having given them in my charge,
 this friend
 Did afterward nor come for them, nor
 send,
 But left them in my keeping for so
 long,
 That now it almost seems to me a
 wrong

That he should suddenly arrive to-
 day,
 To take those jewels, which he left,
 away.
 What think you? Shall I freely
 yield them back,
 And with no murmuring?—so hence-
 forth to lack
 Those gems myself, which I had
 learned to see
 Almost as mine for ever, mine in
 fee.”

“What question can be here?
 Your own true heart
 Must needs advise you of the only
 part:
 That may be claimed again which
 was but lent,
 And should be yielded with no dis-
 content.
 Nor surely can we find herein a
 wrong,
 That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“Good is the word,” she answered,
 “may we now
 And evermore that it is good allow!”
 And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
 And there she showed him, stretched
 upon one bed,
 Two children pale: and he the jewels
 knew,
 Which God had lent him, and re-
 sumed anew.

PATIENCE.

BE patient! oh, be patient! Put your
 ear against the earth;
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ
 o’ the seed has birth—
 How noiselessly and gently it up-
 heaves its little way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken
 ground, and the blade stands
 up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The
 germs of mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth,
 must underground be wrought:

But as sure as there's a power that
makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty,
the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient — go and
watch the wheat ears grow —
So imperceptibly that ye can mark
nor change nor throe —
Day after day, day after day, till the
ear is fully grown,
And then again day after day, till the
ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — though
yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of freedom shall
be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening! — mature
your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued
with fire on freedom's harvest
day!

**HAPPINESS IN LITTLE THINGS
OF THE PRESENT.**

WE live not in our moments or our
years:
The present we fling from us like the
rind
Of some sweet future, which we after
find
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with
fears,
And water it beforehand with our
tears —
Vain tears for that which never may
arrive;
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought
to live,
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make
ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the
present brings —
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of
birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little
things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest se-
cure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

THE ERMINE.

To miry places me the hunters drive,
Where I my robes of purest white
must stain;
Then yield I, nor for life will longer
strive,
For spotless death, ere spotted life,
is gain.

THE BEES.

WE light on fruits and flowers, and
purest things;
For if on carcasses or aught unclean,
When homeward we returned, with
mortal stings
Would slay us the keen watchers
round our queen.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LEANING my bosom on a pointed
thorn,
I bleed, and bleeding sing my
sweetest strain:
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts
are born,
And who may here dis sever love
and pain?

THE SNAKE.

MYSELF I force some narrowest pas-
sage through,
Leaving my old and wrinkled skin
behind,
And issuing forth in splendor of my
new:
Hard entrance into life all creatures
find.

THE TIGER.

HEARING sweet music, as in fell de-
spite,
Himself the tiger doth in pieces
tear:
The melody of other men's delight
There are, alas! who can as little
bear.

THE DIAMOND.

I ONLY polished am in mine own
dust —
Naught else against my hardness
will prevail:
And thou, O man, in thine own
sufferings must
Be polished: every meaner art will
fail.

FALLING STARS.

ANGELS are we, that, once from
heaven exiled,
Would climb its crystal battlements
again;
But have their keen-eyed watchers
not beguiled,
Hurled by their glittering lances
back amain.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo! I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest — for around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph; — "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! — our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water — this reprieve is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred —
Then exclaimed: "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish — now I bid thee drink and live!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE NAME IN THE BARK.

THE self of so long ago,
And the self I struggle to know, —
I sometimes think we are two,—or are we shadows of one?
To-day the shadow I am
Returns in the sweet summer calm
To trace where the earlier shadow flitted awhile in the sun.

Once more in the dewy morn
I came through the whispering corn;
Cool to my fevered cheek soft breezy kisses were blown;
The ribboned and tasselled grass
Leaned over the flattering glass,
And the sunny waters trilled the same low musical tone.

To the gray old birch I came,
Where I whittled my school-boy name:
The nimble squirrel once more ran skipingly over the rail,
The blackbirds down among
The alders noisily sung,
And under the blackberry-brier whistled the serious quail.

I came, remembering well
How my little shadow fell,
As I painfully reached and wrote to leave to the future a sign:
There, stooping a little, I found
A half-healed, curious wound.
An ancient scar in the bark, but no initial of mine!

Then the wise old boughs overhead
Took counsel together, and said,—
And the buzz of their leafy lips like a murmur of prophecy passed,—
“He is busily carving a name
In the tough old wrinkles of fame;
But, cut he as deep as he may, the lines will close over at last!”

Sadly I pondered awhile,
Then I lifted my soul with a smile,
And I said “Not cheerful men, but anxious children are we,
Still hurting ourselves with the knife,
As we toil at the letters of life,
Just marring a little the rind, never piercing the heart of the tree.”

And now by the rivulet's brink
I leisurely saunter, and think
How idle this strife will appear when circling ages have run,
If then the real I am
Descend from the heavenly calm,
To trace where the shadow I seem once flitted awhile in the sun.

THE RESTORED PICTURE.

IN later years, veiling its unblest face
 In a most loathsome place,
 The cheap adornment of a house of
 shame,
 It hung, till, gnawed away
 By tooth of slow decay,
 It fell, and parted from its moulder-
 ing frame.

The rotting canvas, faintly smiling
 still,
 From worldly puff and frill,
 Its ghastly smile of coquetry and
 pride,
 Crumpling its faded charms
 And yellow jewelled arms,
 Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast
 aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the
 gate:
 He, skilled to re-create
 In old and ruined paintings their lost
 soul
 And beauty,—one who knew
 The Master's touch by true,
 Swift instinct, as the needle knows
 the pole,—

Looked on it, and straightway his
 searching eyes
 Saw through its coarse disguise
 Of vulgar paint and grime and var-
 nish stain
 The Art that slept beneath.—
 A chrysalis in its sheath,
 That waited to be waked to life
 again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew
 Each wondrous trait and hue,—
 This is the miracle, his chosen task!
 He bears it to his house,
 And there from lips and brows
 With loving touch removes their alien
 mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid
 An early mellowing shade;
 Then hands unskilled, each seeking
 to impart
 Fresh tints to form and face.
 With some more modern grace,
 Had buried quite the mighty Master's
 Art.

First, razed from the divine original,
 Brow, cheek, and lid, went all
 That outer shape of worldliness;
 when, lo!
 Beneath the varnished crust
 Of long-embedded dust
 A fairer face appears, emerging
 slow,—

The features of a simple shepherd-
 ess!
 Pure eyes, and golden tress,
 And, lastly, crook in hand. But
 deeper still
 The Master's work lies hid;
 And still through lip and lid
 Works the Restorer with unsparing
 skill.

Behold, at length, in tender light re-
 vealed,
 The soul so long concealed!
 All heavenly faint at first, then softly
 bright,
 As smiles the young-eyed Dawn
 When darkness is withdrawn,
 A shining angel breaks upon the
 sight!

Restored, perfected, after the divine
 Imperishable design,
 Lo, now! that once despised and out-
 cast thing
 Holds its true place among
 The fairest pictures hung
 In the high palace of our Lord the
 King!

MIDWINTER.

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
 The light flakes falter and fall
 slow;
 Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
 Silently drops a silvery veil;
 And all the valley is shut in
 By flickering curtains gray and thin.

 I watch the slow flakes as they fall
 On bank and brier and broken wall.
 Over the orchard, waste and brown,
 All noiselessly they settle down,

Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and
peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow storm spreads its ivory
woof;
It paves with pearl the garden walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn.
And clustering spangles lodge and
shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and
white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised
part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

MIDSUMMER.

BECALMED along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining
rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-
day
The meadow-sides are sweet with
hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest
meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and
bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-
sleeved row.

With even stroke their scythes they
swing,

In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and
still,

Slopes the broad pasture, basks the
hill,

And bright, where summer breezes
break.

The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and
swells,

The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and
hum.

The partridge beats his throbbing
drum,

The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and look!

Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his
coat,

Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:

A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

REAL ESTATE.

THE pleasant grounds are greenly
turfed and graded;
A sturdy porter waiteth at the
gate;
The graceful avenues, serenely
shaded,
And curving paths, are interlaced
and braided
In many a maze around my fair
estate.

Here bloom the early hyacinth, and
clover
And amaranth and myrtle wreathe
the ground;
The pensive lily leans her pale cheek
over;
And hither comes the bee, light-
hearted rover,
 wooing the sweet-breathed flowers
with soothing sound.

Entwining, in their manifold digres-
sions,
Lands of my neighbors, wind these
peaceful ways.
The masters, coming to their calm
possessions,
Followed in solemn state by long pro-
cessions,
Make quiet journeys these still
summer days.

This is my freehold! Elms and fringy
larches,
Maples and pines, and stately firs
of Norway,
Build round me their green pyramids
and arches;
Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly
marches
The stately pageant past my ver-
dant doorway.

Oh, sweetly sing the robin and the
sparrow!

But the pale tenant very silent
rides.

A low green roof-receiveth him;—so
narrow

His hollow tenement, a schoolboy's
arrow

Might span the space betwixt its
grassy sides.

The flowers around him ring their
wind-swung chalices,

A great bell tolls the pageant's slow
advance.

The poor alike, and lords of parks
and palaces,

From all their busy schemes, their
fears and fallacies,

Find here their rest and sure inher-
itance.

No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapa-
lus!

Of all our wide dominions, soon or
late,

Only a fathom's space can aught
avail us;

This is the heritage that shall not
fail us:

Here man at last comes to his Real
Estate.

“Secure to him and to his heirs for-
ever”!

Nor wealth nor want shall vex his
spirit more.

Treasures of hope and love and high
endeavor

Follow their blest proprietor; but
never

Could pomp or riches pass this lit-
tle door.

Flatterers attend him, but alone he
enters,—

Shakes off the dust of earth, no
more to roam.

His trial ended, sealed his soul's in-
dentures,

The wanderer, weary from his long
adventures,

Beholds the peace of his eternal
home.

Lo, more than life, Man's great Estate
comprises!

While for the earthly corner of his
mansion

A little nook in shady Time suffices,
The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof
arises

Ethereal in limitless expansion!

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL round the lake the wet woods
shake

From drooping boughs their show-
ers of pearl;

From floating skiff to towering cliff

The rising vapors part and curl.

The west-wind stirs among the firs

High up the mountain side emerg-
ing;

The light illumines a thousand plumes

Through billowy banners round
them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights:

And in a halo of the haze.

Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold

That mighty face, that stony gaze!

In the wild sky upborne so high

Above us perishable creatures,

Confronting Time with those sub-
lime,

Impassive, adamantine, features.

Thou beaked and bald high front,
miscalled

The profile of a human face!

No kin art thou, O Titan brow,

To puny man's ephemeral race.

The groaning earth to thee gave
birth,—

Throes and convulsions of the
planet;

Lonely uprose, in grand repose,

Those eighty feet of facial granite.

Here long, while vast, slow ages
passed,

Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld

But solitudes of crags and woods.

Where eagles screamed and pan-
thers yelled.

Before the fires of our pale sires

In the first log-built cabin twinkled,

Or red men came for fish and game,

That scalp was scarred, that face
was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago

That ancient countenance was
young;

Thy sovereign brow was seamed as
now

When Moses wrote and Homer
sung.

Empires and states it antedates,

And wars, and arts, and crime, and
glory;

In that dim morn when man was
born

Thy head with centuries was
hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,

Nor tempest leaves on thee its
trace;

The stormy years are but as tears

That pass from thy unchanging
face.

With unconcern as grand and stern,

Those features viewed, which now
survey us,

A green world rise from seas of ice,

And order come from mud and
chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?

What forces moved, or fast or
slow;

How grew the hills; what heats, what
chills,

What strange, dim life, so long ago?

High-visaged peak, wilt thou not
speak?

One word for all our learned wran-
gle!

What earthquakes shaped, what gla-
ciers scraped,

That nose, and gave the chin its
angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,

Our petty questionings are vain;

In its great trance thy countenance

Knows not compassion nor dis-
dain.

With far-off hum we go and come,
 The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
 And all things done, to thee are one,
 Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
 Will mock the pride of mortals
 still.

Returning springs, with songs and
 wings fill;
 And fragrance, shall these valleys
 The free winds blow, fall rain or
 snow,

The mountains brim their crystal
 breakers;
 Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
 The summer tides of pleasure-seek-
 ers.

The dawns shall gild the peaks where
 build

The eagles, many a future pair;
 The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
 Dissolving in the purple air;
 The sunlight gleam on lake and
 stream,

Boughs wave, storms break, and
 still at even
 All glorious hues the world suffuse,
 Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in
 heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's
 grass,
 And times unborn grow old and
 change;

New governments and great events
 Shall rise, and science new and
 strange;

Yet will thy gaze confront the days
 With its eternal calm and patience,
 The evening red still light thy head,
 Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
 The little worth of words or fame!
 I go my way, but thou wilt stay
 While future millions pass the
 same:

But what is this I seem to miss?
 Those features fall into confusion!
 A further pace—where was that
 face?

The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
 When eyes that make thee onward
 move;

Whose vast pretence of permanence
 A little progress can disprove!
 Like some huge wraith of human
 faith

That to the mind takes form and
 measure;
 Grim monolith of creed or myth,
 Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
 A withered cliff is all we see;
 That giant nose, that grand repose,
 Have in a moment ceased to be;
 Or still depend on lines that blend,
 On merging shapes, and sight, and
 distance,
 And in the mind alone can find
 Imaginary brief existence!

STANZAS FROM "SERVICE."

WELL might red shame my cheek
 consume!

O service slighted!
 O Bride of Paradise, to whom
 I long was plighted!
 Do I with burning lips profess
 To serve thee wholly,
 Yet labor less for blessedness
 Than fools for folly?

The wary worldling spread his toils
 Whilst I was sleeping;
 The wakeful miser locked his spoils,
 Keen vigils keeping:
 I loosed the latches of my soul
 To pleading Pleasure,
 Who stayed one little hour, and stole
 My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure
 Sharp provocations;
 And knaves are cunning to secure,
 By cringing patience,
 And smiles upon a smarting cheek,
 Some dear advantage,—
 Swathing their grievances in meek
 Submission's bandage.

Yet for thy sake I will not take
 One drop of trial,
 But raise rebellious hands to break
 The bitter vial.
 At hardship's surly-visaged churl
 My spirit sallies;
 And melts, O Peace! thy priceless
 pearl
 In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,
 Was I forsaken:
 Down trickles still some starry rill
 My heart to waken.

O Love Divine! could I resign
 This changeful spirit
 To walk thy ways, what wealth of
 grace
 Might I inherit!

If one poor flower of thanks to thee
 Be truly given,
 All night thou snowest down to me
 Lilies of heaven!
 One task of human love fulfilled
 Thy glimpses tender,
 My days of lonely labor gild,
 With gleams of splendor!

MY COMRADE AND I.

WE two have grown up so divinely together,
 Flower within flower from seed within seed,
 The sagest philosopher cannot say whether
 His being or mine was first called and decreed.
 In the life before birth, by inscrutable ties,
 We were linked each to each; I am bound up in him;
 He sickens, I languish; without me, he dies;
 I am life of his life, he is limb of my limb.

Twin babes from one cradle, I tottered about with him,
 Chased the bright butterflies, singing, a boy with him;
 Still as a man I am borne in and out with him,
 Sup with him, sleep with him, suffer, enjoy with him.
 Faithful companion, me long he has carried
 Unseen in his bosom, a lamp to his feet;
 More near than a bridegroom, to him I am married,
 As light in the sunbeam is wedded to heat.

If my beam be withdrawn he is senseless and blind;
 I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears;
 His the marvellous brain, I the masterful mind;
 I laugh with his laughter, and weep with his tears
 So well that the ignorant deem us but one:
 They see but one shape and they name us one name.
 O pliant accomplice! what deeds we have done,
 Thus banded together for glory or shame.

When evil waylays us, and passion surprises,
 And we are too feeble to strive or to fly,
 When hunger compels or when pleasure entices,
 Which most is the sinner, my comrade or I?
 And when over perils and pains and temptations
 I triumph, where still I should falter and faint,
 But for him, iron-nerved for heroical patience,
 Whose then is the virtue, and which is the saint?

Am I the one sinner? of honors sole claimant
 For actions which only we two can perform?
 Am I the true creature, and thou but the raiment?
 Thou magical mantle, all vital and warm,
 Wrapped about me, a screen from the rough winds of Time,
 Of texture so flexible to feature and gesture!
 Can ever I part from thee? Is there a clime
 Where Life needeth not this terrestrial vesture?

When comes the sad summons to sever the sweet
 Subtle tie that unites us, and tremulous, fearful.
 I feel thy loosed fetters depart from my feet;
 When friends gather round us, pale-visaged and tearful,
 Beweep and bewail thee, thou fair earthly prison!
 And kiss thy cold doors, for thy inmate mistaken;
 Their eyes seeing not the freed captive, arisen
 From thy trammels unclasp'd and thy shackles downshaken;

Oh, then shall I linger, reluctant to break
 The dear sensitive chains that about me have grown?
 And all this bright world, can I bear to forsake
 Its embosoming beauty and love, and alone
 Journey on to I know not what regions untried?
 Exists there, beyond the dim cloud-rack of death,
 Such life as enchants us? O skies arched and wide!
 O delicate senses! O exquisite breath!

Ah, tenderly, tenderly over thee hovering,
 I shall look down on thee, empty and cloven,
 Pale mould of my being!—thou visible covering
 Wherefrom my invisible raiment is woven.
 Though sad be the passage, nor pain shall appall me,
 Nor parting, assured, wheresoever I range
 The glad fields of existence that naught can befall me
 That is not still beautiful, blessed and strange.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.*

[*From Self-Acquaintance.*]

ILL-CHOSEN PURSUITS.

THE blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the goal,
 The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—
 What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the mark,
 Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry;
 And the mind which were excellent in one way, but foolishly toileth in
 another,
 What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow?
 By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers; put not the racer to the
 plough,
 Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet.

* The extracts from this author are from *Proverbial Philosophy*.

[*From Fame.*]

THE DIGNITY AND PATIENCE OF GENIUS.

A GREAT mind is an altar on a hill; should the priest descend from his
altitude

To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?

Rather with majestic perseverance, will he minister in solitary grandeur,
Confident the time will come when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.
For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how long it be
delayed:

The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth that his tenure
is eternal.

The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his fame?

Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of his
equals?

Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honors to the future,
And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise of ages.

[*From Truth in Things False.*]

SPIRITUAL FEELERS.

THE soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the wind,
That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment,
So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming friend.
Investing, in his likeness, the stranger that passed on before;
And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word fulfilled,
And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.

[*From Writing.*]

LETTERS.

THEIR preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence:
When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment:
Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,
And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,
While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in
fault:

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs
Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay:
Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,
Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears:
For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.
The pen, flowing in love, or dipped black in hate,
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the
world,
For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

[*From Beauty.*]

THE CONQUEROR.

THOU mightier than Manóah's son, whence is thy great strength,
And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming wisely? —

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him single-handed:
Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:
Light were the labor, and often-told the tale, to count the victories of
beauty, —

Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboreth to please her;
Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dulness gloweth;
Prudence is rash in her defence; Frugality filleth her with riches;
Despair came to her for counsel; and Bereavement was glad when she
consoled;
Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty
And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.
For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence,
The rich delirious cup, to make all else forgotten.

[*From Beauty.*]

MENTAL SUPREMACY.

THERE is a beauty of the reason: grandly independent of externals,
It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.
I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf
Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:
Who then imagined him deformed? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,
There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek
glittereth with beauty:
And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of
chamberers,
Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the masterpiece of Phidias, —
Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,
Whilst his lovers scorn the fool whose beauty hath departed!

[*From Beauty.*]

THE SOURCE OF MAN'S RULING PASSION.

VERILY the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating
license,)
That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god to satisfy its longing;

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
And every child of reason drew his essence from that stem.
Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,

A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,
That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls
In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite is warped,
And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pollutions:
Impulse is left, but indiscriminate; his hunger feasteth upon carrion;
His natural love of beauty doteth over beauty in decay.
He still thirsteth for the beautiful; but his delicate ideal hath grown gross,
And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from affection into passion.

[*From Indirect Influences.*]

ARGUMENT.

THE weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is weak.
And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument.
Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:
Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render a
reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense maketh much of his
conceit,

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for learned
refutation;

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler for truth.
And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated wisdom:
For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep thy argument,
Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct purpose,
The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and return without thee,
And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest have won a friend.

[*From Indirect Influences.*]

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,
Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:
The sly suggestion touches nerves, and nerves contract the fronds,
And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its root;
And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at
storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.
Hast thou loved, and not known jealousy? for a sidelong look
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs:
Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing malice? —

Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
And wherefore not — but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?

And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
 Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
 And so, the Helvetic lion caverned in the living rock
 Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

. What hath charmed thine ear in music?
 Is it the labored theme, the curious fugue or cento, —
 Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note
 Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity?

. What hath filled thy mind in reading?
 Is it the volume of detail, where all is orderly set down,
 And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;
 The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,
 Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes; —
 Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayest solve;

The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
 The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries?
 For ideas are oft-times shy of the close furniture of words,
 And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion.
 The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
 Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

[*From Names.*]

ILL-CHRISTENED.

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch, Orion?
 Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his nursling.
 Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole tenant of a name,
 For it were sore hindrance to hold it in common with a hundred;
 In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,
 The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the sage share honors
 with the simple:

Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arrogant assumption.
 Steering from caprice and affectations; and for all thou doest have a reason.
 He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,
 For those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils;
 Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore set him by himself,
 To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.
 There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song; but where is any record
 of the eight?

One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his brethren.
 Who knoweth? more distinctly titled, those dead eight had lived;

.
 Art thou named of a family, the same in successive generations?
 It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one, the good or great.
 Art thou named foolishly? show that thou art wiser than thy fathers,
 Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to thy sphere.
 Art thou named discreetly? it is well, the course is free;
 No competitor shall claim thy colors, neither fix his faults upon thee:
Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;

[*From Indirect Influences.*]

THE FORCE OF TRIFLES.

A SENTENCE hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom;
A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies.

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

[*From Neglect.*]

TO MURMURERS.

YET once more, griever at Neglect, hear me to thy comfort, or rebuke;
For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of love.

For human benevolence is large, though many matters dwarf it,
Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of circumstance and time.

And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are generous:
Their estimate who know us best, is seldom seen to err:
Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or vanity,
If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming merit.

Therefore examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of Neglect,
It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof a furlong:
But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that men thy fellows
For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neglect thee, —
Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high deservings;
Let it suffice thee to be worthy; faint not thou for praise;
For that thou art, be grateful; go humbly even in thy confidence;
And set thy foot on the neck of an enemy so harmless as Neglect.

[*From Memory.*]

HINTS OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

WERE I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been here before me?
Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged on the Danube
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows, — nor the black tents of the Tartar?
Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old?

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life,
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar,
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories?
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit
trembling.

[*From Neglect.*]

LATE VALUATION.

GOOD men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth;
Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.
Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an asthma
struck him?
Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis
have stopped them?
Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,
When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for
its neglect.

[*From Mystery.*]

FOREKNOWLEDGE UNDESIRABLE.

FOR mystery is man's life; we wake to the whisperings of novelty:
And what though we lie down disappointed? we sleep, to wake in hope.
The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes, matters that may
happen,
Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of mystery.
For we walk blindfold, — and a minute may be much, — a step may reach
the precipice;
What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this day produce?
Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,
How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity:
And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and fears,
How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive foreknowledge?

[*From To-Day.*]

LIFE.

A MAN'S life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him:
No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth;
But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.

[*From To-Morrow.*]

THE WORD OF BANE AND BLESSING.

OFTEN, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future.
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.
To-morrow, whispereth weakness; and To-morrow findeth him the weaker.
To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no to-day for a fulfilment.
O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the dotard,
Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,
Fraud's loophole, — caution's hint, — and trap to catch the honest, —
Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow.

[From To-Morrow.]

PROCRASTINATION.

Lo, it is the even of To-day, — a day so lately a To-morrow;
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
O faint heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?
Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not
stop it;
But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below!
Tempests and winds and winter-
nights
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow,
That One made all these lesser
lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their
heads;
And moons, though full, would get
them down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell:
Though hawks can prey through
storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must
dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a
drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and
bright
Within itself an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more
light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor
catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and
dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and
watch,
Till the white-wingèd reapers come!

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of
light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy
breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this
hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my
days;
My days, which are at best but dull
and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have
shewed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of
the just!

Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy
dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged
bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings
in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter
dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth
sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend
our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

.

FROM "CHILDHOOD."

DEAR, harmless age! the short, swift
span,
Where weeping virtue parts with
man;
Where love without lust dwells, and
bends
What way we please without self-
ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face
see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with
smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
The fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

THE PURSUIT.

LORD! what a busy, restless thing,
Hast thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surprised,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untired,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desir'd.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will
that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not
take thee!

FROM "ST. MARY MAGDALEN."

CHEAP, mighty art! her art of love,
Who loved much, and much more
could move;
Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be
past;
Till his abused, despisèd flame
Return to heaven from whence it
came,
And send a fire down, that shall
bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping
eyes
Were once sin's loose and tempting
spies;
But now are fixèd stars, whose light
Helps such dark stragglers to their
sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind
A judge wert thou, and how unkind!
It was impossible, that thou,
Who wert all false, should'st true
grief know.

Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye
wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a
sinner!"

And sate there none such at thy din-
ner?

Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh
Comes like a child's, spotless and
fresh;

He is still leprous that still paints:
Who saint themselves, they are no
saints.

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN POLITICIAN."

COME, then, rare politicians of the
time,

Brains of some standing, elders in our
clime,

See here the method. A wise, solid
state

Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joint in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in success, true to the common
trust.

It cements ruptures, and by gentle
hand

Allays the heat and burnings of a
land. [tract

Religion guides it; and in all the
Designs so twist, that Heaven con-
firms the act.

If from these lists you wander, as
you steer,

Look back, and catechize your actions
here.

These are the marks to which true
statesmen tend,

And greatness here with goodness
hath one end.

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The angel shewed that holy well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her
fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging
tears
Of young, distressèd Ishmael.

How, in a mystic cloud
Which doth thy strange, sure mercies
shroud,
Dost thou convey man food and
money,
Unseen by him till they arrive
Just at his mouth, that thankless
hive,
Which kills thy bees, and eats thy
honey!

If I thy servant be,
Whose service makes even captives
free,
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-winged raven shall bring
me meat,
And I like flowers shall still go
neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

I will not fear what man,
With all his plots and power, can.
Bags that wax old may plundered be;
But none can sequester or let
A state that with the sun doth set,
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do
spring,
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for mists or
showers,
Then drink and praise thy bounteous-
ness.

May he for ever die
Who trusts not thee! but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not
lend
Thy service nor his soul one day!

May his crown, like his hopes be
clay;
And, what he saves, may his foes
spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year,
Were by my causeless enemies
Usurped, it never should me grieve
Who know how well thou canst
relieve
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'st not hate my froward
youth,
And wilt not leave me when grown
old;
Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,
Unto my wormwood diet keep,
Since thou hast made thy arm my
fold.

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some
shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest
in this;

A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that
light
Man through his heap of dark days;
and the rich
And full redemption of the whole
week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man;
time's bower;

The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; God's walk-
ing-hour;

The cool o'th' day!
The creature's jubilee; God's parle
with dust;

Heaven here; man on those hills of
mirth and flowers;

Angels descending; the returns of
trust;

A gleam of glory after six-days-
showers!

The church's love-feasts; time's pre-
rogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs
and hive,
And home of rest;
The milky way chalked out with
suns; a clue,
That guides through erring hours;
and in full story
A taste of heaven on earth; the
pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of
glory.

THE SHOWER.

WATERS above! eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's
wings!

O welcome, welcome, to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that
makes glad.

Many fair evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle show-
ers,

Have I enjoyed; and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening
shower!

FROM "RULES AND LESSONS."

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy
soul leave

To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread
and heave

Unto their God, as flowers do to the
sun.

Give him thy first thoughts then;
so shalt thou keep

Him company all day, and in him
sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer
should

Dawn with the day. There are set,
awful hours

'Twixt heaven and us. The manna
was not good

After sun-rising ; far-day sullies
flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth
sins glut,

And heaven's gate opens when this
world's is shut.

Serve God before the world ; let him
not go,

Until thou hast a blessing ; then re-
sign

The whole unto him ; and remember
who

Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun
did shine.

Pour oil upon the stones ; weep for
thy sin ;

Then journey on, and have an eye
to heaven.

When the world's up, and every
swarm abroad,

Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with
each clay ;

Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely
may,

Yet keep those cares without thee,
let the heart

Be God's alone, and choose the
better part.

To God, thy country, and thy friend
be true ;

If priest and people change, keep
thou thy ground.

Who sells religion is a Judas Jew ;
And, oaths once broke, the soul can-
not be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose :
what can

Tie up his hands, that dares mock
God and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the
crowd ; stick thou

To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble
mind

Is both his own joy, and his Maker's
too ;

Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the earth, and lines the
utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open
heart ;

Make not thy breast a labyrinth or
trap ;

If trials come, this will make good
thy part,

For honesty is safe, come what can
hap ;

It is the good man's feast, the
prince of flowers,

Which thrives in storms, and smells
best after showers.

Spend not an hour so as to weep an-
other,

For tears are not thine own ; if thou
giv'st words,

Dash not with them thy friend, nor
heaven ; oh, smother

A viperous thought ; some syllables
are swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their pres-
ence double ;

They shame their owners, and their
hearers trouble.

When night comes, list thy deeds ;
make plain the way

'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not
with delays ;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st ;
then say,

" There's one sun more strung on my
bead of days."

What's good score up for joy ; the
bad well scann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy
Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the
grave one hour

Before thy time ; be not a stranger
there,

Where thou may'st sleep whole ages ;
life's poor flower

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad
spirits fear

This conversation ; but the good
man lies

Entomb'd many days before he
dies.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close
 not thy eyes
 Up with thy curtains; give thy soul
 the wing
 In some good thoughts; so when thy
 day shall rise,
 And thou unrakest thy fire, those
 sparks will bring
 New flames; besides where these
 lodge, vain heats mourn
 And die; that bush, where God is,
 shall not burn.

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to
 our weak sights,
 The clear projections of discerning
 lights,
 Burning and shining thoughts, man's
 posthume day,
 The track of fled souls, and their
 milky way, voice
 The dead alive and busy, the still
 Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's
 white decoys!
 Who lives with you lives like those
 knowing flowers,
 Which in commerce with light spend
 all their hours;
 Which shut to clouds, and shadows
 nicely shun,
 But with glad haste unveil to kiss
 the sun. (night,
 Beneath you all is dark, and a dead
 Which whoso lives in, wants both
 health and sight.
 By sucking you, the wise, like bees,
 do grow
 Healing and rich, though this they
 do most slow,
 Because most choicely; for as great a
 store
 Have we of books as bees of herbs,
 or more:

And the great task to try, then know,
 the good,
 To discern weeds, and judge of
 wholesome food,
 Is a rare scant performance. For
 man dies
 Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds
 and flies.
 But you were all choice flowers; all
 set and dressed
 By old sage florists, who well knew
 the best;
 And I amidst you all am turned a
 weed,
 Not wanting knowledge, but for want
 of heed.
 Then thank thyself, wild fool, that
 would'st not be
 Content to know — what was too
 much for thee!

LIKE AS A NURSE.

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's im-
 patient pace
 Can hardly lead his feet from place
 to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him
 down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or
 two;
 But when she finds that he begins to
 fall,
 She holds him up and kisses him
 withal;
 So God from man sometimes with-
 draws his hand
 Awhile, to teach his infant faith to
 stand;
 But when He sees his feeble strength
 begin
 To fail, He gently takes him up
 again.

JONES VERY.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when
 I come by,
 Because my feet find measure with
 its call;
 The birds know when the friend they
 love is nigh,
 For I am known to them, both great
 and small.
 The flower that on the lonely hill-
 side grows
 Expects me there when spring its
 bloom has given;
 And many a tree and bush my wan-
 derings knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars
 of heaven;
 For he who with his Maker walks
 aright,
 Shall be their lord as Adam was be-
 fore;
 His ear shall catch each sound with
 new delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then
 it wore;
 And he, as when erect in soul he
 stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all
 is good.

THE WORLD.

'Tis all a great show,
 The world that we're in —
 None can tell when 'twas finished,
 None saw it begin;
 Men wander and gaze through
 Its courts and its halls,
 Like children whose love is
 The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
 There are clouds in the sky —
 Songs pour from the woodland,
 The waters glide by:

Too many, too many
 For eye or for ear,
 The sights that we see,
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
 Comes down on the mind;
 So swift is life's train
 To its objects we're blind;
 I myself am but one
 In the fleet-gliding show —
 Like others I walk,
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another
 I heard say "How long?"
 I listened, but nought more
 I heard of his song;
 The shadows are walking
 Through city and plain, —
 How long shall the night
 And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
 In this glimmer of things,
 The light of which prophet
 In prophecy sings?
 And the gates of that city
 Be open, whose sun
 No more to the west
 Its circuit shall run!

HOME AND HEAVEN.

WITH the same letter heaven and
 home begin,
 And the words dwell together in the
 mind;
 For they who would a home in heav-
 en win,
 Must first a heaven in home begin to
 find.
 Be happy here, yet with a humble
 soul
 That looks for perfect happiness in
 heaven;

For what thou hast is earnest of the
 whole
 Which to the faithful shall at last
 be given.
 As once the patriarch, in a vision
 blessed,
 Saw the swift angels hastening to
 and fro,

And the lone spot whereon he lay to
 rest
 Became to him the gate of heaven
 below;
 So may to thee, when life itself is
 done,
 Thy home on earth and heaven above
 be one.

EDMUND WALLER.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds
 give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no
 more. [to boast
 For then we know how vain it was
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be
 lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger
 eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age
 describes.
 The soul's dark cottage, battered and
 decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks
 that time has made.
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men be-
 come, [home.
 As they draw near to their eternal
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once
 they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the
 new.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth —
 Suffer herself to be desired.
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee —
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely dear,
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

FROM "A PREACHER."

I KNOW not how it is;
 I take the faith in earnest, I believe,
 Even at happy times I think I love,
 I try to pattern me upon the type
 My Master left us, am no hypocrite
 Playing my soul against good men's
 applause,
 Nor monger of the Gospel for a cure,
 But serve a Master whom I chose
 because
 It seemed to me I loved Him, whom
 till now
 My longing is to love; and yet I feel
 A falseness somewhere clogging me.
 I seem
 Divided from myself; I can speak
 words
 Of burning faith and fire myself with
 them;
 I can, while upturned faces gaze on
 me
 As if I were their Gospel manifest,
 Break into unplanned turns as natu-
 ral
 As the blind man's cry for healing,
 pass beyond
 My bounded manhood in the earnest-
 ness
 Of a messenger from God. And then
 I come
 And in my study's quiet find again
 The callous actor who, because long
 since
 He had some feelings in him like the
 talk
 The book puts in his mouth, still
 warms his pit
 And even, in his lucky moods, him-
 self,
 With the passion of his part, but
 lays aside
 His heroism with his satin suit
 And thinks "the part is good and
 well conceived
 And very natural — no flaw to find"
 And then forgets it.

Yes, I preach to others
 And am — I know not what — a cast-
 away?

No, but a man who feels his heart
 asleep,
 As he might feel his hand or foot.

To-night now I might triumph. Not
 a breath

But shivered when I pictured the
 dead soul

Awakening when the body dies, to
 know

Itself has lived too late; and drew in
 long

With yearning when I showed how
 perfect love

Might make Earth's self be but an
 earlier Heaven.

And I may say and not be over-bold,
 Judging from former fruits, "Some
 one to-night

Has come more near to God, some
 one has felt

What it may mean to love Him,
 some one learned

A new great horror against death
 and sin,

Some one at least — it may be
 many."

And yet, I know not why it is, this
 knack

Of sermon-making seems to carry
 me

Athwart the truth at times before I
 know —

In little things at least; thank God
 the greater

Have not yet grown, by the familiar
 use,

Such puppets of a phrase as to slip
 by

Without clear recognition. Take to-
 night —

I preached a careful sermon, gravely
 planned,

All of it written. Not a line was
 meant
 To fit the mood of any differing
 From my own judgment: not the
 less I find —
 (I thought of it coming home while
 my good Jane
 Talked of the Shetland pony I must
 get
 For the boys to learn to ride:) yes,
 here it is,
 And here again on this page — blame
 by rote,
 Where by my private judgment I
 blame not.
 “We think our own thoughts on this
 day,” I said,
 “Harmless it may be, kindly even,
 still
 Not Heaven’s thoughts — not Sunday
 thoughts I’ll say.”
 Well now, do I, now that I think of
 it,
 Advise a separation of our thoughts
 By Sundays and by week-days, Heaven’s
 and ours?
 By no means, for I think the bar is
 bad.
 I’ll teach my children “Keep all
 thinkings pure,
 And think them when you like, if
 but the time
 Is free to any thinking. Think of
 God
 So often that in anything you do
 It cannot seem you have forgotten
 Him,
 Just as you would not have forgotten
 us,
 Your mother and myself, although
 your thoughts
 Were not distinctly on us, while you
 played;
 And, if you do this, in the Sunday’s
 rest
 You will most naturally think of
 Him.”
 Then here again “the pleasures of
 the world
 That tempt the younger members of
 my flock.”
 Now I think really that they’ve not
 enough

Of these same pleasures. Gray and
 joyless lives
 A many of them have, whom I would
 see
 Sharing the natural gayeties of youth.
 I wish they’d more temptations of
 the kind.
 Now Donne and Allan preach such
 things as these
 Meaning them and believing. As for
 me,
 What did I mean? Neither to feign
 nor teach
 A Pharisaic service. ’Twas just this,
 That there are lessons and rebukes
 long made
 So much a thing of course that, un-
 observing,
 One sets them down as one puts dots
 to *i*’s,
 Crosses to *t*’s.

[From *A Painter*.]

THE ARTIST’S DREAD OF BLIND- NESS.

How one can live on beauty and be
 rich
 Having only that! — a thing not hard
 to find,
 For all the world is beauty. We
 know that,
 We painters, we whom God shows
 how to see.
 We have beauty ours, we take it
 where we go.
 Ay, my wise critics, rob me of my
 bread,
 You can do that, but of my birth-
 right, no.
 Imprison me away from skies and
 seas,
 And the open sight of earth and her
 rich life,
 And the lesson of a face or golden
 hair:
 I’ll find it for you on a whitewashed
 wall,
 Where the slow shadows only change
 so much
 As shows the street has different
 darknesses
 At noontime and at twilight.

Only that
 Could make me poor of beauty which
 I dread
 Sometimes, I know not why, save
 that it is
 The one thing which I could not
 bear, not bear
 Even with Ruth by me, even for
 Ruth's sake —
 If this perpetual plodding with the
 brush
 Should blind my fretted eyes!

ON THE LAKE.

A SUMMER mist on the mountain
 heights,
 A golden haze in the sky,
 A glow on the shore of sleeping
 lights,
 And shadows lie heavily.

Far in the valley the town lies still,
 Dreaming asleep in the glare,
 Dreamily near purs the drowsy rill,
 Dreams are afloat in the air.

Dreaming above us the languid sky,
 Dreaming the slumbering lake,
 And we who rest floating listlessly,
 Say, love, do we dream or wake?

THE GIFT.

O HAPPY glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
 Musing a mournful measure,
 Now all my heart in me is glad
 With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
 Half-sick of life's vexed story,
 And now it grows of you a part,
 Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept
 And laughs through all my being,
 New joy into my life has leapt,
 A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

TWO MAIDENS.

Two maidens listening to the sea —
 The younger said "The waves are
 glad,
 The waves are singing as they break."
 The elder spake:
 "Sister, their murmur sounds to me
 So very sad."

Two maidens looking at a grave —
 One smiled, "A place of happy sleep.
 It would be happy if I slept."
 The younger wept:
 "Oh, save me from the rest you crave,
 So lone, so deep."

Two maidens gazing into life —
 The younger said, "It is so fair,
 So warm with light and love and
 pride."

The elder sighed:
 "It seems to me so vexed with strife,
 So cold and bare."

Two maidens face to face with death:
 The elder said, "With quiet bliss
 Upon his breast I lay my head."

The younger said:
 "His kiss has frozen all my breath,
 Must I be his?"

CHARLES WESLEY.

STANZAS FROM "THE TRUE USE
OF MUSIC."

LISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been
 Pressed to obey the devil —
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flowed to the soul's undoing —
 Widened, and strewed with flowers,
 the way
 Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
 Innocent sound recover —
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover —
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Every melting measure —
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come, let us try if Jesus' love
 Will not as well inspire us;
 This is the theme of those above —
 This upon earth shall fire us.
 Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing
 Is there a subject greater?
 Harmony all its strains may bring;
 Jesus' name is sweeter.

THE ONLY LIGHT.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 'Triumph o'er the shades of night!
 Day-spring from on high, be near!
 Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return —
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief.
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief!
 More and more Thyself display.
 Shining to the perfect day.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into Thy haven guide —
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none —
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone —
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall —
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
 While I of Thy strength receive!
 Hoping against hope I stand —
 Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want —
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name —
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am: —
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is
found,—

Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound—
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art—
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.

COME, LET US ANEW.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master
appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the
labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a
stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is
gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

O that each in the day of his coming
may say,
“I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst
give me to do.”

O that each, from his Lord, may re-
ceive the glad word,
“Well and faithfully done;
“Enter into my joy, and sit down on
my throne.”

ELLA WHEELER.

SECRETS.

THINK not some knowledge rests with thee alone.
Why, even God's stupendous secret, Death,
We one by one, with our expiring breath,
Do, pale with wonder, seize and make our own.
The bosomed treasures of the earth are shown
Despite her careful hiding; and the air
Yields its mysterious marvels in despair,
To swell the mighty storehouse of things known.

In vain the sea expostulates and raves;
It cannot cover from the keen world's sight
The curious wonders of its coral caves.
And so, despite thy caution or thy tears,
The prying fingers of detective years
Shall drag thy secret out into the light.

BLANCO WHITE.

TO NIGHT.

<p>MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name; Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great set- ting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came,</p>	<p>And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such dark- ness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While fly, and leaf, and insect lay re- vealed, That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind! Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?— If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?</p>
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HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen
sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately
fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first ques-
tioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the
year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping
gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid
the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on
her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of
breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him
home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its
breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden
wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me
too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned, thy
peaceful cypress twine.

'Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation in her cell;
Hears with faint eye the lingering
knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all
was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit
hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from
heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that
never, never die.

What is this passing scene!
A peevish April day!
A little sun — a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the
plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with
him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a
cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when
mantled in the pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing
sweet;
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form
beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth de-
stroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze,
this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow and say, My God, Thy
will be done.

*THE STANZA ADDED TO WALLER'S
"ROSE."*

YET, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance
 rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand de-
 fies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,— my chin
 is bare,
And I have wondered much when
 men have told
How youth was free from sorrow and
 from care,
That thou should'st dwell with me,
 and leave the old.
Sure dost not like me! — Shrivelled
 hag of hate,
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is
 sadly long;
I am not either, beldame, over
 strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter
 hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable
 pate; [face;
I am yet young, and do not like thy
And lest thou should'st resume the
 wild-goose chase,

I'll tell thee something all thy heat
 to assuage,
Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my
 age.

A LITTLE BEFORE DEATH.

YES, 'twill be over soon. — This
 sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my fever-
 ish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will re-
 deem
From this wild region of unvaried
 pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as be-
 fore,—
Yon landscape smile,— yon golden
 harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing
 will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no
 more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends
 caress,
They laugh in health, and future
 evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling chil-
 dren bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent
 grave.
God of the just, — Thou gavest the
 bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

EQUINOCTIAL.

THE sun of life has crossed the line;
The summer-shine of lengthened
 light
Faded and failed, till where I stand
 'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have drop-
 ped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young; I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green;
While westerly, along the hills
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah, middle point, where cloud and
 storm
Make battle-ground of this, my life!

Where, even-matched, the night and
day
Wage round me their September
strife!

I bow me to the threatening gale;
I know when that is overpast,
Among the peaceful harvest days,
An Indian summer comes at last!

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and
wild,—
Yet, from behind, with laughing
grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,
My heart of youth doth inly ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness
may
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts
on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not
gone.

For while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their
mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow
old!

The rifted pine upon the hill,
Scarred by the lightning and the
wind,
Through bolt and blight doth nurture
still
Young fibres underneath the rind;

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in
pain;

Yet when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angel, happily, shall not
ask

For that last look the world hath
known,
But for the face behind the mask!

THE THREE LIGHTS.

My window that looks down the west,
Where the cloud-thrones and islands
rest,
One evening, to my random sight,
Showed forth this picture of delight.

The shifting glories were all gone;
The clear blue stillness coming on;
And the soft shade, 'twixt day and
night
Held the old earth in tender light.

Up in the ether hung the horn
Of a young moon; and, newly born
From out the shadows, trembled far
The shining of a single star.

Only a hand's breadth was between:
So close they seemed, so sweet-
serene,
As if in heaven some child and
mother,
With peace untold, had found each
other.

Then my glance fell from that fair
sky
A little down, yet very nigh,
Just where the neighboring tree-tops
made
A lifted line of billowy shade,—

And from the earth-dark twinkled
clear
One other spark, of human cheer;
A home-smile, telling where there
stood
A farmer's house beneath the wood.

Only these three in all the space;
Far telegraphs of various place.
Which seeing, this glad thought was
mine,—
Be it but little candle-shine,

Or golden disk of moon that swings
Nearest of all the heavenly things,
Or world in awful distance small,
One Light doth feed and link them
all!

"I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE."

AMONG so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes,—a myriad ways,—
And God's eye over every place.

Over; but in? The world is full;
A grand omnipotence must rule;
But is there life that doth abide
With mine own living, side by side?

So many, and so wide abroad:
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:—
In just that very place of his
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

HEARTH-GLOW.

IN the fireshine at the twilight,
The pictures that I see
Are less with mimic landscape bright
Than with life and mystery.

Where the embers flush and flicker
With their palpitating glow,
I see, fitfuller and quicker,
Heart-pulses come and go.

And here and there, with eager flame—
A little tongue of light
Upreaches earnestly to claim
A somewhat out of sight.

I know, with instinct sure and high—
A somewhat must be there;
Else should the fiery impulse die.
In ashes of despair.

Through the red tracery I discern
A parable sublime;
A solemn myth of souls that burn
In ordeals of time.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

GOD sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own:
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy
night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander
light.

To-day is close; the hours are small;
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance in its daring, half awed, half shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,
 Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
 For the possible glory that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below
 From the holy height of their heaven above,
 Could n't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger, who,
 through the day,
 Holds over the desert his trackless
 way,
 Where the terrible sands no shade
 have known,
 No sound of life save his camel's
 moan,
 Hears, at last, through the mercy of
 Allah to all,
 From his tent-door, at evening, the
 Bedouin's call:
 "Whoever thou art, whose need is
 great,
 In the name of God, the Compas-
 sionate
 And Merciful One, for thee I
 wait!"

For gifts, in his name, of food and
 rest,
 The tents of Islam, of God are
 blest.
 Thou, who hast faith in the Christ
 above,
 Shall the Koran teach thee the Law
 of Love?
 O Christian! — open thy heart and
 door, —
 Cry, east and west, to the wandering
 poor, —
 "Whoever thou art, whose need is
 great,
 In the name of Christ, the Compas-
 sionate
 And Merciful One, for thee I
 wait!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy, —
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place.
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters
shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the
night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew

Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold:
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown
sward,

Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the
road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes,
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled:
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered;—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
 I hate to go above you,
 Because," — the brown eyes lower
 fell, —
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard
 school
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her, — because they love him.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing
 low,
 I hear the glad streams run;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear;
 But, grateful take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare;
 The manna dropping from God's
 hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, — I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
 And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given:

The woods shall wear their robes of
 praise,
 The south-wind softly sigh,
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong;
 The graven flowers that wreath the
 sword
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to
 heal, —
 To build as to destroy;
 Nor less my heart for others feel
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track;—
 That wheresoe'er my feet have
 swerved,
 His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through Memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west-winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick
 stand,
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland;

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
 To the eyes of the famished rebel
 horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early
 fall,
 When Lee marched over the moun-
 tain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,
 Flapped in the morning wind: the
 sun
 Of noon looked down, and saw not
 one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and
 ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled
 down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
 He glanced: the old flag met his
 sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood
 fast;

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and
 sash,
 It rent the banner with seam and
 gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken
 scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-
 sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray
 head,
 But spare your country's flag," she
 said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
 To life at that woman's deed and
 word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset
light
Shone over it with a warm good-
night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's
bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the
wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking
down,

The sweet song died, and a vague
unrest
And a nameless longing filled her
breast, —

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had
known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid;

And asked a draught from the spring
that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring
bubbled up.
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.

"Thanks," said the judge, "a
sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never
quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers
and trees,
Of the singing birds and the hum-
ming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and won-
dered whether
The cloud in the west would bring
foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and
brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel
eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:
"Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so
fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

' My father should wear a broadcloth
coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and
gay,
And the baby should have a new toy
each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe
the poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door."

The judge looked back as he climbed
the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more
sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and grace-
ful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

" No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless
tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving
words."

But he thought of his sisters proud
and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode
on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that after-
noon,
When he hummed in court an old
love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the
well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover
fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for
power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was
red,
He longed for the wayside well in-
stead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a
secret pain:

" Ah, that I were free again!

" Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked
her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and
poor,
And many children played round
her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth
pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone
hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow
lot.

And she heard the little spring-brook
fall

Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down, with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her
face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas, for maiden, alas, for judge,
For rich repiner and household
drudge!

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth re-
call.

For of all sad words of tongue or
pen,
The saddest are these: "It might
have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope
lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

[From *The Tent on the Beach*. — *The Grave
by the Lake*.]

UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

O THE generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted,

Hearest thou, O of little faith.
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees? —
"Cast on God thy care for these;
Trust him, if thy sight be dim;
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

[From *The Tent on the Beach*. — *Abraham
Davenport*.]

NATURE'S REVERENCE.

THE harp at Nature's advent, strung
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is
given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures
forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense
up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are
loud,
Or low with sobs of pain, —
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches
crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, per-
chance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes
through

The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil
their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires
burn,
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that
hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!

Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side!

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low:
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear:
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flow-
ers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing
spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful
boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May
morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems. —
Ever the pines of Ramoth wood,
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and
fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The songs of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

OSCAR WILDE.

EASTER-DAY.

THE silver trumpets rang across the
dome:
The people knelt upon the ground
with awe:
And borne upon the necks of men
I saw,
Like some great god, the Holy Lord
of Rome.
Priest-like, he wore a robe more
white than foam,
And, king-like, swathed himself
in royal red,
Three crowns of gold rose high
upon his head:
In splendor and in light the Pope
passed home.
My heart stole back across wide
wastes of years
To One who wandered by a
lonely sea.
And sought in vain for any place
of rest:
"Foxes have holes, and every bird
its nest,
I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink
wine salt with tears."

MADONNA MIA.

A LILY-GIRL, not made for this
world's pain,
With brown, soft hair close braided
by her ears,
And longing eyes half veiled by
slumberous tears
Like bluest water seen through mists
of rain:
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath
left its stain,
Red underlip drawn in for fear of
love,
And white throat, whiter than the
silvered dove,
Through whose wan marble creeps
one purple vein.
Yet, though my lips shall praise her
without cease,
Even to kiss her feet I am not
bold, [of awe.
Being o'ershadowed by the wings
Like Dante, when he stood with
Beatrice
Beneath the flaming lion's breast,
and saw
The seventh Crystal, and the Stair
of Gold.

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE *DIES IRÆ* SUNG IN
THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

NAY, Lord, not thus! white lilies in
the spring,
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted
dove,
Teach me more clearly of Thy life
and love
Than terrors of red flame and thun-
dering.
The empurpled vines dear memories
of Thee bring:
A bird at evening flying to its nest,
Tells me of One who had no place
of rest:
I think it is of Thee the sparrows
sing.
Come rather on some autumn after-
noon,
When red and brown are burnished
on the leaves,
And the fields echo to the gleaner's
song.
Come when the splendid fulness of
the moon
Looks down upon the rows of
golden sheaves,
And reap Thy harvest: we have
waited long.

IMPRESSION DU MATIN.

THE Thames nocturne of blue and
gold
Changed to a harmony in gray:
A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and
cold
The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and
St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.
Then suddenly arose the clang
Of waking life; the streets were
stirred
With country wagons: and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
The daylight kissing her wan hair,
Loitered beneath the gas-lamps'
flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

SUNRISE.

THE sky is laced with fitful red,
The circling mists and shadows
flee,
The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.
And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,
And spreading wide across the
wold
Wakes into flight some fluttering
bird,
And all the chestnut tops are
stirred
And all the branches streaked with
gold.

SILHOUETTES.

THE sea is flecked with bars of gray
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.
Etched clear upon the pallid sand
The black boat lies: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming
hand.
And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland
grass
The young brown-throated reapers
pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

REQUIESCAT.

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground — to die.
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale
ray!

Its hold is frail, its date is brief;
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the
sea,—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou
motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery de-
scribe?

Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and
gibe:

Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy
tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's
school;

To thee, the palm of scoffing, we as-
cribe,
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of mis-
rule!

For such thou art by day—but all
night long

Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive,
solemn, strain,
As if thou didst, in this thy moon-
light song,

Like to the melancholy Jacques com-
plain,—

Musing on falsehood, folly, sin, and
wrong,

And sighing for thy motley coat
again.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHILST THEE I SEEK.

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting
Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought be-
stowed, —

To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored
hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow
lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no
fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skilled to wear the form we
love,
To bid the shapes of fear and grief
depart,—
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay
smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching
heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let
me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet
shall bloom;
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's
precious tear,
Shall soften or shall chase misfor-
tune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling
ray
Which once with dear illusions
charmed my eye;
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer,
on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too
bright to die.
Visions less fair will soothe my pen-
sive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs
for rest.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful
dove!

Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow
throat,

And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated
eaves,
And forsake the wood with its fresh-
ened leaves?

Why dost thou haunt the sultry
street,

When the paths of the forest are cool
and sweet?

How canst thou bear
This noise of people — this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
 Dost look unscared on the human
 face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts
 to be;
 And the "gentle dove"
 Has become a name for trust and
 love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
 Thou'rt named with childhood's ear-
 liest word!
 Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh
 and wild
 In the prisoned thoughts of the city
 child;
 And thy glossy wings
 Are its brightest image of moving
 things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set
 apart,
 Wisely by Him who has tamed thy
 heart,
 To stir the love for the bright and
 fair
 That else were sealed in this crowded
 air;

I sometimes dream
 Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight
 leaves
 The page I read, to my humble
 eaves,
 And wash thy breast in the hollow
 spout,
 And murmur thy low sweet music
 out!

I hear and see
 Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in
 thee!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like
 this,
 Of wild and careless play.
 And persuade myself that I am not
 old,
 And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's
 heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore
 years;
 And they say that I am old,
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper,
 Death,
 And my years are well-nigh told.
 It is very true; it is very true;
 I'm old, and "I 'bide my time:"
 But my heart will leap at a scene like
 this,
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring:
 I can feel the thrill of the daring
 jump,
 And the rush of the breathless
 swing.
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time
 shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go;
 For the world at best is a weary place,
 And my pulse is getting low;
 But the grave is dark, and the heart
 will fail
 In treading its gloomy way;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreari-
 ness
 To see the young so gay.

*ON THE PICTURE OF A "CHILD
 TIRED OF PLAY."*

TIRED of play! tired of play!
 What hast thou done this livelong
 day?
 The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
 The sun is creeping up steeple and
 tree;
 The doves have flown to the shelter-
 ing eaves,
 And the nests are dark with the
 drooping leaves;

Twilight gathers, and day is done —
How hast thou spent it — restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done
beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left un-
broken?

What kind word to thy playmate
spoken?

Whom hast thou pitied, and whom
forgiven?

How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and
hill,

By greenwood path, and by singing
rill?

There will come an eve to a longer
day,

That will find thee tired — but not of
play?

And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest
now,

With drooping limbs and aching
brow,

And wish the shadows would faster
creep,

And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then if thine aching
brow

Were as free from sin and shame as
now!

Well for thee if thy lip could tell

A tale like this of a day spent
well;

If thine open hand hath relieved dis-
tress,

If thy pity hath sprung to wretched-
ness;

If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with peni-
tence;

If Nature's voices have spoken to
thee

With her holy meanings eloquently;

If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brood-
ing dove;

If never a sad, low-spoken word

Hath plead with thy human heart
unheard,—

Then, when the night steals on, as
now,

It will bring relief to thine aching
brow,

And, with joy and peace at the
thought of rest,

Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy
mother's breast.

THE BURIAL OF THE CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS.

YE'VE gathered to your place of
prayer

With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all
there —

But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
Oh, had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim —
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped
men,

Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm that flung
Defiance to the ring?

Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?

Whose heart, in generous deed and
thought,

No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he — go and look!

On now — his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said —

On to his burial, comrades — on,
With a friend and brother dead!

Slow — for it presses heavily —

It is a man ye bear!

Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the gallant sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades! — we have laid

His dark locks on his brow —
Like life — save deeper light and shade:

We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly — for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye, death left so dull —
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done —
Your feet are on his sod —
Death's blow has felled your champion —
He waiteth here his God.
Ay — turn and weep — 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here —
For the grave of one, the best of us,
Is watered by the tear.

TO GIULIA GRISI.

AFTER HEARING HER IN "ANNA BOLENA."

WHEN the rose is brightest,
Its bloom will soonest die;
When burns the meteor brightest,
'Twill vanish from the sky.
If Death but wait until delight
O'errun the heart, like wine,
And break the cup when brimming quite,
I die — for thou hast poured to-night
The last drop into mine.

' UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true —
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —

A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail —
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel —
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy
bell —

Chime of the hour or funeral knell —
The dove in the belfry must hear it
well.

When the tongue swings out to the
midnight moon —

When the sexton cheerily rings for
noon —

When the clock strikes clear at morn-
ing light,

When the child is waked with "nine
at night" —

When the chimes play soft in the
Sabbath air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer;
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmèd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike thee, when day is o'er,
'Thou canst dismiss the world and
soar,

Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy
breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

FROM "ABSALOM."

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou
shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beauti-
fully fair!

That Death should settle in thy glo-
rious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clus-
tering hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent
tomb?

My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am
chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press
thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses
thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to
caress thee,

And hear thy sweet '*my father!*'
from these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear
the gush

Of music, and the voices of the
young;

And life will pass me in the mantling
blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft
winds flung; —

But thou no more, with thy sweet
voice, shalt come

To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and
my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be
broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last
deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gath-
ering gloom,

To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to
give thee up,

With death so like a gentle slum-
ber on thee; —

And thy dark sin! — Oh! I could
drink the cup,

If from this woe its bitterness had
won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wan-
derer, home,

My lost boy, Absalom!"

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup;
 Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!
 May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —
 Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try" —
 "Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
 "It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
 "What you say will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
 You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
 "Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor, — Doctor, please to stay!
 There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
 Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it couldn't ha' been so, —
 For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
 I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the lighter came,
 And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
 He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
 'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
 Knew it couldn't be the lighter, — he could not have spoken so, —
 And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go;
 For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore:
 Just another foolish grapevine, — and it won't come any more;
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
 'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — even plainer than before:

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
 And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
 Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
 When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
 And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;
 And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is the eleventh hour!
 Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton — it is the eleventh hour!'

"Doctor Austin! what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
 "Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
 What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!
 Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win, —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered, — up into the infinite, —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding-stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of — 'Halt, and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!

"I advanced! That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line! —
'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters.' What headquarters? 'Of the brave.'
'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the
brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me, at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright:
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night, —
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I —
Doctor, — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son — my son that's coming, — he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before, —
 And to carry that old musket" — Hark! a knock is at the door! —
 "'Till the Union" — See! it opens! — "Father! Father! speak once more!"
 "Bless you!" gasped the old, gray sergeant, and he lay and said no more!

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH.)

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting
 sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided
 snow:
 Long had I watched the glory moving
 on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake
 below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated
 slow!
 Even in its very motion there was
 rest;
 While every breath of eve that
 chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous
 west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed
 soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of
 bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to
 roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of
 heaven,
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful
 lies,
 And tells to man his glorious desti-
 nies.

[From the Isle of Palms.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BUT list! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk; and a clouded
 gray
 Declares that her course is run,

And like a god who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun.
 Soon as his light has warmed the
 seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows
 the breeze;
 And that is the spirit whose well-
 known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
 No fears hath she; her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through black-
 ening storm,
 Majestically calm would go
 'Mid the deep darkness white as
 snow!
 But gently now the small waves
 glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's
 side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her
 array,
 The main she will traverse for ever
 and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam
 of her mast; —
 Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this
 hour is her last.
 Five hundred souls in one instant of
 dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden
 rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a
 reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are draggled in the brine,
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pennant, that kissed the fair
 moonshine,
 Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
 Gleamed softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flush
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
 To the coral-rock are hurrying down,
 To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.
 Oh! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death;
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,
 The sailor heard the humming-tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,

As she looked on the father of her child,
 Returned to her heart at last.
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.
 Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
 The whole ship's crew are there!
 Wailing around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
 And madness and despair.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone,
 yet a vapor dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful:
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE WHITE FLAG.

BRING poppies for a weary mind
 That saddens in a senseless din,
 And let my spirit leave behind
 A world of riot and of sin, —
 In action's torpor deaf and blind.

Bring poppies — that I may forget!
 Bring poppies — that I may not learn!
 But bid the audacious sun to set,
 And bid the peaceful starlight burn
 O'er buried memory and regret.

Then will the slumberous grasses grow
 Above the bed wherein I sleep;
 While winds I love will softly blow,
 And dews I love will softly weep,
 O'er rest and silence hid below,

Bring poppies, — for this work is vain!

I cannot mould the clay of life.
 A stronger hand must grasp the rein,
 A stouter arm annul the strife.
 A braver heart defy the pain.

Youth was my friend, — but Youth had wings,
 And he has flown unto the day,
 And left me, in a night of things,
 Bewildered, on a lonesome way,
 And careless what the future brings.

Let there be sleep! nor any more
 The noise of useless deed or word:
 While the free spirit hovers o'er
 A sea where not a sound is heard—
 A sea of dreams, without a shore.

Dark Angel, counselling defeat,
 I see thy mournful, tender eyes:
 I hear thy voice, so faint, so sweet,
 And very dearly should I prize
 Thy perfect peace, thy rest complete.

But is it rest to vanish hence,
 'To mix with earth, or sea, or air?
 Is death indeed a full defence
 Against the tyranny of care?
 Or is it cruellest pretence?

And, if an hour of peace draws nigh,
 Shall we, who know the arts of war,
 Turn from the field and basely fly,
 Nor take what fate reserves us for,
 Because we dream 'twere sweet to
 die?

What shall the untried warriors do,
 If we, the battered veterans, fail?
 How strive, and suffer, and be true,
 In storms that make our spirits
 quail,
 Except our valor lead them through?

Though for ourselves we droop and
 tire,
 Let us at least for them be strong.
 'Tis but to bear familiar fire:
 Life at the longest is not long,
 And peace at last will crown desire.

So Death, I will not hear thee speak!
 But I will labor — and endure
 All storms of pain that time can
 wreak.
 My flag be white because 'tis pure,
 And not because my soul is weak!

HOMAGE.

WHITE daisies on the meadow green
 Present thy beauteous form to me:
 Peaceful and joyful these are seen,
 And peace and joy encompass thee.
 I watch them, where they dance and
 shine,
 And love them — for their charm is
 thine.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook
 Remember me thy lovely face:
 So blushing and so fresh its look,
 So wild and shy its radiant grace!
 I kiss them, in their coy retreat,
 And think of lips more soft and
 sweet.

Gold arrows of the merry morn,
 Shot swiftly over orient seas;
 Gold tassels of the bending corn
 That ripple in the August breeze;
 Thy wildering smile, thy glorious
 hair,
 And all thy power and state declare.

White, red, and gold — the awful
 crown
 Of beauty and of virtue too!
 From what a height those eyes look
 down
 On him who proudly dares to sue!
 Yet, free from self as God from sin,
 Is love that loves, nor asks to win.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
 The waving grass, the dancing
 wave,
 The fragrant pomp of garden bower,
 The violet of the nameless grave,
 Sweet dreams by night, sweet
 thoughts by day, —
 And time shall tire ere love decay!

Let me but love thee in the glow
 When morning on the ocean shines,
 Or in the mighty winds that blow,
 Snow-laden, through the mountain
 pines —
 In all that's fair, or grand or dread,
 And all shall die ere love be dead!

AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
 While a gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper, —

“The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to
Thee.”

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

THE QUESTION.

BECAUSE love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less love's heart disclose?

Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that spring will come?

Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love forevermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must some time cease my heart to thrill,

Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,

And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn in lips and eyes,
And pleasure's merry world go round:

Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love, or let me die!

WITHERED ROSES.

Not made by worth, nor marred by flaw,

Not won by good, nor lost by ill,
Love is its own and only law,
And lives and dies by its own will.
It was our fate, and not our sin,
That we should love, and love should win.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,

Nor held by thirst of strong desire,
Love lives like fragrance in the air.
And dies as breaking waves expire.
'Twas death, not falsehood, bade us part, —

The death of love that broke my heart.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,

Nor merciful, as sages say —
Love heeds not where its victims sink,

When once its passion ebbs away.
'Twas nature — it was not disdain —
That made thee careless of my pain.

Not thrall'd by law, nor ruled by right,

Love keeps no audit with the skies;
Its star, that once is quenched in night,

Has set — and never more will rise.
My soul is lost, by thee forgot;
And there's no heaven where thou art not.

But happy he, though scathed and
lone,
Who sees afar love's fading wings—
Whose seared and blighted heart has
known

The splendid agony it brings!
No life that is, no life to be
Can ever take the Past from me!

Red roses bloom for other lives —
Your withered leaves alone are
mine;
Yet, not for all that Time survives
Would I your heavenly gift re-
sign —
Now cold and dead, once warm and
true,
The love that lived and died in you.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

WHAT though I sing no other song?
What though I speak no other
word?
Is silence shame? Is patience
wrong? —
At least one song of mine was
heard:

One echo from the mountain air,
One ocean murmur, glad and free —
One sign that nothing grand or fair,
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
I will not strain the chords of
thought:
The sweetest fruit of all desire
Comes its own way, and comes un-
sought.

Though all the bards of earth were
dead,
And all their music passed away,
What nature wishes should be said
She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,
And all we know of bliss or grief
She speaks, in forms that cannot
die.

The mountain peaks that shine afar,
The silent stars, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be.

A DIRGE.

IN MEMORY OF POE.

COLD is the pæan honor sings,
And chill is glory's icy breath,
And pale the garland memory brings
To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunders, long and
loud,
The pomp of pride that decks the
pall,
The plaudits of the vacant crowd —
One word of love is worth them all!

With dew of grief our eyes are dim:
Ah, bid the tear of sorrow start;
And honor, in ourselves and him,
The great and tender human heart!

Through many a night of want and
woe
His frenzied spirit wandered wild,
Till kind disaster laid him low,
And love reclaimed its wayward
child.

Through many a year his fame has
grown, —
Like midnight, vast; like starlight,
sweet, —
Till now his genius fills a throne,
And homage makes his realm com-
plete.

One meed of justice, long delayed.
One crowning grace his virtues
crave!
Ah, take, thou great and injured
shade,
The love that sanctifies the grave.

And may thy spirit, hovering nigh,
Pierce the dense cloud of darkness
through,
And know, with fame that cannot
die,
Thou hast the world's compassion
too!

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

LORD, living here are we —
 As fast united yet
 As when our hands and hearts by
 Thee
 Together first were knit.
 And in a thankful song
 Now sing we will Thy praise,
 For that Thou dost as well prolong
 Our loving, as our days.

Together we have now
 Begun another year;
 But how much time Thou wilt allow
 Thou makest it not appear.
 We, therefore, do implore
 That live and love we may.
 Still so as if but one day more
 Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth
 Preserve a faithful care,
 And of each other's joy and health
 As if one soul we were.
 Such conscience let us make,
 Each other not to grieve,
 As if we daily were to take
 Our everlasting leave.

The frowardness that springs
 From our corrupted kind,
 Or from those troublous outward
 things

Which may distract the mind,
 Permit Thou not, O Lord,
 Our constant love to shake —
 Or to disturb our true accord,
 Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove
 Affection's exercise;
 And let discretion teach our love
 Which wins the noblest prize.
 So time, which wears away.
 And ruins all things else,
 Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,
 In whom perfection dwells.

FROM "POVERTY."

THE works my calling doth propose.
 Let me not idly shun;
 For he whom idleness undoes,
 Is more than twice undone:
 If my estate enlarge I may,
 Enlarge my love for Thee;
 And though I more and more decay,
 Yet let me thankful be.

For be we poor or be we rich,
 If well employed we are,
 It neither helps nor hinders much,
 Things needful to prepare;
 Since God disposeth riches now,
 As manna heretofore.
 The feeblest gatherer got enow,
 The strongest got no more.

Nor poverty nor wealth is that
 Whereby we may acquire
 That blessed and most happy state,
 Whereto we should aspire;
 But if Thy Spirit make me wise,
 And strive to do my best,
 There may be in the worst of these
 A means of being blessed.

The rich in love obtain from Thee
 Thy special gifts of grace;
 The poor in spirit those men be
 Who shall behold Thy face:
 Lord! grant I may be one of these,
 Thus poor, or else thus rich;
 E'en whether of the two Thou please
 I care not greatly which.

FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW.

How near me came the hand of
 death,
 When at my side he struck my dear,
 And took away the precious breath
 Which quickened my beloved peer!
 How helpless am I thereby made —
 By day how grieved, by night how
 sad
 And now my life's delight is gone,
 Alas! how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day —
 Those now by me, as they have
 been!

Shall never more be heard or seen;
 But what I once enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus —
 So little hold of them have we
 That we from them or they from us
 May in a moment ravished be;
 Yet we are neither just nor wise
 If present mercies we despise,
 Or mind not how there may be made
 A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,
 Though these beseeming tears I drop,
 The loss of my beloved one
 As they that are deprived of hope;
 But in expressing of my grief
 My heart receiveth some relief,
 And joyeth in the good I had,
 Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me!
 To him now dead preserve me just
 In all that should performèd be;
 For though our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
 Yet neither life nor death should end
 The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him enjoyed,
 Let Thy continual aid supply —
 That, though some hopes in him are
 void,
 I always may on Thee rely;
 And whether I shall wed again,
 Or in a single state remain,

Unto Thine honor let it be,
 And for a blessing unto me.

—
FOR A SERVANT.

DISCOURAGE not thyself, my soul,
 Nor murmur, though compelled we be
 To live subjected to control!
 When many others may be free;
 For though the pride of some dis-
 dains
 Our mean and much despised lot,
 We shall not lose our honest pains,
 Nor shall our sufferance be forgot.

To be a servant is not base,
 If baseness be not in the mind,
 For servants make but good the place,
 Whereto their Maker them assigned:
 The greatest princes do no more,
 And if sincerely I obey,
 Though I am now despised and poor,
 I shall become as great as they.

The Lord of heaven and earth was
 pleased
 A servant's form to undertake;
 By His endurance I am eased,
 And serve with gladness for His sake:
 Though checked unjustly I should be,
 With silence I reproofs will bear,
 For much more injured was He
 Whose deeds most worthy praises
 were.

He was reviled, yet naught replied,
 And I will imitate the same;
 For though some faults may be de-
 nied,
 In part I always faulty am:
 Content with meek and humble heart,
 I will abide in my degree,
 And act an humble servant's part,
 Till God shall call me to be free.

JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spec-
tred night!

I wake amid thy friendly watchful
light.

To steal a precious hour from life-
less sleep.

Hark, the wild uproar of the winds!
and hark! [the dark,

Hell's genius roams the regions of
And swells the thundering horrors
of the deep!

From cloud to cloud the pale moon
hurrying flies,

Now blackened, and now flashing
through the skies; [beam.

But all is silence here, beneath thy
I own I labor for the voice of praise—

For who would sink in dull obliv-
ion's stream?

Who would not live in songs of dis-
tant days?

.

How slender now, alas! thy thread
of fire!

Ah! falling—falling—ready to ex-
pire!

In vain thy struggles, all will soon be
o'er.

At life thou snatchest with an eager
leap;

Now round I see thy flame so feeble
creep,

Faint, lessening, quivering, glim-
mering, now no more!

Thus shall the suns of science sink
away,

And thus of beauty fade the fairest
flower—

For where's the giant who to Time
shall say,

“Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy
power!”

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO MARY.

IF I had thought thou couldst have
died,

I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,

And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!

But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—

I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!

While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I
have,

Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this
heart,

In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,
As his corse to the rampart we
hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell
shot
O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of
night,
The sods with our bayonets turn-
ing;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty
light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his
rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
said,
And we spoke not a word of sor-
row;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face
of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the
morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his nar-
row bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pil-
low,
That the foe and the stranger would
tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone, [him;
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid

But little he'll reck, if they let him
sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has
laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour
for retiring;
And we heard the distant and ran-
dom gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh
and gory!
We carved not a line, and we raised
not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me — why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me — and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile — though I shall not be near
thee,
Sing, though I shall never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about
thee,
That they nothing seem without
thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too, refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming —
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted —
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes
of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them
to view!—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-
tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my in-
fancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the
mill that stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the
cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house
nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung
in the well — [bucket,

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
The moss-covered bucket which hung
in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as
a treasure;

For often at noon, when returned
from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure —

The purest and sweetest that nature
can yield

How ardent I seized it, with hands
that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bot-
tom it fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose
from the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, arose from
the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy
brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to
my lips!

Not a full, blushing goblet could
tempt me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved
habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plan-
tation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs
in the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs
in the well!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[*From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above
Tintern Abbey.*]

THE SOLACE OF NATURE.

THOUGH absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's
eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid
the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations
sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart;

And passing even into my purer
mind,

With tranquil restoration: feelings
too

Of unremembered pleasure; such,
perhaps,

As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's

life,

His little, nameless, unremembered
acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less,
I trust,
To them I may have owed another
gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed
mood,
In which the affections gently lead
us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal
frame,
And even the motion of our human
blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the
power
Of harmony, and the deep power of
joy,
We see into the life of things.

. I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the
hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing
oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of
ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt
A presence that disturbs me with the
joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sub-
lime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things.

[*From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above
Tintern Abbey,*

*APOSTROPHE TO THE POET'S
SISTER.*

THOU art with me, here, upon the
banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest
friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy
voice I catch
The language of my former heart,
and read
My former pleasures in the shooting
lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little
while
May I behold in thee what I was
once,
My dear, dear sister! And this
prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did be-
tray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her
privilege,
Through all the years of this our
life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so in-
form
The mind that is within us, so im-
press
With quietness and beauty, and so
feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of
selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is,
nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or dis-
turb
Our cheerful faith that all which we
behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let
the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be
free
To blow against thee: and, in after
years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be
matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely
 forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies;
 oh, then,
 Of solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what
 healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember
 me,
 And these my exhortations! nor,
 perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can
 hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild
 eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then
 forget
 That on the banks of this delightful
 stream
 We stood together; and that I, so
 long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love; oh, with far
 deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then
 forget,
 That after many wanderings, many
 years
 Of absence, these steep woods and
 lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape,
 were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and
 for thy sake.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE PROP OF FAITH.

ONE adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists — one only — an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate,
 however
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a
 Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to
 good.
 The darts of anguish fly not where
 the seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly
 fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will supreme,
 For time and for eternity — by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including
 hope,
 And the defence that lies in bound-
 less love
 Of His perfections; with habitual
 dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, en-
 dured
 Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone
 To the dishonor of His holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of
 the world,
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of
 heart!
 Restore their languid spirits, and re-
 call
 Their lost affections unto Thee and
 Thine!

[From *The Excursion*.]

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

OH, many are the poets that are
 sown
 By Nature! men endowed with high-
 est gifts —
 The vision, and the faculty divine —
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of
 verse
 (Which in the docile season of their
 youth
 It was denied them to acquire,
 through lack
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of
 books;
 Or haply by a temper too severe;
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of
 shame),
 Nor, having e'er as life advanced,
 been led
 By circumstance to take unto the
 height
 The measure of themselves, these
 favored beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their
 time,
 Husbanding that which they possess
 within,

And go to the grave unthought of.
Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy
world hears least.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE DEAF DALESMAN.

ALMOST at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of
whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at
eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long
straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward;
there beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman
lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was
withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He
grew up
From year to year in loneliness of
soul;
And this deep mountain valley was
to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The
bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from
sleep
With startling summons; nor for his
delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for
him
Murmured the laboring bee. When
stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of
the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling
waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud
on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty
crag,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er
he moved;
Yet, by the solace of his own pure
thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the
round

Of rural labors; the steep mountain-
side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful
dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe
he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle
fell
Among the jocund reapers. For
himself,
All watchful and industrious as he
was,
He wrought not; neither flock nor
field he owned;
No wish for wealth had place within
his mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope
or care.
Though born a younger brother, need
was none
That from the floor of his paternal
home
He should depart to plant himself
anew;
And when, mature in manhood, he
beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss en-
sued
Of rights to him; but he remained
well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent
love,
An inmate of a second family,
The fellow-laborer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had
fallen.
Nor deem that his mild presence was
a weight
That pressed upon his brother's
house, for books
Were ready comrades whom he could
not tire,
Of whose society the blameless man
Was never satiate. Their familiar
voice,
Even to old age, with unabated
charm
Beguiled his leisure hours, refreshed
his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation, raised
His introverted spirit, and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark
winter night,

The stormy day, had each its own
resource;
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.
Thus soothed at home, thus busy in
the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave
way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain
complaint:
And they, who were about him, did
not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they
prized
His gentle manners; and his peaceful
smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying coun-
tenance,
Were met with answering sympathy
and love.

At length, when sixty years and
five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature; and a few
short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him
from his home
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody
crags)
To the profounder stillness of the
grave.
Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thought-
ful grief;
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by grat-
itude.
And now that monumental stone pre-
serves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly out-
ward aids,
And in what pure contentedness of
mind,
The sad privation was by him en-
dured.
And yon tall pine-tree, whose com-
posing sound
Was wasted on the good man's living
ear,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;

And, at the touch of every wander-
ing breeze,
Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful
grave.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMOR-
TALITY."

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forget-
ting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's
star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we
come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to
close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence
it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from
the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die
away,
And fade into the light of common
day.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me
doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be
blessed;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at
rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering
in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate question-
ings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Black misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our
mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-
prised!

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our
day,
Are yet a master light of all our
seeing;

Uphold us — cherish — and have
power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the
being

Of the eternal silence: truths that
wake,

To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad
endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immor-
tal sea

Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling
evermore.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG
WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them
rail!

— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt
see

Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,
And pleasure were thy trade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee
cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not
die,
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are
nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly
dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
they

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure
fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TWILIGHT.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one
peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning
Night;
But studious only to remove from
sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient
power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the
mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-
skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down
to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy
bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By
him was seen
The selfsame vision which we now
behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy pow-
er, brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf
between;
The floods,—the stars; a spectacle
as old
As the beginning of the heavens and
earth!

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass
by,
One after one; the sound of rain,
and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds,
and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water,
and pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns; and still
I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small bird's
melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my or-
chard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy
cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights
more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by
any stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the mor-
ning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier betwixt day
and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and
joyous health!

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to
praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a
plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacher-
ous air
Of absence withers what was once so
fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to
grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been
vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing
care—
The mind's least generous wish a
mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness
could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm
heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine
and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary
cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with
snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their
end may know!

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the
sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where
cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart
and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into
at will,
Those quivering wings composed,
that music still!

To the last point of vision, and be-
yond,
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-
prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-fail-
ing bond —
Thrills not the less the bosom of the
plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privi-
lege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady
wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the
world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more di-
vine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never
roam —
True to the kindred points of Heaven
and Home!

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she
said,
And wondering look'd at me.

“And where are they? I pray you
tell.”
She answer'd, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may
be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my
mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them,

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven!"

"But they are dead; those two are
dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DE-
LIGHT.*

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my
sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful
dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay,

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and
free,

And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate
will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

THY ART BE NATURE.

A POET!—He hath put his heart to
school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon
the staff
Which art hath lodged within his
hand; must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by
rule!
Thy art be nature; the live current
quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant
pool,
In fear that else, when critics grave
and cool
Have killed him, scorn should write
his epitaph.
How does the meadow-flower its
bloom unfold!
Because the lovely little flower is
free
Down to its root, and in this free-
dom bold;
And so the grandeur of the forest-
tree
Comes not by casting in a formal
mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

SCORN not the sonnet. Critic, you
have frowned,
indless of its just honors: with this
key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
this small lute gave ease to Pe-
trarch's wound;
thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound; [grief;
moëns soothed with it an exile's
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
his visionary brow; a glow-worm
lamp,
cheered mild Spenser, called from
fairy-land
to struggle through dark ways; and,
when a damp [hand
all round the path of Milton, in his
the thing became a trumpet, whence
he blew
enlivening strains — alas, too
few!

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and
free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
veiled with adoration; the broad
sun
sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the
sea.
Hasten! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion
make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
O child! dear girl, that walkest
with me here!
Thou appearest untouched by sol-
emn thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less
divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all
the year,
And worshippest at the temple's in-
ner shrine,
And being with thee when we knew
it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;
The winds that will be howling at all
hours
And are up-gathered now like sleep-
ing flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out
of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd
rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant
lea,
Have glimpses that would make me
less forlorn
Have sight of Proteus coming from
the sea, [horn.
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show
more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment
wear [bare,
The beauty of the morning; silent,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the
smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or
hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so
deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet
will:
Dear God! the very houses seem
asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying
still!

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bringest a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the
spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy
days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand
ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place;
That is fit home for thee!

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth
raise

Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise;

Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong re-
treat:

Whose state can neither flatterers
feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend:

—This man is freed from servile
bands

Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE ONE HE
WOULD LOVE.*

A FACE that should content me
wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to
behold;
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to
expel;
With sober looks so would I that
it should
Speak without words, such words as
none can tell;
The tress also should be of crispèd
gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I
might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should
not slide.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

DISDAIN me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
Nor think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I
must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfast-
ness.

Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend,
Destroy me not, till that I swerve;
But since ye know what I intend,

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.

PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp
and keen
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and
fair of hue:
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft
renew.
The fire that all things eke consu-
meth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that
this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be
my health,
Since every woe is joinèd with some
wealth.

EDWARD YOUNG.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT I.

*PROCRASTINATION, AND FORGET-
FULNESS OF DEATH.*

ALL promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when
young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly
rest,

Unanxious for ourselves; and only
wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were
more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a
fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his
plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to re-
solve;

In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies
 the same.
 And why? Because he thinks him-
 self immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but
 themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming
 shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts
 the sudden dread:
 But their hearts wounded, like the
 wounded air,
 Soon close; where passed the shaft,
 no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky
 retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the
 keel;
 So dies in human hearts the thought
 of death.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

TIME, ITS USE AND MISUSE.

TIME, in advance, behind him hides
 his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with
 his age:
 Behold him, when past by; what
 then is seen,
 But his broad pinions swifter than
 the winds?

We waste, not use, our time: we
 breathe, not live.
 Time wasted is existence, used is
 life:

We push time from us, and we wish
 him back;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of
 life;
 Life we think long, and short; death
 seek, and shun;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and
 wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.
 Oh, the dark days of vanity! while
 here,
 How tasteless! and how terrible,
 when gone!

Gone? they ne'er go; when past,
 they haunt us still:
 The spirit walks of every day de-
 ceased;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury
 frowns.
 Nor death, nor life, delight us. If
 time past,
 And time possessed, both pain us,
 what can please?
 That which the Deity to please or-
 dained,
 Time used. The man who conse-
 crates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest
 aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life
 and death:
 He walks with nature; and her paths
 are peace.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

JOY TO BE SHARED.

NATURE, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
 Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
 Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never
 plucked by one.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to
 give
 To social man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves, descending in a
 line,
 Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in
 delight:
 Delight intense is taken by rebound;
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

CONSCIENCE.

O TREACHEROUS conscience! while
 she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lulled with sy-
 ren song;
 While she seems nodding o'er her
 charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slackened
 rein,

And give us up to license, unrecalled,
Unmarked; see, from behind her
secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her
pen:

She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of
our camp;

Our dawning purposes of heart ex-
plores,

And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-con-
suming heirs;

Thus, with indulgence most severe,
she treats

Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misap-
plied;

It leaves more durable than leaves
of brass,

Writes our whole history.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

EFFECT OF CONTACT WITH THE WORLD.

VIRTUE, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the
crowd,

Nor touches on the world, without a
stain:

The world's infectious; few bring
back at eve,

Immaculate, the manners of the
morn.

Something we thought, is blotted;
we resolved,

Is shaken; we renounced, returns
again.

Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former
flaw.

Nor is it strange: light, motion, con-
course, noise,

All, scatter us abroad. Thought, out-
ward-bound,

Neglectful of her home affairs, flies
off

In fume and dissipation, quits her
charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to
the foe.

Present example gets within our
guard,

And acts with double force, by few
repelled.

Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast
to breast:

Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors
breathe;

And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a sin-
gle glance,

And shot at random, often has
brought home

A sudden fever to the throbbing
heart,

Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.

We see, we hear, with peril; safety
dwells

Remote from multitude; the world's
a school

Of wrong, and what proficients
swarm around

We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or
foes.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

THE CROWNING DISAPPOINT- MENT.

So prone our hearts to whisper what
we wish,

'Tis later with the wise than he's
aware.

And all mankind mistake their time
of day;

Even age itself. Fresh hopes are
hourly sown

In furrowed brows. To gentle life's
descent

We shut our eyes, and think it is a
plain.

We take fair days in winter, for the
spring;

And turn our blessings into bane.
 Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years. [store
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

INSUFFICIENCY OF THE WORLD.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men experience call;
 If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
 Oh, reconcile them! Kind experience cries,
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs:
 The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
 And by success are tutored to despair."
 Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
 Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child;
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

EFFORT, THE GAUGE OF GREATNESS.

No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant,
 Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thine:

This cancels thy complaint at once;
 this leaves
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes, all;
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
 This, the good heart's prerogative, to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours:
 Immense revenue! every moment pays.
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power;
 Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer.
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts, are heard in Heaven.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT II.

THE END OF THE VIRTUOUS.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileged beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
 Here, real and apparent are the same.
 You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

THE OTHER LIFE THE END OF THIS.

“He sins against this life who slights
the next.”
What is this life? How few their
favorite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our
embrace,
By passionately loving life we make
Loved life unlovely; hugging her to
death.
We give to time eternity’s regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for
our port.
Life has no value as an end, but
means;
An end, deplorable! a means, divine!
When ’tis our all, ’tis nothing; worse
than nought;
A nest of pains; when held as noth-
ing, much:
Like some fair humorists, life is
most enjoyed
When courted least; most worth,
when disesteemed:
Then ’tis the seat of comfort, rich
in peace;
In prospect, richer far; important!
awful!
Not to be mentioned, but with shouts
of praise;
Not to be thought on, but with tides
of joy;
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

THE GLORY OF DEATH.

DEATH but entombs the body; life
the soul.
Death has no dread, but what frail
life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind
death improves.
Death, that absolves my birth; a
curse without it!
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,

Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a
chimera! [joy:

Death, of all pain the period, not of
Joy’s source, and subject, still sub-
sist unhurt,

One, in my soul: and one, in her
great Sire.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would
live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not
be life;
Were death denied, even fools would
wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we
rise; we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the
skies; [sight:
Where blooming Eden withers in our
Death gives us more than was in
Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of
peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain,
death?
When shall I die? When shall I live
for ever?

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

CRUELTY.

MAN is to man the sorest, surest ill,
A previous blast foretells the rising
storm;
O’erwhelming turrets threaten ere
they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disem-
bogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws
devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consum-
ing fire:
Ruin from man is most concealed
when near, [blow.
And sends the dreadful tidings in the
Is this the flight of fancy? Would
it were!
Heaven’s Sovereign saves all beings,
but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human
heart.

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT IV.

*FALSE TERRORS IN VIEW OF
DEATH.*

WHY start at death! Where is he?
Death arrived,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's
never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-
boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremen-
dous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock,
and the grave;
The deep, damp vault, the darkness,
and the worm; | eve,
These are the bugbears of a winter's
The terrors of the living, not the
dead.
Imagination's fool and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature
never made:
Then on the point of his own fancy
falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fear-
ing one.

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT V.

*DIFFERENT SOURCES OF FUNE-
RAL TEARS.*

OUR funeral tears from different
causes rise.
As if from cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow. From
tender hearts
By soft contagion called, some burst
at once,
And stream obsequious to the lead-
ing eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art
distilled.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to
melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out
amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the
deceased,
So high in merit, and to them so
dear:

They dwell on praises, which they
think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend
themselves.
Some mourn, in proof that some-
thing they could love:
They weep not to relieve their grief,
but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the
dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unap-
prised,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest
of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians
draw
Their sable network o'er entangled
hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their
roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling
down their cheek!
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton
queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolved in
love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from
the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their
own decease.
By kind construction some are
deemed to weep
Because a decent veil conceals their
joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep
in vain,
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotent!
pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while
Reason sleeps,
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcerned;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the
storm;
Knows not it speaks to her, and her
alone.
Half-round the globe, the tears
pumped up by death
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making folly flourish still more
fair.

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT V.

**VIRTUE, THE MEASURE OF
YEARS.**

WHAT though short thy date!
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind
matures.
That life is long, which answers life's
great end.
The time that bears no fruit, de-
serves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of
years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
Oh, how misdated on their flattering
tombs!

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT V.

POWER OF THE WORLD.

NOR reason, nor affection, no, nor
both
Combined, can break the witchcrafts
of the world.
Behold, the inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, the inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it the chief aim of
life;
Though well to ponder it, is life's
chief end.

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT VI.

ALL CHANGE; NO DEATH.

ALL change; no death. Day follows
night; and night
The dying day; stars rise and set and
rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the
summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambro-
sial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn: winter
gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with
storm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits
away:

Then melts into the spring: soft
spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of
the south, [fades,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish,
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not
expires.

With this minute distinction, em-
blems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances;
both
Eternal; that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. The as-
piring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame,
ascends;
Zeal and humility, her wings to
heaven.
The world of matter, with its various
forms,
All dies into new life. Life born
from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for
ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost.

[*From Night Thoughts.*]

NIGHT VII.

AMBITION.

MAN must soar:
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss
him up
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings
alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No sultan prouder than his fettered
slave: [straw,
Slaves build their little Babylons of
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their
hearts,
And ery — "Behold the wonders of
my might!"
And why? Because immortal as
their lord,
And souls immortal must for ever
heave
At something great; the glitter, or
the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise
of Heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is human
praise,
When human is supported by divine.
As love of pleasure is ordained to
guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our
race; [tect,
The love of praise is planted to pro-
And propagate the glories of the
mind.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT VIII.

WISDOM.

No man e'er found a happy life by
chance;
Or yawned it into being with a wish;
Or, with the snout of grovelling ap-
petite,
E'er smelt it out, and grubbed it
from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learned;
and learned
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leave us perfect blockheads, in
our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and
estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom
must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike
all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought
in vain.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT IX.

CHEERFULNESS IN MISFORTUNE.

NONE are unhappy: all have cause to
smile,
But such as to themselves that cause
deny. [pains;
Our faults are at the bottom of our
Error, in act, or judgment, is the
source
Of endless sighs. We sin, or we
mistake;
And nature tax, when false opinion
stings.
Let impious grief be banished, joy
indulged;

But chiefly then, when grief puts in
her claim.
Joy from the joyous, frequently be-
trays;
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy and virtue
too.
A noble fortitude in ills, delights
Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty,
glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining
scene:
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to
man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter
joy;
An evergreen that stands the north-
ern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT IX.

THE WORLD A GRAVE.

WHERE is the dust that has not
been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our
ancestors;
From human mould we reap our
daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow sur-
face shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
While buried towns support the
dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun
exhales;
Winds scatter, through the mighty
void, the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she
gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on
wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scattered
spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread:
man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought
of man.



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